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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Out of our skulls and into your home.

SKULLDUGGERY

RICHARD HELL HAMS IT UP

Interview by Kristine McKenna

CASSETTE & VIDEO OFFERS

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL

SECRETS OF THE BATCAVE

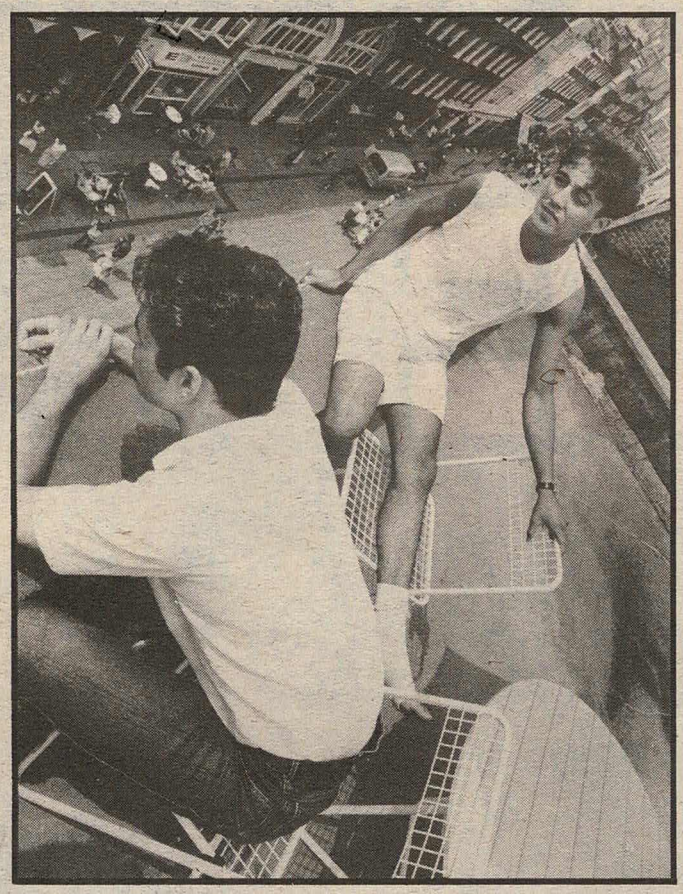
PRINCE CHARLES

IN DEEP

Hell ticks off Yorick. Pic Laura Levine.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	DOWN UNDER .... Men At Work (Epic)	5	1
2	3	SIGN OF THE TIMES ..... Belle Stars (Stiff)	3	2
3	7	TOO SHY ..... Kajagoogoo (EMI)	3	3
4	2	ELECTRIC AVENUE ..... Eddy Grant (Ice)	4	2
5	8	GLORIA ..... Laura Branigan (Atlantic)	4	5
6	16	UP WHERE WE BELONG Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	3	6
7	12	THE CUTTER Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	3	7
8	5	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE Phil Collins (Virgin)	9	1
9	11	NEW YEARS DAY ..... U2 (Island)	3	9
10	(—)	WHAM RAP (ENJOY WHAT YOU DO) Wham! (Innervision)	1	10
11	20	LAST NIGHT A DJ SAVED MY LIFE Indeep (Sound Of New York)	2	11
12	4	STEPPIN' OUT ..... Joe Jackson (A & M)	5	4
13	10	TWISTING BY THE POOL Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	14
14	(—)	CHANGE ..... Tears For Fears (Mercury)	1	14
15	13	OH DIANE..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	13
16	30	BILLIE JEAN ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	2	16
17	9	THE STORY OF THE BLUES..... Wah (Eternal)	4	4
18	14	HOLD ME TIGHTER IN THE RAIN Billy Griffin (CBS)	3	14
19	6	HEARTACHE AVENUE Maisonettes (Ready, Steady Go)	6	6
20	(—)	CHRISTIAN ..... China Crisis (Virgin)	1	20
21	28	NATURE BOY..... Central Line (Mercury)	2	21
22	(—)	GOING UNDERGROUND ..... The Jam (Polydor)	1	22
23	26	THE CHINESE WAY ..... Level 42 (Polydor)	2	23
24	(—)	AFRICA..... Toto (CBS)	1	39
25	19	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	6	9
26	(—)	THE HARDER THEY COME Rockers Revenge (London)	1	26
27	21	MIND UP TONIGHT ..... Melba Moore (Capitol)	4	21
28	28	TUNNEL OF LOVE .... Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	2	28
29	17	ORVILLES SONG ... Keith Harris & Orville (BBC)	7	2
30	(—)	SHINY SHINY ..... Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)	1	30



Wham! rap up to No 10 *Pic Peter Anderson*

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE			Weeks In	Highest
	1	BUSINESS AS USUAL Men At Work (Epic)	5	1
2	2	HELLO I MUST BE GOING ...Phil Collins (Virgin)	13	2
3	3	NIGHT AND DAY..... Joe Jackson (A & M)	3	3
4	6	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	8	4
5	5	FELINE..... The Stranglers (Epic)	4	5
6	9	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE ..... Eddy Grant (Ice)	3	6
7	3	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)	11	1
8	12	RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS Various (Ronco)	7	4
9	19	THRILLER ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)	8	9
10	(—)	TRANS ..... Neil Young (Geffen)	1	10
11	11	CACHARPAYA Incantation (Beggars Banquet)	4	9
12	7	HEARTBREAKER ..... Dionne Warwick (Arista)	14	2
13	8	THE ART OF FALLING APART Soft Cell (Some Bizarre)	4	7
14	14	PEARLS 11 ..... Elkie Brooks (A & M)	12	3
15	23	THE VERY BEST OF CILLA BLACK Cilla Black (Parlophone)	2	15
16	18	LIVE EVIL..... Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	4	11
17	10	RIO..... Duran Duran (EMI)	33	2
18	17	GREATEST HITS ..... Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	11	11
19	30	DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS China Crisis (Virgin)	2	30
20	(—)	THE NIGHTFLY .... Donald Fagen (Warner Bros)	1	20
21	(—)	PORCUPINE ... Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	21
22	(25)	SKY FIVE LIVE..... Sky (Ariola)	3	22
23	15	FRIENDS ..... Shalamar (Solar)	20	4
24	22	FROM THE MAKERS OF... Status Quo (Vertigo)	12	3
25	16	LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits ..... (Vertigo)	17	1
26	(—)	THE BELLE STARS..... The Belle Stars (Stiff)	1	26
27	13	KISSING TO BE CLEVER... Culture Club (Virgin)	16	2
28	(—)	VISIONS..... Various (K-Tel)	1	28
29	29	MIDNIGHT LOVE ..... Marvin Gaye (CBS)	8	11
30	21	THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS Abba (Epic)	11	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (7) **New Age** ..... Blitz (Future)
2 (1) **Fat Man** ..... Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
3 (4) **Johnny Remember Me** ..... Meteors (ID)
4 (3) **It's Oblivious**..... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
5 (2) **Heartache Avenue**..... Maisonettes (RSG)
6 (—) **Get The Balance Right** Depeche Mode (Mute)
7 (11) **Love's A Lonely Place To Be EP** Virginia Astley (Why Fi)
8 (14) **Plain Sailing**..... Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
9 (6) **Halloween** ..... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
10 (9) **Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
11 (8) **Alice** ..... Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
12 (5) **Shipbuilding**..... Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
13 (15) **Orders Of The Day** ..... Combat 84 (Victory)
14 (23) **Tell Him** ..... Rezillos (Aura)
15 (19) **Noise For The Boys**..... Ejected (Riot City)
16 (21) **Groovin' In Green** March Violets (Merciful Release)
17 (20) **More Than A Dream** ..... Farmers Boys (Racks)
18 (—) **Winter** ..... Amoebics (Spider Leg)
19 (25) **Feels Like Winter Again**..... Fiat Lux (Cocteau)
20 (—) **Temptation**..... New Order (Factory)
21 (10) **Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
22 (28) **Jerusalem** ..... One Way System (Anagram)
23 (12) **No Time For Talk** ..... The Box (Go Discs)
24 (27) **For Whom The Bell Tolls** ... Fad Gadget (Mute)
25 (—) **Reach Up**..... Tony Lee (TMT)
26 (17) **Summer Of '81**..... Violators (No Future)
27 (26) **Nellie The Elephant**..... Toy Dolls (Volume)
28 (18) **Baby Baby**..... Vibrators (Anagram)
29 (24) **Rebel Youth** ..... Uproar (Beat The System)
30 (—) **Out On The Floor** ..... Dobie Gray (Inferno)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1) **Pillows And Prayers** ..... Various (Cherry Red)
2 (5) **Strive To Survive** Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
3 (3) **The Day The Country Died** Subhumans (Spiderleg)
4 (4) **Upstairs At Erics**..... Yazoo (Mute)
5 (2) **Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)
6 (6) **Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
7 (7) **The Maverick Years**..... Wah (White Label)
8 (9) **1981-82 The Mini Album** New Order (Factory)
9 (11) **A Distant Shore**..... Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
10 (8) **Never mind The Dirt**..... Dirt (Crass)
11 (12) **Seduction** ..... Danse Society (Society)
12 (13) **La Variete**..... Weekend (Rough Trade)
13 (19) **Part Of America Therein** ..... Fall (Cottage)
14 (15) **If I Die, I Die**..... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
15 (16) **Nothing Can Stop Us Now** Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
16 (21) **When The Punks Go Marching In** Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
17 (14) **Live At Shepperton** ..... Damned (Big Beat)
18 (17) **I'd Like To See You Again** A Certain Ratio (Factory)
19 (10) **Leather Bristles Studs And Acne**... GBH (Clay)
20 (18) **Garlands** ..... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
21 (20) **Sound Of Music** ..... Adicts (Razor)
22 (30) **And Did Those Feet** ..... Dancing Did (Kamera)
23 (28) **In The Flat Field**..... Bauhaus (4AD)
24 (—) **Lords Of The New Church** Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
25 (23) **Voice Of A Generation** ..... Blitz (No Future)
26 (22) **A Broken Frame**..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
27 (25) **Songs To Remember** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
28 (—) **Under The Flag** ..... Fad Gadget (Mute)
29 (—) **Aces International**..... Various (Greensleeves)
30 (—) **Harmony**..... The Wake (Factory)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **King Majesty** ..... Augustus Pablo (Rockers)
2 **Can't Dub**..... Chalice (Pipe Music)
3 **Old McDonald** ..... Yellowman (Volcano)
4 **Come Nurse** ..... Welton Ire (Black & White)
5. **Rub A Dub Dance** Peter Ranking/Gen Lucky (Thunderbolt)
6 **Johnny Ringo You Sweet** ..... Ringo (Dynamite)
7 **Trenchtown** ..... Bob Marley (56 Hope Road)
8 **Counterfeit**..... Bobby Culture (Claypot)
9 **Babylon/Rude Boy** Sugar Minott/Sammy Dread (Hitbound)
10 **Teach Me Your Culture** ..... Barrington Levy (Jah Life)
11 **Give All Praise To Jah** ..... Little John (Hitbound)
12 **No Vacancy** ..... Sugar Minott (Hitbound)
13 **Have You** ..... Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
14 **Reggae Pioneer**..... Faith D'Agular (Volcano)
15 **Scabba**..... Kotch (Gorgon)

REGGAE LPs

1 **Live At The Controls** ..... Brigadier Jerry (Vista)
2 **Why You So Craven** ..... Israel Vibration (Arrival)
3 **Check It**..... Mutubaraka (Alligator)
4 **Brimstone & Fire**..... Jah Shaka (Shaka)
5 **Interviews**..... Bob Marley (56 Hope Road)

Compiled by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W.1.

US SINGLES

1 **Africa** ..... Toto (Columbia)
2 **Down Under**..... Men At Work (Columbia)
3 **Sexual Healing**..... Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
4 **Baby Come To Me**..... Patti Austin (Qwest)
5 **Shame On The Moon** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6 **Maneater**..... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
7 **Dirty Laundry** ..... Don Henley (Asylum)
8 **Rock The Casbah**..... The Clash (Epic)
9 **You And I**..... Eddie Rabbitt/Crystal Gayle (Elektra)
10 **You Can't Hurry Love**..... Phil Collins (Atlantic)

US LPs

1 **Business As Usual** ..... Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **Built For Speed**..... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3 **H_2O** ..... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4 **Get Nervous** ..... Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
5 **Thriller** ..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
6 **The Distance** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
7 **Combat Rock**..... The Clash (Epic)
8 **Hello, I Must Be Going** ..... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
9 **Long After Dark** Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers (Backstreet)
10 **Toto 1V**..... Toto (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard Publications Ltd.

NORWAY SINGLES

1 **Words**..... F.R.David (EMI)
2 **Do You Really Want** ..... Culture Club (Virgin)
3 **Heartbreaker**..... Dionne Warwick (Arista)
4 **Putting On The Ritz**..... Taco (RCA)
5 **Time**..... Culture Club (Virgin)
6 **Never Again** ..... Ledin & Faltskog (Polygram)
7 **It's Raining Again** ..... Supertramp (A & M)
8 **Up Where We Belong** Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Sonet)
9 **I Eat Cannibals**..... Toto Coelo (Rixi)
10 **You're In The Army Now** ..... Bolland (CBS)

Courtesy Dagbladet/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Uptown Top Ranking**..... Althia & Donna (Lightning)
2 **If I Had Words**..... Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)
3 **Figaro** ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
4 **Take A Chance On Me** ..... Abba (Epic)
5 **Native New Yorker**..... Odyssey (RCA)
6 **Mull Of Kintyre** ..... Wings (Parlophone)
7 **Lovely Day** ..... Bill Withers (CBS)
8 **My Blue Sky**..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
9 **Hot Legs/I Was Only Joking**..... Rod Stewart (Riva)
10 **The Groove Line** ..... Heatwave (GTO)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Blockbuster** ..... Sweet (RCA)
2 **Do You Want To Touch Me** ..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
3 **Part Of The Union**..... Strawbs (A & M)
4 **Daniel** ..... Elton John (DJM)
5 **You're So Vain**..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
6 **Long Hair Lover From Liverpool** Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
7 **Wishing Well** ..... Free (Island)
8 **Me and Mrs Jones** ..... Billy Paul (Epic)
9 **Roll Over Beethoven**..... Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
10 **The Jean Genie**..... David Bowie (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Everlasting Love**..... Love Affair (CBS)
2 **Am I That Easy To Forget**..... Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
3 **Mighty Quinn**..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
4 **She Wears My Ring** ..... Solomon King (Columbia)
5 **Bend Me Shape Me** ..... Amen Corner (Deram)
6 **Judy In Disguise** ..... John Fred & His Playboy Band (Pye Int)
7 **Suddenly You Love Me**..... Tremeloes (CBS)
8 **I Can Take Or Leave Your Loving** Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
9 **Gimme A Little Sign**..... Brenton Wood (Liberty)
10 **The Ballad Of Bonnie And Clyde** ..... Georgie Fame (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Diamonds** ..... Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
2 **The Wayward Wind** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3 **Globetrotter** ..... Tornados (Decca)
4 **Little Town Flirt**..... Del Shannon (London)
5 **Please Please Me**..... Beatles (Parlophone)
6 **Bachelor Boy**..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7 **Loop Di Loop**..... Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8 **Don't You Think It's Time** ..... Mike Berry (HMV)
9 **Dance On**..... Shadows (Columbia)
10 **Like I Do**..... Maureen Evans (Oriole)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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EXTRA! EXTRA!

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Laurie, Hell and OMID add new dates

LAURIE ANDERSON is to give an extra performance of her marathon work 'United States' at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on Sunday, February 20.

As reported back in the autumn, she is presenting the work at that venue in two parts on February 16–17 and 18–19, which means visiting the theatre on two successive nights in order to catch the complete epic. But the extra Sunday show will start at 2pm and, with just one interval, will feature the full work in its entirety.

'United States' looks at various aspects of American culture including politics, transportation, money and love — it contains music from Laurie's debut Warner Brothers album 'Big Science' (including her hit 'O Superman'), and these shows mark its European premiere. Tickets for each of the first four nights are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, but not surprisingly prices are double for the full-length Sunday show (£13, £11 and £9). Promoters are London's Institute of Contemporary Arts.

RICHARD HELL & The Voidoids were arriving in Britain yesterday (Wednesday), at the outset of a European tour taking in eight countries.

As previously reported by *NME*, their British schedule is centred around a headliner at London Lyceum Ballroom on February 20, to which The Vibrators have now been added as special guests. The band have also been confirmed for three provincial gigs — at Newcastle Dingwalls (February 18), Hull Dingwalls (19) and the aptly-named Manchester Hell Club (21).

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES In The Dark have added a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon to their spring tour schedule.

They already play there on April 19 and 20, and have now also slotted in Monday, May 9 — tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £5, £4.50 and £4.

Additionally, three more provincial concerts have now been confirmed — at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (May 5), Ipswich Gaumont (6) and Oxford Apollo (7) — and tickets for these shows will be available from February 18. These extra dates have meant a switch in their Irish dates, which are now moved to Belfast Ulster Hall (March 12) and Dublin Francis Xavier Hall (March 13 and 14).

The batty Cave. Pic Kevin Cummins

HAVING A PARTY

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY return to Britain from their Berlin base later this month.

They will play a number of dates in support of their newly released four-track EP 'The Bad Seed' on 4AD Records. The highlight is a headliner at London's Lyceum Ballroom on March 7, but this is preceded by gigs at Manchester Hacienda Club (February 24), Leeds Polytechnic (25), St. Albans City Hall (26) and Brighton Jenkinsons (27). Further dates are being confirmed for the first week of March, and these will be announced shortly.

E.C. comes home

ERIC CLAPTON is to play his first British dates for three years in the spring.

He'll be working with the same band with whom he's currently midway through a massive US tour, and rated by some American critics as the best group he's ever put together — it features Albert Lee (guitar), Chris Stainton (keyboards) and noted US session men, Donald 'Duck' Dunn (bass) and Roger Hawkins (drums).

Dates so far confirmed by promoter Harvey Goldsmith are Edinburgh Playhouse (April 9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Liverpool Empire (12), Dublin Stadium (14 and 15) and — after playing a series of concerts in Europe — St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (May 13) and Poole Arts Centre (14). Tickets at all the UK venues are £6.50 and £5.50, and for Dublin they are Irish £8 and £7.

Clapton — who, as previously reported, releases his new album 'Money And Cigarettes' this week on Duck Records (through WEA) — will also be playing at least two London shows, and possibly a couple more provincial dates, but these are still being finalised.

Roundhouse to close

PLANS TO stage an ambitious ten-night season of rock concerts at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse this month, reported by *NME* in early December, have had to be scrapped by would-be promoters Head Music.

The idea took shape when, after four years, the venue was given the go-ahead to resume rock shows on a limited basis of ten per year — and Head decided to use the 1983 allocation in one fell swoop, from this Friday (11) to February 20.

It soon became apparent that such a massive venture needed more time to organise than the few weeks at Head's disposal, and suitable acts were unavailable at such short notice.

It had been Head's intention to put back the event until later in the spring, to allow ample time for the line-up to be finalised — but this has now proved impossible, with the news that the Roundhouse is up for sale and will be closing on March 31. So the whole project has had to be shelved — although, say Head, the basic idea of a ten-night season is being held in the pending tray.

'Mad Mitch' flies in

JONI RUNS WILD IN THE UK

JONI MITCHELL's spring UK concerts, her first here for many years, were finalised this week by promoters ITB.

As forecast in *NME* on December 11, she'll be appearing at London Wembley Arena in April, the dates now confirmed as 23 and 24. Tickets for these two shows are £8.80 and £7.80 (including booking fee), and are available by post from MAC Promotions (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ, enclosing SAE.

Two provincial concerts have also been set for Joni. She opens at Birmingham's massive National Exhibition Centre on April 14 then, after a flying visit to Ireland to play Dublin RDS Stadium (16 and 17), she's at Edinburgh Playhouse on April 19. Tickets for both Birmingham and Edinburgh are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, available from the respective box-offices.

The band she'll be bringing comprises her husband Larry Klein (bass), Vince Colaiuta (drums), Michael Landau (guitar) and Russell Ferranti (keyboards). And as a prelude to her visit, Epic release her new single 'Chinese Cafe' on February 18.

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Karen Carpenter dies at 32

THE LIVING-ROOM love lyrics which sold over 60 million LPs for '70s songstress Karen Carpenter take on a bitterly ironic twist in view of her death last week at 32.

Last Friday night saw Karen's name added to the growing list of deaths-by-heart-attack suffered by age thirtyish members of the music biz, after her parents discovered her "barely breathing" on the floor of her bedroom in the family's Downey, California home.

Karen had recently moved to her own apartment in Los Angeles, following the dissolution of her 1980 marriage to 42 year-old businessman Tom Burris, but was staying with her folks. The reason given by Mrs.Carpenter was her daughter's inability to shed the spectre of anorexia nervosa, the "slimmer's disease". It had accounted for the cancellation of a British tour by Karen and her brother/partner Richard as far back as 1975. After that cancellation, Karen was bedridden with the disease for almost two months. The heart attack which killed her was described as "massive".

Karen in London, mid '70s. *Pic: Pennie Smith*

THE GARAGE: DIY SCRATCH 'N' RAP COMES TO TOWN . . .

IT SEEMS years since the Language Lab's knights trotted over the Sugarhill and Lady Blue and her Afrika Crew body-popped back to the Bad Apple. Surprisingly nobody (up until now) has taken the initiative to follow up their successes. Even McLaren failed to square up to the challenge. But now for Phil and Paul of Kensington Market fame (in collaboration with the tongue curling Krew — Jive Junior, Mono Man, Nutriment and Starry Eyes) the gateway to The Garage has been opened.

Although the club isn't as heavy on the scrap 'n' scratch side as New York's Roxy, the floor is tight with bodyrockers and the air crackles with electro funk and furious fast talk. The scratching appears to be more akin to scraping on some of the kwik kuts but the mixologists on the wheels improved as the groove wore on. The most interesting aspect of the club is its 'Moving Mix' policy whereby they intend to take the show on the proverbial road starting this week in Basildon and from there to the Home Counties, Manchester and hopefully to Berlin.

In keeping with its 'Garageland' moniker the club is on the lookout for any mix masters, rappers or toasters that are willing to run a rough finger over their record collections. Hopefuls should turn up at the club before 9.00pm for an audition. Successful rapplicants will get the chance to park their mouths in the clubs vacant lot.

***The Garage is at The Whiskey-A-Go-Go, Wardour St., London W1. Wednesday 9.00 till 3.00 entrance fee £3.00 . . .**

DAVID DORRELL

Mixologist Bertram and the new vogue in dental work.

The McCann Brothers: Four Cool Cats *Pic: Chris Clunn*

THE MUSICAL THAT TALKS BACK

THE TITLE and advertising graphic promise a celebration of youthful joy and the actors work hard to ensure that none of the "Let's do the show right here!" charm gets lost in the play's transfer to the West End, but *Yakety Yak* stops a good way short of its intentions. My exultant leap never quite got off the ground, and any spontaneous whoop of jubilation stuck somewhere in my throat.

To set 28 Lieber and Stoller songs in a replica of their natural environment — a graffiti covered New York slum of 20 odd years ago, complete with a snack bar caravan and a genuine battered '50s Chevvy — can only serve them well. To weave so many songs into a storyline involving the hopes and frustrations of the neighbourhood's teenagers though, is a serious mistake.

In most musicals, the songs are no more than an irritating interruption in the play's action, often merely repeating ideas already expressed, while the cast marks time.

Yakety Yak IS the songs, and 28 in under two hours allows very little time for the dialogue to do anything other than introduce the next number.

Whole scenes are thus employed, putting whatever twist the song title dictates into the plot, and the brevity of each acting interlude all but rules out character development, so the story becomes so hard to follow it gets quickly forgotten.

A pity really, because *Yakety Yak* reaches some great altitudes with its high spots: 'Hound Dog' belted out by a woman (as L and S originally intended); the McCann Bros, (who unfortunately all look like Adrian Thrills and deserve a better outlet for their all-round talents); and The Darts, who make the whole thing worthwhile. Without the frontman foolery of Den Heggarty, the quartet's true talents, and respect for their chosen field is obvious. They doo-wop their way through such delights as 'Three Cool Cats', 'On Broadway' and 'Shopping For Clothes', but cannot build up excitement by themselves due to the gaps between each song.

Yakety Yak is booked to run a long time, and will probably prove a big success with office outings and wedding anniversaries. To get it across to a hipper audience than that, they should forget the pretence at a plot and just put The Darts on that marvellous set, let them sing and have the McCanns mime on the side.

LLOYD BRADLEY

Do Touch me There

ALMOST OVERLOOKED in the Christmas rush, we finally draw your attention to the excellent 'Touch', one of the few cassette magazines to overcome the basic stumbling block of most its predecessors — the inarticulacy of musicians.

Instead of a parade of mumbling artists, all too self conscious to sensibly discuss their work, 'Touch' gives you the work itself, adding its commentary and suggesting oblique, yet accurate connections by way of its imaginative programming.

The first issue features some arid, arresting soundscapes by New Order — easily the most controlled things they've ever done — alongside Eric Random's improving industrial muzak, Egyptian music and Tuxedomoon's smartassed musical chairs.

Shostakovich's waltz for Russian revolutionary poet Vladimir Mayakovsky's *The Bedbug* is the funniest thing on the tape and elsewhere the poet's passionate voice, matched to German composer Hanns Eisler's march, is the most stirring.

Fittingly Mayakovsky's voice is the most recurring on the first 'Touch'. It also includes Jim Kerr muttering about the puzzle of life over a Simple Minds tune ('King Is White') and Robert Wyatt.

The package is completed by a well designed and illustrated booklet that playfully sets up such debates as one between a hilarious and provocatively secular Rozztox Manifesto (from Ralph Records) and a rather silly pseudo religious sermon from the Psychick Youth's David Tibet, whose last line nevertheless provides 'Touch' with an appropriate signing off key: "The fact you have this message is a start in itself."

Bring along your own filter.

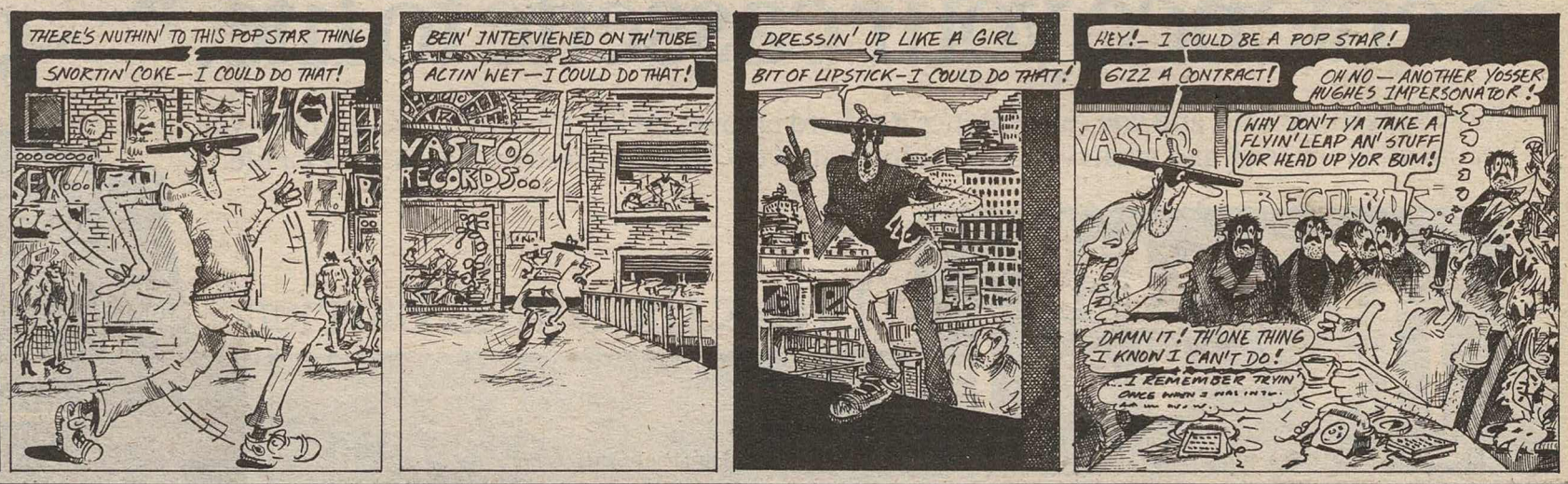
CHRIS BOHN

('Touch' is distributed by Rough Trade)

THE OTHER CLUB which is next to the Manor House pub, 316 Green Lanes (entrance Seven Sisters Road) is to branch out in a big way with a host of new club events in the near future. Currently operating a two night scene with bands on Friday and alternative sounds on Saturday the proprietors will be introducing a new 'Batcavesque' nite hosted by various members of neo-Pistolian band **Brigandage.**

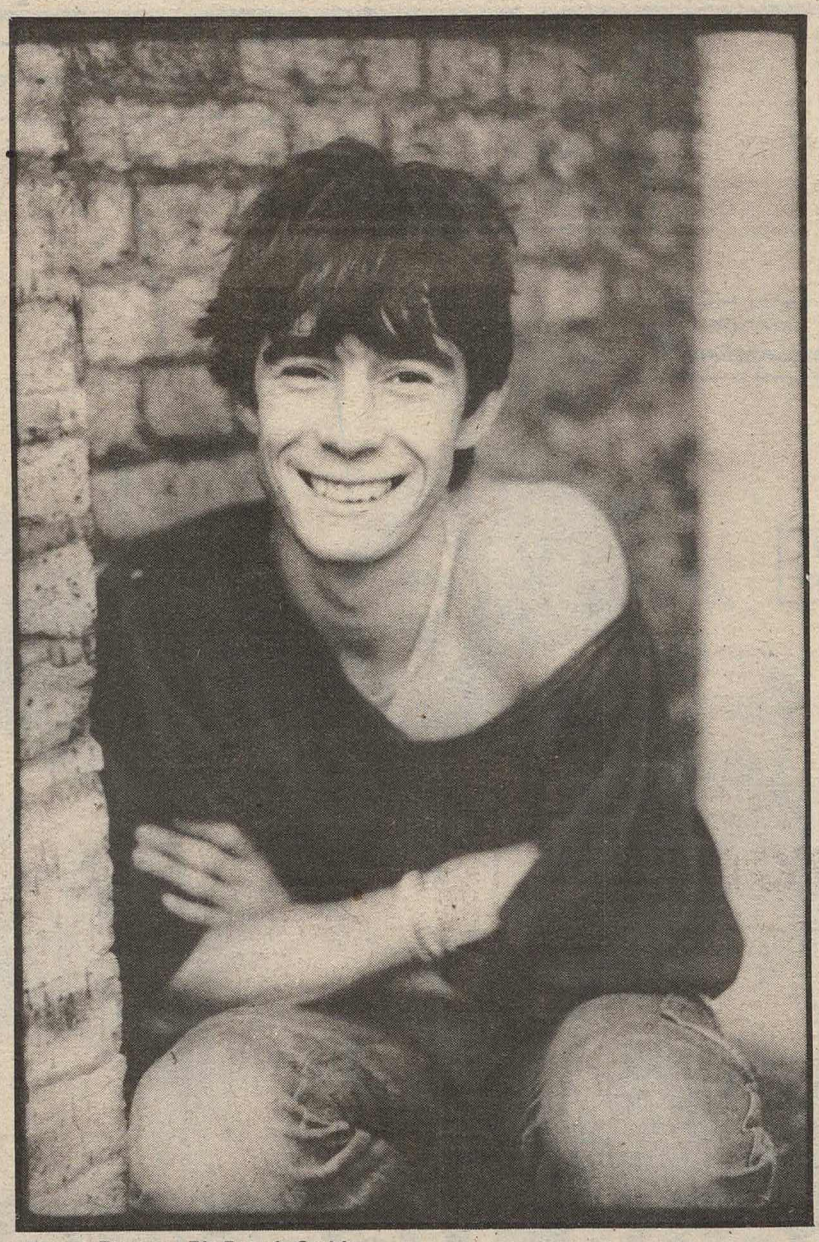
Other projects in the offering include another **Artotheque** cum **Performance** art centre run by various members (again) of the Event Group. And finally, a proposed plan for a Theatre (of more conventional sorts) at the venue is also under investigation. Oh, one more thing anybody willing to trek up to the club on this Friday or Saturday with a copy of this piece will gain free entry. (Bands trying to perform at the club: please note the 'phone number given in *T-Zers* recently was wrong — the real number is 346-4782.

the lone groover benyon


THERE'S NUTHIN' TO THIS POPSTAR THING
SNORTIN' COKE—I COULD DO THAT!
BEIN' INTERVIEWED ON TH' TUBE
ACTIN' WET—I COULD DO THAT!
DRESSIN' UP LIKE A GIRL
BIT OF LIPSTICK—I COULD DO THAT!
HEY!— I COULD BE A POP STAR!
GIZZ A CONTRACT!
OH NO—ANOTHER YOSSER HUGHES IMPERSONATOR!
WHY DON'T YA TAKE A FLYIN' LEAP AN' STUFF YOR HEAD UP YOR BUM!
DAMN IT! TH' ONE THING I KNOW I CAN'T DO!
..I REMEMBER TRYIN ONCE WHEN I WAS IN TH'

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

JIMMY PURSEY



Jimmy Pursey. Pic Pennie Smith

PLASTIC NOISE

'Frustration' Soft Cell
'Primary' The Cure
'Seen But Not Seen' Talking Heads
'Men In Black' The Stranglers
'To Be In Your Eyes' The Church
'Russian Roulette' Lords Of The New Church
'Walking The Dog' Laurie Anderson
'Just Drifting' Psychic TV
'A Song From Under The Floorboards' Magazine
'Beasts' Sex Gang Children
'I Will Follow' U2
'Fall' The Psychedelic Furs
'The Butterfly Collector' The Jam
'Bela Lugosi's Dead' Bauhaus
'Wallflower' Peter Gabriel
'Rebel Rebel' David Bowie

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Inheritors **William Golding**
Free Fall **William Golding**
Jesus **Humphrey Carpenter**
Dickens Apprentice Years **Diane Devries**
Photo Magazine **French edition**
Zoom Magazine **French edition**

FILM POSTERS

The Shining
Tess
Quest For Fire
West Side Story
Rocky Horror Show

FILM MUSIC

Diva
Cat People
La Apocalypse L'Animal
Day Of The Dolphin

VIDEO AND CINEMA

Lord Of The Flies **(1963)**
Tess **(1980)**
Orpheus **(1949)**
Diva **(1982)**
O Lucky Man **(1973)**
The Shining **(1980)**
The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith **(1978)**
Kes **(1970)**
The Coal Miner's Daughter **(1980)**
The Thing **(1982)**
E.T. **(1982)**
Badland **(1974)**
Being There **(1979)**
Stalker **(1980)**

VITAMINS

Pharmanton
Spirulina
Vitalife C, E, B

ARTISTS, POETS

Jonathan Klien
Steven Spielberg
Leonardo Da Vinci
Stanley Kubrick
Michael Pallin
Jean Cocteau
Charlie Chaplin
John Lennon
Neil Innes
James Dean

HATE

Is there enough time to think of such an ugly word?

LOVE

The Specimen

VIEWS

Penley Downs, Guildford

RESPECTED PEOPLE

Yoko Ono
Edward The Confessor
Anne Franit
Yuri Gagarin
Warren Beatty

CATCH PHRASE OF A LIFETIME

"I'm only joking"

lowry

"Search me, I don't know whether it's an exhortation to action or the name of a new band."

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Feature on page 45

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24th: LIVERPOOL University
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27th: EDINBURGH University
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DANGEROUS VISIONS

JULIE BURCHILL
sorts out the chaff from the wheatflakes

GOOD MORNING FROM GRUB STREET

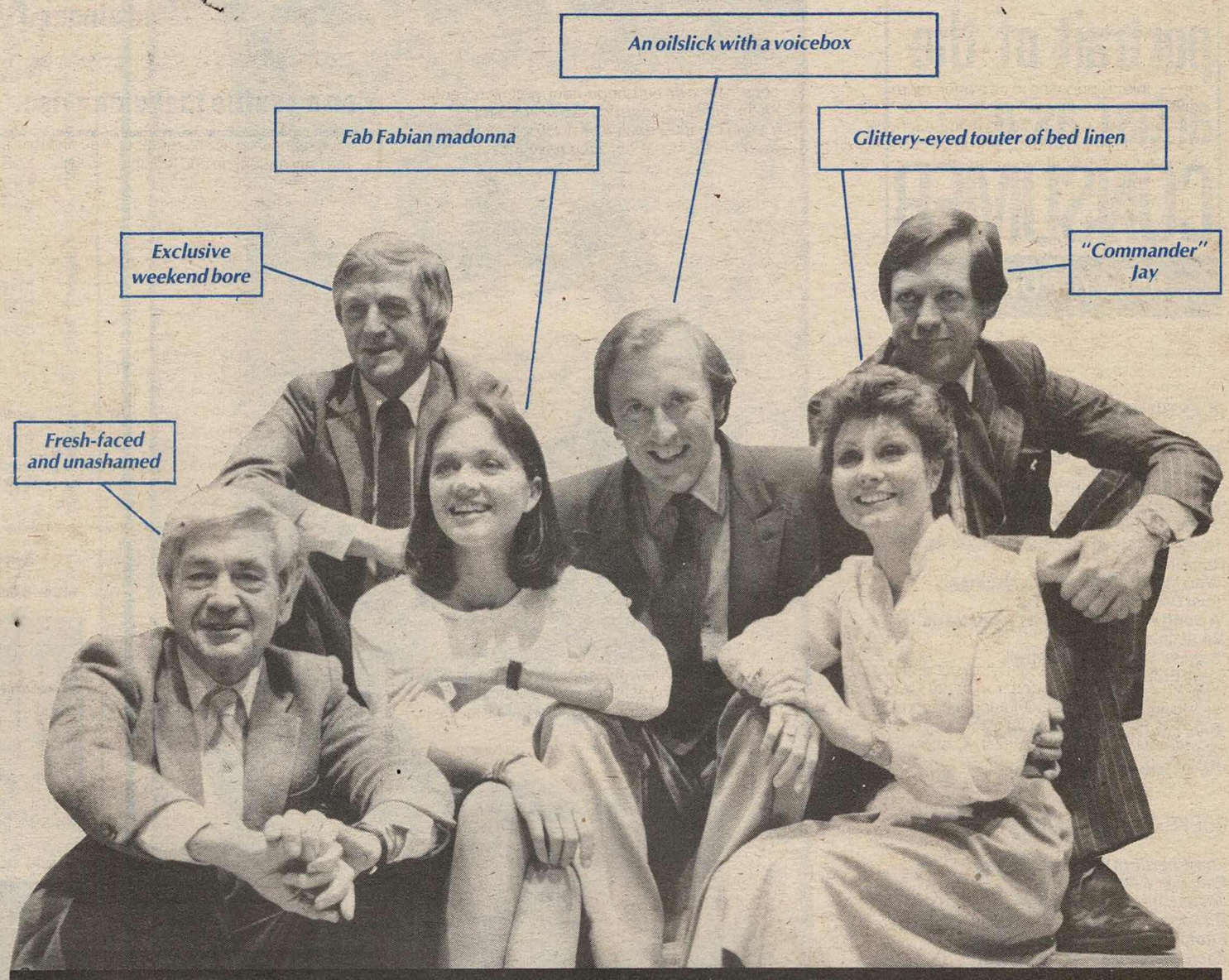
NEWSREADERS BECAME personalities as people became afraid to actually *hear* the news; they wanted to look rather than listen. The good old decline of the West, if you will; of course, America has always been too scared to hear the truth about itself and therefore their newsreaders have been wacky and quirky since the Year Dot — talking heads rather than functioning brains.

We became scared relatively late in the day; Reggie Bosanquet, drunk and dapper, emerged in the mid '70s as a titillating topic of tabloid tattle. When women entered the newsreading arena the trivialising opportunities went through the roof; Angela Rippon's legs, Anna Ford's face.

Although (perhaps because) Angela Rippon tries harder (she shares a manager — McCormack — with Pele and Borg and has a hyperactive finger in a million trashy pies, right down to touting a range of bed linen), she has a reputation for being rather a hack of all trades — Anna Ford's beauty, reserve, family and feminism, on the other hand, have turned her into a sort of fab Fabian madonna. Money mad — sexy and serious; superior soap opera stereotypes.

Peter Jay, director of TV-AM, unwittingly summed up just why *Good Morning Britain* is such a flimsy, garish shadow of the BBC's *Breakfast Time* when he said "It was practically definite that whichever company had Anna would get the franchise"; *Good Morning Britain* is built around the imaginary magic of its "personality" presenters, and personality is really a polite term for all-round nothing. Besides which, people are too busy in the morning to take to languorous charisma charades.

When the Five — Rippon, Ford, David Frost, Robert Kee and Michael Parkinson (who bores at weekends exclusively) — sit around at the end of every show chewing the cud it's meant to be a



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glimpse at Olympus for the lumpenprole, but it looks like what it is — five middle-aged media people sitting around at a dud dinner party doing a post mortem on a souffle that didn't rise.

The souffle itself; at six *Daybreak* comes on — this is supposed to be a drier, more informative overture to the informal chat of the matter, and it apes Radio 4's unimpeachable *Today* something rotten, right down to the Farming forecast, which frankly revolted me — you don't want to hear about the new outbreak of foot and mouth in Denmark when you're eating a nice Danepak bacon sandwich. Robert Kee sits at a desk trying to look fresh-faced and unashamed; the first news item he read was an unfortunately negative starter, going something like "The Russians have not yet responded . . ." — as if a hard-working people like the Soviet nation design their global responses to revolve around some petty little Idiot's Lantern programme! This item was repeated at astoundingly regular intervals right up till 9.15, giving the show a really blank no-news feel.

There were adverts every five minutes, giving the programme a flashy, shallow, nouveau look; as well as being aesthetically unagreeable, it was impratical — to make sure of hooking an audience you must be sure that *something is happening every minute,* in case it's the minute a viewer chooses to sit down in. If a person gets a blank moment during their busy toilette, they don't want to waste it on a plug for a boring building society — they could be putting on more mascara or slogging away at more Marx.

Kee introduced someone called "The Commander" — billed in the *TV Times* as "personality weatherman"; how common can you get? — who wasn't a patch on pretty Francis Wilson. Kee and his Commander had a bit of banter — was this the first glimpse of Frost's much-touted "sexual chemistry", one wondered?

There was a very funny young outside reporter who held onto his microphone as though it was the only thing that stopped him from floating away. Then Kee started to banter desperately with the sports reporter — an obvious div — asking him eventually why rugby football fans didn't commit hooliganism. The sports reporter had not been warned of approaching banter and he panicked, blurting "I suppose — a better class of person likes rugby!" Whoah! That's the way to win the working man!

(Talking of warning; when social intercourse between talking heads is intended, le cameraman must be told. When Kee and Div were bantering, the camera was zooming back and forth as though it was half cut.)

All this was irritating; if you concentrated on Kee presiding over this circus it was distressing. Robert Kee is so respected, so intelligent, so brave; he was a prisoner of war, he escaped, he has spent his life analysing what are literally matters of life and death, *he knows history*. It was horrible therefore when they kept flashing 'TV-AM — HISTORY IN THE MAKING' onto the screen beneath him as he mouthed those very words; it was almost as if Frost was rubbing Kee's nose in his own bad judgement, getting revenge for the pathetic nature of his own track record. Either Robert Kee will walk away within three weeks or he has at last become numb.

AT SEVEN *Good Morning Britain* came on; this was meant to be a real big production number, hosted by Frost and Ford. Now I don't know what you think about Frost — people either think he is the bee's knees or a real berk — but I can't stand him. To me he is nothing but an oilslick with a voicebox. He's so oily he could slide under a door rather than walk through it. He's so greasy that John Travolta could dress his hair with him. He's so smarmy that Anna Ford kept slipping on him. The only thing he's good at is getting jilted. He made some pathetic union-bashing joke and then it was on with the show.

The show was bitty, repetitive and boring. I kept falling asleep and dreaming of Selina and Frank. There were cock ups au gogo; film not appearing, film appearing crackling like a big vat of bacon, Robert Kee saying "Locust" for "Lotus" and still Frost kept patting himself on the back. Demi-monde deities — Peter York, Michael Foot, Neil Spencer — flitted through on foot and film and still there was darkness. There was a rotten thing called Style By Jury during which the sartorial suss of one old frump (Diana Spencer Windsor) was pulled apart by two old frumps (Brenda Polan and Robert Elms). There was more of the Commander.

Frost; "Looking at this map, Commander, if people want to escape the cold, where's the best place?"

Commander; "It's quite pleasant in Miami."

"Whereabouts in Miami?"

"A little hotel called the Fontainebleu . . ."

A nice civilized little piece of globetrotting banter, non? No more than that . . . if not for the fact that the next minute the screen was filled with footage of the Jarrow Marchers, the start of a brief filmic history of unemployment. From indolent beachcombing to institutionalized barbarism — not a good way to start the day.

The consumer spot was run very authorititively by Lynn Faulds-Wood, and was about ear-piercing psychopaths with poison stud-guns — there was lot of talk about SEPTIC COMPLICATIONS plus larger than life photographs of oozing lobes — yeuch! Who wants that when they're eating a nice boiled egg? — sort of snap, crackle and pus!

On Thursday there was a stuntman called Katmandu in the studio, escaping from a straitjacket; Anna Ford said "If I was in a mental hospital I'd watch this," and this was one of her more sensitive, subtle remarks. She and Kee are the only appealing and feasible TV-AM presenters — Frost and Rippon are both glittery-eyed, hard-edged night people — yet they are also too intelligent to stay amongst such a *galere* for long without being harmed by it; they will become numb, they will become hard, and when their vulnerability is gone their bankability will follow close behind it because hard-faced talking heads are ten a penny.

TV-AM: 'like a dud dinner party doing a post-mortem on a souffle that didn't rise.'

Already Miss Ford is showing signs of schizophrenia, brought on by Frost's glorified kerb-crawling and her own high-minded principles; on the first day she wore a button through red dress and undid button after button as the show wormed on — she made the man from *Tass* nervous even though she treated him beautifully and called him "Andrei" (he probably thought she was an imperialist sexplot). Then right at the end she appeared with the dress rebuttoned, as though she feared she had gone too far. "I haven't had such a nice morning in ages," she said, which doesn't say much for Mark Boxer.

Frost kept trying to get her to say dirty things (this much touted "sexual chemistry" simply means that Frost is allowed to treat his female co-presenters like numb bits of ass) and she kept getting annoyed and flustered; I kept thinking of sweet old Frank Bough, and the way he refused the photographer who brought along two bowls of cornflakes and asked him to have his picture taken with Selina Scott "in case it's taken the wrong way". It is better to engage a decently married man to work with a beautiful woman like Anna Ford, rather than a man who has been jilted at least three times and therefore has to prove his virility in front of a nation. *Good Morning Britain* resembles a singles bar more than a breakfast table what with Frost sniffing around.

TV-AM has agony, aerobics, grub, Grub Street . . . it has everything that *Breakfast Time* has and yet — it brings to mind Geraldine De Vorak, Garbo's stand-in, who according to one wit "has everything that Garbo has except whatever it is that Garbo has."

At least they had the grace not to wheel the champagne out in front of the camera; a glass of flat Lucozade would have been more to the point.

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WHEN WORLDS COLLUDE

THE FOURTH issue of *Collusion* — the world's most eclectic music mag — has just hit the news-stands; and, like its pioneering predecessors, the current *Collusion* uncovers a wealth of unlikely and neglected musics with a rare enthusiasm and expertise.

The Twist, Hawaiian steel guitars, Florence De Jongh, Disney soundtracks, Haitian sexism and Sun Ra buying his socks in the supermarket of the Omniverse are just some of the topics touched upon; and there's a telling swipe at record biz propaganda with an expose of how EMI's financial crises are caused less by home taping than inept management (is killing music!).

All this plus Juju, gospel, rockabilly and a great picture of Gene Vincent on *Ready Steady Go,* which is printed too bloody small. *Collusion* is like a fascinating lucky dip of musical info, and essential reading for all music nuts.

Sharing the news-stands is the second issue of *The Wire,* which continues its explorations of (mostly modern) jazz with articles on Carla Bley, The Ganelin Trio, Eric Dolphy, SME, Phil Seamen, Sonny Stitt, Slim Gaillard and more. I wish Jak Kilby's festival photos had been given more space, and some of the writing needs livening up; but, like *Collusion, The Wire* scores heavily for its breadth of interest and its love of the music.

Contrast this with the dismal *Jazz Journal,* which recently hit a new nadir in music criticism when it called Cecil Taylor "a monkey" — a despicable racist slur for which its editor deserves to have his head nailed to the floor, but slowly. With *The Wire* due to go bi-monthly soon, jazz buffs will at last have a regular magazine that both knows and *cares* about the music it purports to represent. (*Collusion,* 80p plus p&p, from 14 Peto Place, London NW1; *The Wire,* 85p plus p&p, from 23 Mirabel Rd, London SW6.)

GRAHAM LOCK

MAKING LOU SUCH A DULL REED

LOU REED AND THE VELVET UNDERGROUND
by Diana Clapton *(Proteus £4.95)*

THE PRETENDERS
by Chris Salewicz (*Proteus £3.95)*

HO HUM. Another economic crisis, another frantic burst of electioneering and Thatcherian showboating, an unpleasant dose of cold weather and two more rock biographies.

On the face of it, Diana Clapton's *Lou Reed And The Velvet Underground* would seem to be the more substantial of this pair, seeing as how it is larger, more expensive and devoted to the more prestigious subject, but its author takes such a flat, blow-by-blow approach to Uncle Lou's chequered career that one finishes the book seriously in need of either a stiff drink or a deep, refreshing sleep.

Salewicz's book is a smooth, urbane, thoroughly competent performance which covers what seems like all the ground that there is to covered both efficiently and sympathetically.

His account of Chrissie Hynde's first few years in London, her now disavowed period spent writing for this paper and her participation in punk is unlikely to be bettered unless a full-length memoir is ever written by either Vivien Goldman (who, sadly, isn't interviewed herein) or Nick Kent (who is).

Indeed, some of the book's most fascinating sections are drawn from Nick's reminiscences, which are astonishingly open and a tribute to Salewicz' abilities as an interviewer. Unfortunately, the book is rather let down by its illustrations, which are exclusively composed of publicity shots of The Pretenders.

Because of the circles in which Chrissie moved when she came to London, her early life in this man's town was documented by some of the best photographers then around, like Joe Stevens, Pennie Smith and Kate Simon. There are pictures around of Chrissie as a blonde, Chrissie in full '76/'77 punk regalia, Chrissie with Nick Kent, Chrissie with massed David Cassidy fans... instead, all we get are pictures of The Pretenders being rock and roll stars. Bo-o-o-o-oring.

With Diana Clapton's Lou Reed book, the photos are great — plenty of '60s archive shots — but the text is bo-o-o-o-o-oring. In a work of this type it is necessary for the author to take a genuine leap into the subject's life and to rise to meet the artist's work. No rock biography of recent years has fulfilled this brief better than David Henderson's life of Jimi Hendrix, *Scuse Me While I Kiss The Sky,* and *Lou Reed And The Velvet Underground* is, by contrast, little more than a drab parade of facts, a blow-by-blow account of a career.

She neatly sidesteps most of the interesting questions about Lou Reed (his relationship with his subject matter, the paradox of the nice Jewish boy desperately reincarnating himself as Meanest Weirdo In The Alley, his manipulations of both his associates and his audience), preferring to run off a few cliches about Reed's work and its implications in a derisorily short introduction and then march chronologically through the story, which makes it ideal for anybody who wants to check what drugs Reed was using when he made which album, etc.

For this person's money, Lou Reed has come on like a prize jerk during most of the last ten years, but he still deserves better than this. Unless you are the kind of obsessive who will literally buy *any* book on the old buffoon, leave well alone.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Lou Reed, 1977. Pic Mick Rock

note oilskin base lowry

MONTY AND HIS PALS HAVE OPTED OUT OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE FOR A WEEK TO CUT A SMASH HIT!!
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STAR
PRODUCER
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WOK!!
SOMETIMES HE BEHAVES JUST LIKE A REAL CARTOON CHARACTER..
HELLS TELEGATES
LET ME EXPLAIN-MONTY..
POOP! POOP!
YEARS LATER..
THEN THERE'S THE ANARCHO-PSYCHO-DELI-PUNKAHIPPY-RED INDIANGURUNDI-BILLYS, WHO ROAM THE PLAINS OF WARRINGTON RUNCORN...
SO IT'S BASICALLY AN EMPERORS' NEW CLOTHES SITUATION?
YOU GOT IT!..
UNNOTICED IN THE CROWD- STEVE STRANGE SLIPS AWAY..
OH WELL, BACK TO LLANFAIR-WILLYPWILLSO JOHNNYGOGO-SOCH, FOR ME..
BOYO..
WHERE IS BEATLES BAND?..
BACK IN THE STUDIO- MONT PRACTICES ROCKISM..
I'M SO BORED WITH TECHNOLOGY!! I'D RATHER HAVE A B.S.A!!
LET'S CUT IT WHILE IT'S HOT!!
AND BELOW, TWO UNEMPLOYED POST-MODERNISTS ENTHUSE..
SOMEONE IS SMASHING THE PIANO TO PIECES IN THE FLAT UPSTAIRS!
OH, MUMMY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL! OUT OF THIS WORLD!
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Indeep and... chart high

SHE IS trapped in a vortex of conflicting emotion, torn between loss, desire and anger; left at home, alone, hanging on the telephone.

He is spinning the discs, delivering hope, full of ideas for aiding the sick and putting broken hearts back together. Paired together by her restless fingers turning the radio dial they make a perfect team and she is swept away on a wave of new passion and purpose.

'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' — cute, danceable and humorous — is a song that revolves around *The Golden Age Of Pop* imagery. It's a classic of-the-moment record, neatly incorporating the fresh, perky new rhythms of New York City while its good storyline and strong melody keeps it attuned to the city's Brill Building '60s heritage.

She is called Ann Marie — small and pretty with a slight lisp. A little shy at first she stands against the wall in her new party frock. Before Indeep she was working in an office, hoping that maybe someday she could put her teacher's diploma to better use. She sang a bit in church (it was only natural, after all) and a bit here and there with R&B groups. But... recording? stardom? all that business? She never gave it another thought, she was happy in New Jersey where she was born and bred, glad if she never had to visit the big city again...

He is Mike Cleveland who grew up playing in numerous bar bands, quickly getting used to the fact that he was the only white guy on the circuit. He worked in a factory but that was only to fund his real love. A year ago he recorded a minor club hit with 'Blast' but mostly he watched, wary of being ripped off and waiting for the right moment, the right break. He built his own recording studio and began stockpiling a massive backlog of material.

Last year Mike found Ann Marie playing in a bar, was introduced to another lady — Reggie Maglorie — by manager and co-producer Reggie Thompson. Indeep was born, hitched up to local independent The Sound Of New York label and soon began to enjoy a big dancefloor hit with 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life'.

Mike: "When I write I put all the ideas together on tape and the record that you hear is exactly as it was written two years ago. I have a library of different tapes because I'm into lots of different types of music. I'm definitely into rock — Dire Straits and street type things like The Stones." Really?

"Oh sure, I've been doing things like dance tracks for a long time but I've been doing other things too. My solo project f'rinstance will be like a combination of Dire Straits, The Cars and Bruce Springsteen."

Indeep trio Mike, Reggie and Ann Marie *Pic: Ian Familton*

For the meantime however Indeep is the major project in Cleveland's production company.

"I'd say we were part of the rap scene but we take it into another situation — we incorporate rap into our songs as opposed to just doing a rap track. We're combining it with different elements."

He admits a few eyebrows are raised when people find out he's white.

"It's an unusual situation but it's natural for me because I've been doing it for so long. A lot of people are shocked by the fact that I'm white and I'm doing the rap on this record. It's an interesting situation, especially in America with a black audience who can't figure out what I'm doing when it comes to the rap. But it's amusing too, culture shock.

"Every record we do is going to be recognisable as an Indeep record but we're going to approach each one in a totally different way. If I was to do another 'DJ' record I just wouldn't bother."

A follow-up single with Reggie taking the lead vocal is already planned, soon to be followed by an LP.

The Indeep trio are on a whirlwind press and promotion tour of Europe; the day before I met them they'd got the call to do *Top Of The Pops.* The girls are really impressed with the whole thing. They love the colour and tack, the way the cameras roam from platform to platform, from one extravagantly clad outfit to another. There's nothing to compare with it in America they say, nothing where all the top bands rub shoulders, nothing as *exciting*. And those bands, well, they are H-O-T! Haysi Fantayzee? Incredible, no-one would dare try that mixture in America. Yeah, they're happening. The Funboy Three — those girls on cellos and stuff — great, just great. Kajagoogoo — they're so polite, they look great and, Reggie points to the cover of her *Smash Hits*, "This kid here he's so sweet, he helped me find my dressing room when I got lost."

"I played in other groups before but this is a big difference. I had a totally different life until now," laughs Ann Marie (it's all happened so quickly!) "It's really strange, even now I don't know how I'm going to make the change. I'm having a great time but when the party stops I want to have something to go back to, because I know this can be a very shaky business."

Reggie, who was doing a little singing and working in TV advertising before Indeep, is wise to that as well.

"I know a lot of people who thrive on nothing but music and I mean *nothing but* music. If you do that your life isn't balanced, you can pick up your cheque for 50 grand and have no-one to spend it with."

Although for recording purposes Mike plays and mixes all the tracks, there are three more girls back in New York City who'll be The Indeep rhythm section when they finally take to playing live. Was it his intention to form an all girl group when he began Indeep?

"Not initially no, but it's a lot more fun this way. I've played with a lot of groups in the past where I had to write for girl singers so it's become natural for me to write from their perspective and make it sound credible.

"What happened with 'DJ' was that I was over at a friend's house and his sister was kind of depressed because her date hadn't turned up. He wanted her to go out and bop but she just wanted to stay at home and listen to her radio and that helped her come out of her depression.

"So I thought it underlined the importance of a DJ on the radio, or even in a club where people go to get rid of frustrations after a hard day's work. There are a lot of lonely people in the world so both DJs and the music they play are important. And in other ways too because everyone turns on their radio sometime or other."

GAVIN MARTIN

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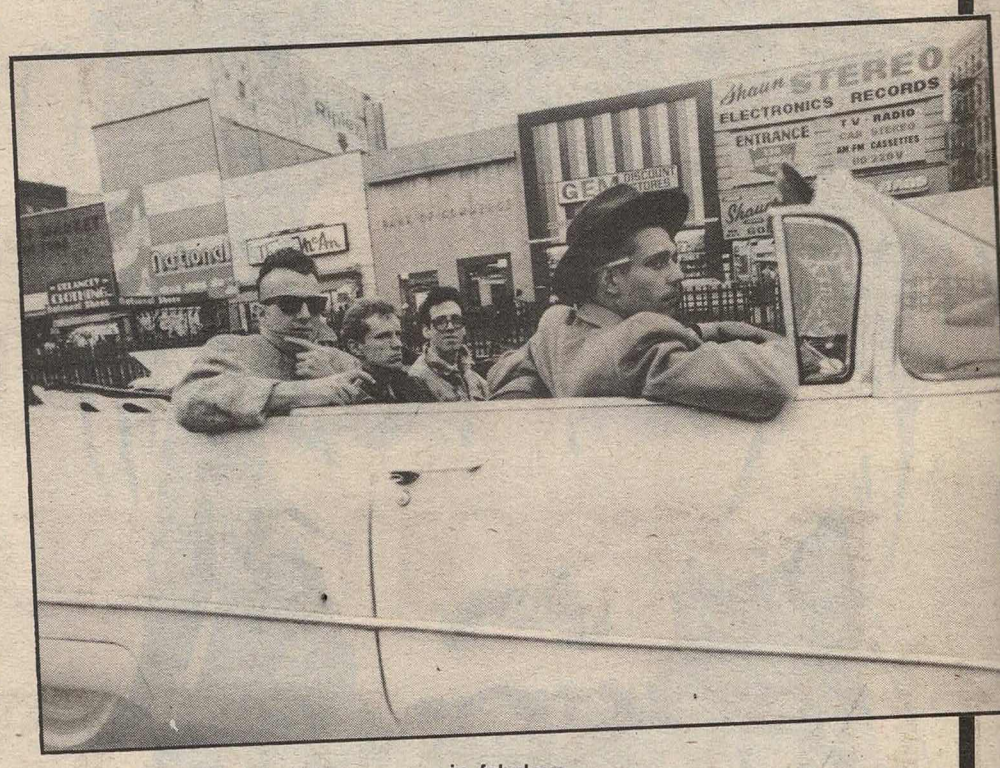

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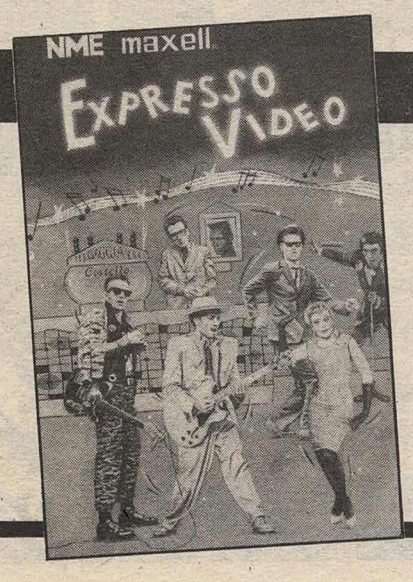

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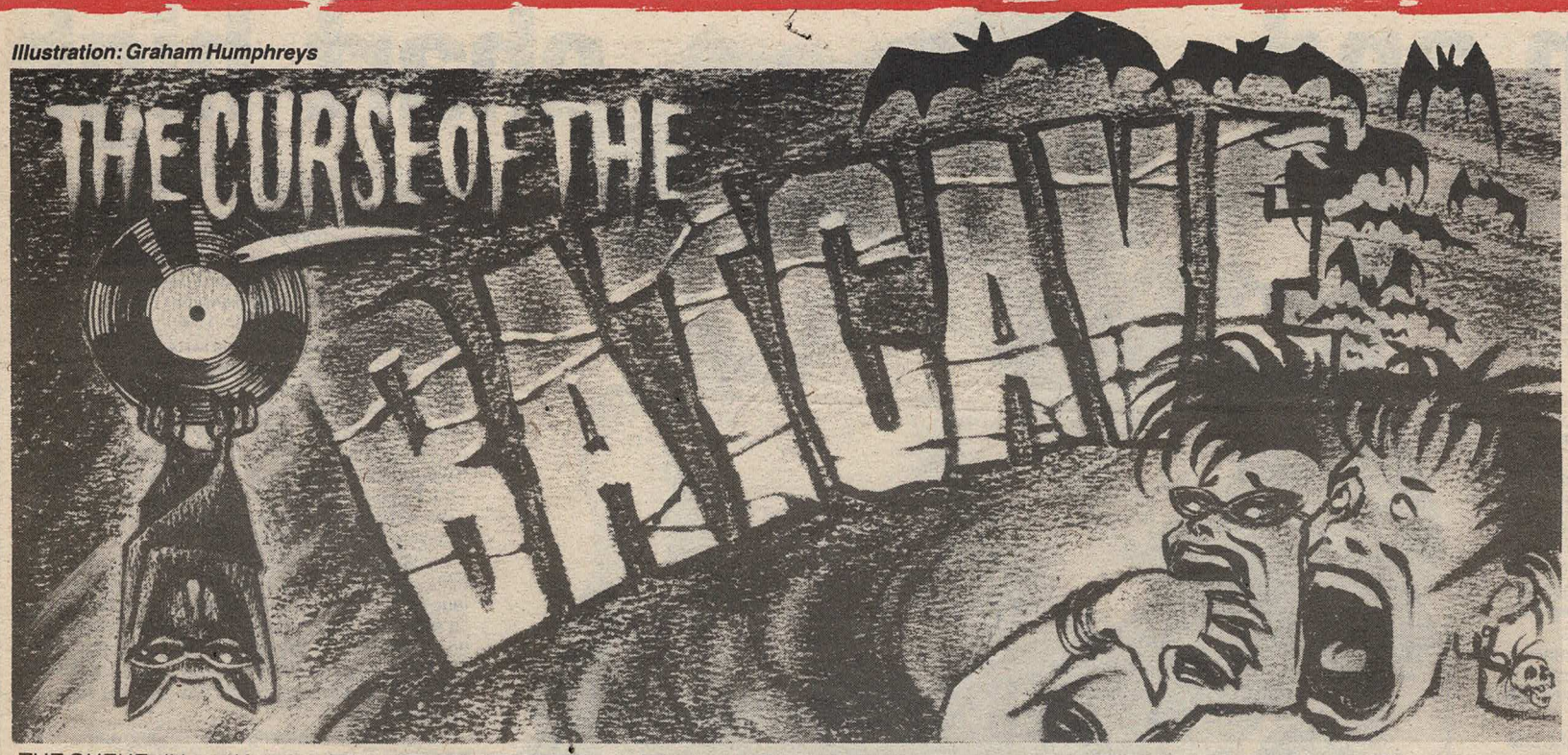

DEEP in the dark streets of Soho lurk the creatures of the Batcave — a notorious club where only the brave would venture. DAVID DORRELL sheds some light on the new horror fascination to grip clubland and RICHARD NORTH checks out the instigators — Specimen.

LIKE A CLUB OUT OF HELL

THE QUEUE slithered for miles, stud-linked vein of black, leathered and speared, bleached heads that shuffled relentlessly along Meard Street in the rain. All intent on reaching the buzzing electric glow that was the gateway to A Batcave. A scene casting shadows of Dante's purgatorial *Inferno.* But the long wait added to the awe of this dark dominion.

Upstairs, above the barren neon flesh-holes, was the cave itself. Only a lift ride away from the brass and muck filled streets, it was conspicuously similar to the sleaze that it towered above. Inside it could be anywhere, anytime, anything; from neo-gothic cabalism, to slow and gloomy or brash and glam. The bar area was always cool, strewn though it was with Carlsbergs and chaotic conversation. Whilst the abyss below writhed in the naked squallor of sweat and Bauhaus; a dark, dense mix that dragged the temperature through the 90s and the clientele back to the '70s. That was then, now The Gargoyle has closed its Hades wrought doors upon a host of one night stands and the dark has returned to the light, and a grim emptiness prevails.

Son Of Batcave has opened at The Subway in Leicester Square and the same mood now prevails only a few streets away from the original pit. Oliver Wisdom, lead singer with The Specimen, and guitarist John show me round the club in the safety of a crisp London afternoon and explain why the 'cave staked its claim in clubland so successfully. So let there be light.

Ollie (who paces casually through the club's Genesis) is slightly built beneath his leopard skin coat and his features are painted in a monochrome gloss of powder and mascara: "The whole idea for the formation of A Batcave came from The Specimen. We weren't prepared to play all the small clubs. It was all full of shit." John, taller and wilder (though no less gaunt) chips in: "We had a brief taste of that and it didn't treat us too well." Ollie: "In fact it shat all over us."

Again John jumps in: "So we kicked it in the ankle and ran away."

Ollie laughs quietly and continues: "We said if we're gonna do this — something relevant to '82...then it's gonna be totally on our own terms. We did some clubs but we didn't have total control — still it wasn't the same as your usual gigs. That's all very dull, very staid. We weren't ready to accept that, then we found the Gargoyle Club. This was it. This was the place. Five hundred people turned up on the first night and from then it's blossomed, developed — it's taken on an identity of its own.

"Why is it a success? Partly because it's run by us...we're the same age and it's like a party in lots of ways. There's no inhibitions — none of that 'this is their club, I must behave'. They can do whatever they want without feeling inhibited by what's hip and trendy. If A Batcave wasn't there they'd have nothing."

In fact during the clubs brief departure two clubs, Replicants (speaks for itself!) and Slumming It In Style have tried to wrest the crown from the still warm head of the king. Why though did the 'cave have such a monopoly? Was it because it traded on latent teenage nostalgia?

"It's not about nostalgia," claims Ollie, "Eddie Cochran, reggae, everything gets played.....it's more of a policy towards flexibility, openess."

Then why the infamous 'No Funk' rule?

"It was a deterrent, but not a step towards elitism. There are 40 other clubs in London that play funk. We go close to it ...."

The club, to many, has become a monster much grander, much larger than its creator. A fact (maybe) that is substantiated by the band's plans to take the club on tour to five or six other venues up and down the country. A *very* sensible idea in light of their claims that in Manchester alone they have 400 members. A trip to New York for the Knights of 'Blasphemy, Lechery And Blood' is also in the offing. Why is that side of the club such an important aspect?

Ollie smiles, "I don't think that it is, it's just fun. Tastelessness is fun, people like to be as tasteless as possible. This is *The Hammer House."*

When (if ever) will we see the fall of this *House Of Usher?*

"When it goes it will *crash* to its knees. None of that 'tailing off' apathy. We'll take it to its logical conclusion; which will be The End."

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Making a SPECIMEN of themselves

Sprawling Specimens: Ollie (vocals), Johnny (keyboards), Kev (bass), Jonathon (drums) and John (guitar) *Pic: Nick Knight*

WALKING THROUGH the dark streets of Soho is the perfect build-up to meeting the Specimens in their natural environment. Here is a break-necked craziness illuminated by hundreds of signs spelling sex, sex and more sex. But the group projects its own strain of twisted, glammy passion.

Their Soho flat underlines the group's tone — fake human and animal skulls look out from the walls, a doll's head hangs from the ceiling, a hand-painted picture of grinning, leering faces inscribed with the legend "blasphemy, lechery and blood" stares down from the mantlepiece, while a blood-spattered manequin broods in the corner. It's an overwhelming display of *Rocky Horror Show* paraphernalia that betrays where the heart of this particular beast beats.

But the weirdest things in the room are the members of the group. They are huddled over a tape recorder blasting out Velvet Underground, in a multi-coloured explosion of lipstick scarred flesh, tattered leather and black eyeliner. It all seems to fit.

"Soho's the only part of London that's alive," states vocalist Ollie knowingly. He is bedecked in a leather and plastic glam-tart suit. "People live in Maida Vale, Chelsea or Fulham and they think that they're living where it's at, well they're not. Nothing happens except in their own flats, whereas round here it's incredible, the characters you see round here are just larger than life."

And that's probably the point about Specimen, although not quite. The difference between these tacked-up hooligans and their surroundings is that they feel what they are doing is merely 'natural'. They are breaking down the boundaries of acceptability, the barriers of what is normal and what is not normal. "It *is* just natural," states the guitarist John, who is wearing his red stained leathers and matching baggy shirt. "Through our attitude and clothes we're just letting people get it into their brains that you don't have to conform to anything in order to be a success," expands Johnny, (keyboards) as he fingers his spikey black mohawk and adjusts his ripped and torn off-the-shoulder shirt.

A success is something that Specimen will surely be. Although they've only been together for around a year and played a mere 15 gigs, they've already entranced a large following and entrapped a major record company which will release a single in March. Their brand of Bauhaus, Bowie, and Bolan, glam drenched bop-a-rama should transcend the trendsetting Batcave scene, which they run, and infiltrate the hearts of the nation.

Bassist Kev, swishing the tassles decorating his mohican, seems indifferent. "At the moment we play to people around our own age, not to people of 13 or 14 who we don't specifically aim at. We aim at people who've got brains and who want to use them — that can be kids of any age. "The whole Specimen operation, from the creative clothes to the wild music, is geared to making people think and question the prevailing norms.

Their set is full of exciting insights into the varieties that make life interesting. For example, 'Stand Up, Stand Out' — the humorous story of one person's search for individuality, 'Dead Man's Autochop' — the tale of how a kid is pushed and pulled by his mother until there is nothing left but his imagination, and 'Wolverines' and 'Lovers' are both teasing and tantalising numbers that weave around that old lurv thang. The passion contorted, the fun distorted, but it's all more real than a hatful of Boy Georges.

"Your Sin Is Your Salvation" we cry in unison as the drummer Johnathon, spikey ginger hair blowing in the breeze continues, "Sex is definitely coming back and frigidity is definitely on the way out. The sex thing, that's what's been missing from music for such a long time, not as in obscenity but as in being sensuous with people."

Ollie takes over: "A lot of what's come in the last few years has been really cold. It hasn't got a lot to do with lyrical content 'cause you can watch someone like ABC and the words are all along the lines of 'I phoned my baby up and we had a really cute scene, blah, blah,' but there's no sex in it, no feeling — our stuff has."

The sensuous revolution is coming to town and Specimen in their pouting horror show tack, full of grievous satire, are part of it.

RICHARD NORTH

On the run from Aberdeen

Scottish quartet APB Nick Jones, Iain Slater, Glen Roberts and George Cheyne *Pic: Peter Noble*

JUST SUPPOSING George Clinton got zapped away to a bizarre parallel universe— we'll call it Aberdeen — with nothing to do to pass the aeons but form a garage band, chances are it would sound like APB.

Funk-punk (as opposed to punk-funk, *a la* Rick James) might be a fair calling-card for this Scottish quartet, who've been strutting said funky-punky stuff since schooldays four years ago, over the course of four very decent singles. Yet it was only last week that london got its first chance to see them, when they played three dates there. . .despite the fact they've already done *two* sets of gigs in America.

APB — the name's taken from US cop jargon, if that helps, and it "just stuck" — are Iain Slater (bass and vocals), Glenn Roberts (guitar), Nick Jones (percussion) and George Cheyne (drums). It's been an unusual career up till now. The popularity of their 45s in the New York night clubs, like Danceteria, prompted Sateside promoter Mark Beavan to sign them up for a couple of East Coast mini-tours, and now there are real prospects of a major company deal over there, with a debut album to follow.

In fact it's been the gap between Aberdeen and London that's proved hardest to bridge. Good press reviews have helped keep up morale, and plentiful patronage by the Peel and Jensen shows have made exile easier to bear.

But APB chose an awfully isolated place to be born in: it's even 125 miles to the bright lights of Edinburgh (that's further than Birmingham is from London), and in the absence of a sympathetic Beavan-style promoter in the UK, sheer expense cuts down their live work drastically. And since the A&R mountain is ever reluctant to move to far-lung Mohammeds, APB must pool their savings for hit-and-run raids like the recent one, their first engagements over the border.

"The companies," they think, "all seem scared to make a move — until they see someone else is interested."

Let's hope some Sassenach company takes the bait, since the group's home-town independent label, Oily Records, can only do *so* much to push them and no more. The London shows, and the re-release of their second (and best) single 'Shoot You Down' all testified that recognition is overdue.

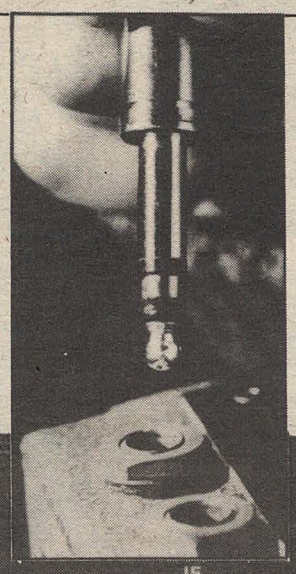
Yet in a funny way, APB's lack of finance for recording, and their isolation, might prove long term advantages. The records are raw and crude, but spirited and fun; add to that their remoteness, and their utter un-concern for slick image and flash, and you see why they were never swept up in last year's plastic funk fad. They've had time to develop, integrity intact, and should easily outlast the trendier outfits down south whose superficial fashion appeal is soon used up.

They agree: "What we always say is if you don't have the tunes to back it up, if you don't write good songs, then you're not going to get anywhere anyway."

APB discography

Chain Reaction (1981)
Shoot You Down (1981, re-released '82)
Palace Filled With Love (1982)
Rainy Day (1982)
(All releases on Oily Records, 6 Cedar Place, Aberdeen AB2 3SZ.)

PAUL DU NOYER



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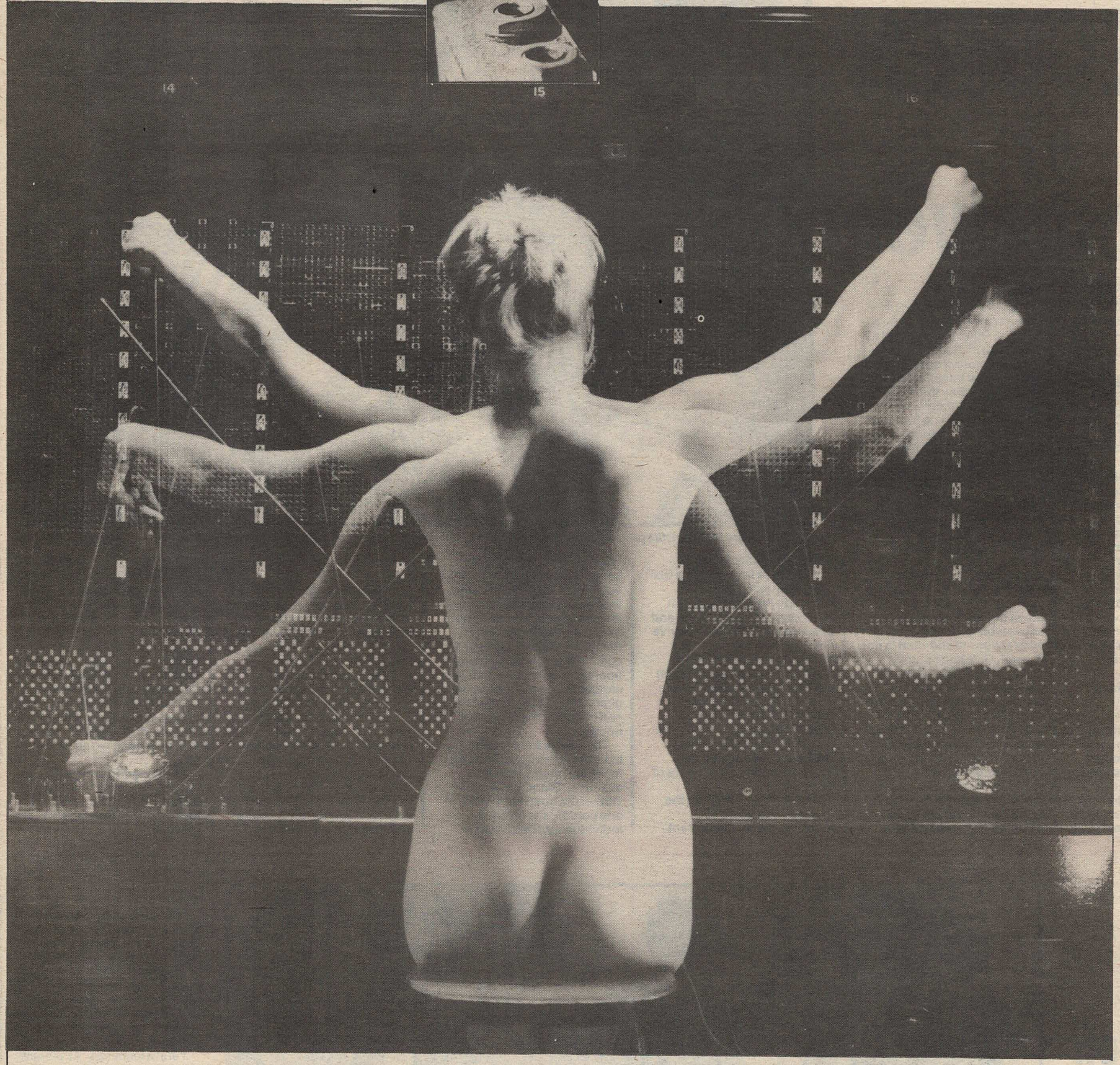

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Chrysalis

BIG BAD PRINCE CHARLES

Richard Grabel comes face to face with a studied image of comic book cool steaming off the streets of New York.

THE MUSIC of Prince Charles And The City Beat Band is edgy, compulsive, slightly dangerous. It's not empty-headed funk, but full of striving, motion and itch. It is some of the most free-wheeling, content-laden and inventive funk being made today.

In 1981 their 'Gang War' album was one of the independent funk releases that pointed out a new breed of urban kids who had absorbed the lessons of Sly Stone and Clinton & Co, and were prepared to take the whole thing a step further. Two years on it sounds as fresh and as tough as ever.

Now comes 'Stone Killers!', a cassette-only release (on ROIR) that elaborates on the streamlined rhythm power of 'Gang War', and filters it through the lens of the bubbly, synthesizer-heavy sound of the new New York street music.

'Stone Killers!' is one of those rare funk albums that shows stylistic diversity and consistent quality, that are worth listening to all the way through.

And Prince Charles is still an outsider to the business. Cassette-only releases are an oddball practice, especially for funk music, and while ROIR is one of the few independent labels to deal with both black and white music, they are hardly a funk label. Which makes the fact that 'Stone Killers!' is one expertly crafted and crowd-pleasing piece of modern urban black music just that much more interesting.

DON'T FAKE THE MYTH

THE ROOM where we do the interview is small and windowless, and Charles is the first to joke about it.

Hey, I'm in prison" he shouts. "And here's my jailhouse lawyer come to see me."

For a few minutes I've got Charles Alexander, aka Prince Charles, alone, and I'm getting him to talk about who he might really be. In a few minutes this task is going to be complicated by the arrival of Tony Rose, Charles' producer/manager and mentor. Rose sees himself as a Colonel Parker to Charles' Elvis, and, I later begin to think, is not opposed to spinning a few tall tales.

There's nothing unusual in a musician cloaking his past in mystery. Such ploys are known to be good business practice. But there are a lot of inconsistencies in the biographic sketch that emerges from my talk with Charles and Tony. At one time Tony says he met Charles when they were leaders of rival Boston street gangs. At another time Charles says Tony discovered him playing jazz piano in a smoky nightclub. Tony claims Charles was not only a street gang leader but a graduate of Brandeis University and of the New England Conservatory. Then Charles says he has no actual degree.

All this contradiction gets piled on later. Before Rose arrives, Charles seems pretty straightforward. I ask him about decadence, a word that popped up in the *NME* review of 'Stone Killers!' and a word not a few people might throw around in connection with the pimp-cum-street-fighter-bad dude image Charles tries to project.

"Decadence, yeah, that just happens. I write about what I know, and I know the streets. I know about other things too but the streets are exciting to me. I like politics, I like money, but the streets are excitement."

Are the streets decadent?

"The streets I know are. In terms of the establishment, they are. They're cool with me. But the establishment probably thinks of me as decadent. If that's what they want to call it, that's cool. They can call me whatever they want, nasty boy, bad boy, it's cool. I know what I am. I might be that. Only I know."

But this is showbusiness, where it's a given that people turn out to be not what they seem.

"Yeah. But see, I *am* Prince Charles. And I am Charles Alexander. What you see up there is me. And it's not me. Prince Charles is hardcore funk. He's like, bad. Charles Alexander is worse. I mean, Charles Alexander is cold, cold blooded. The two balance off in a strange way.

"What you're seeing with Prince Charles is a toned-down version of what I really am on the inside. I might whoop and holler, but the real me is worse than that. When you're really cold you don't whoop and holler. You don't say anything but Prince Charles is for communicating.

"I'm communicating funk, and excitement. I don't want to live a common life. I want to be bigger than common life.

The stage and the studio are places to create an exaggerated reality.

"That's true. Because the funniest comedians, say, have a good picture of what's real, and that's what makes them great."

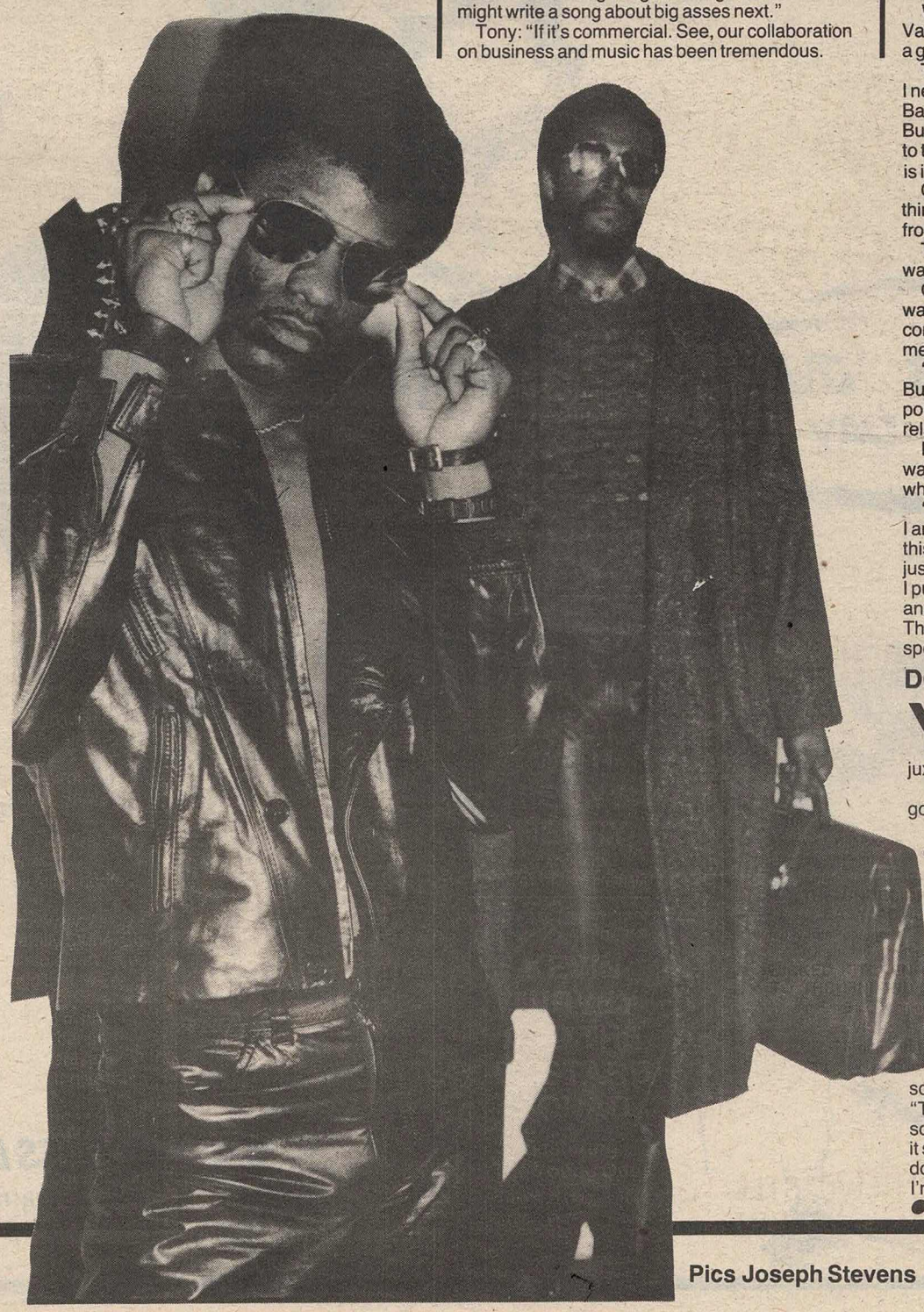
Charles Alexander dresses in black leather and studded wrist bands and shades, a studied image of comic book cool. Tony Rose dresses in a proper cloth coat and carries a briefcase, a studied image of a Rising Record Biz Entrepreneur on the go. He sits down and without a pause launches into the fastest, most breathless promotional rap/biography of himself and Charles I've ever heard.

Within thirty seconds I'm thinking "Woah, what's this guy on?". But Rose isn't wired, just intent on making his points.

"We're talking about commercial music. Where we're coming from there wasn't money. We came from the Welfare Department, our mothers scrubbing floors. The best thing we did for ourselves, we got educations as we went along.1. We got beat up in the streets, we got hurt, but one thing we weren't was assholes, we were always honest.

"For awhile it looked like all the assholes were getting over. Well, finally you've a real deal thing. You've got somebody who went to Brandeis, who belonged to gangs, who, we're not going to say whether he went to jail or not because that's a negative thing. So who cares? It doesn't take any discipline to go to jail. But it takes a lot of discipline to graduate from Brandeis. It takes a lot of discipline to come out of Roxbury, Mass., in the Projects, when all our friends are in jail, on drugs or something like that. And Charles knew a lot of people who were into music like him, and some of them, where are they now, in jail, or dead."

Charles: "I don't know man. Some of them don't have no teeth."



Tony: "See, before they redeveloped it, Roxbury was made up of Housing Projects. There was nothing to do but fight. You either learned how to fight and handle yourself, or you were dead. What we didn't do is get into heavy drugs. When a lot of cats were shooting shit in their veins, he wasn't doing that."

Charles: "That's how I got to be the brain of the Black Saints. All my boys were burning themselves out."

How did you go from street gangs to music?

"I was always into music. When I was two years old I had a little melodica piano. But I used to love pimps, I wanted to be a pimp. So, ah, I went and talked to one of my uncles and he turned me on to the drugs and the money under the lamp and shit, and then the next thing I knew my uncle's out in California. I said, what'd you go to California for? And he said, Man, the FBI was after me. So I said, Wait a minute, how can I have money and drugs and women and all these things and not be runnin' from the FBI? Music. And I was good.

"It was just, one day you're in a gang and the next day you're playing music. It doesn't mean because you're doing one thing you can't do another. I did a lot of things well. That's how I got to be the leader of a gang. They loved that shit in me.

"The musical knowledge I have is equivalent to a college degree. I don't really have no accreditation. But I'm bad. I know what I'm doing. I can write scores, charts. And I have emotion in my music. I like writing songs like 'Big Chested Girls'. I might write a song about big asses next."

Tony: "If it's commercial. See, our collaboration on business and music has been tremendous. Every music star needs a me, and me, we have to have a them."

What is the collaboration on the music. Who writes?

Charles: "I begin most of the things. But, see, I'm so good that I can take anything in any direction. He helps me decide what direction it's going in.

"We have a problem when he sits down and tells me an idea, a word. And I say, what does that mean? He'll say 'frantic', and I'll say, What's that. A minor? I might think frantic is a rhythm, or a volume, or a diminished chord. But then he doesn't know the words I've just thrown at him. So I've got to throw down a whole series of things until he feels 'frantic', and then we put it down."

Tony: "It's my thing to keep it consistent. Consistency and commercialism is what I deal with most of all. He must be consistent and he must be commercial. Because if he's not, in six months people are going to say Prince Charles who? And my job is to keep him before you."

WHO'S MAKING ALL THE MONEY (CASH MONEY)

"IF WE WERE to go into a little bit more with Charles," Tony Rose says, "he could go into politics and music, and the world as relating to music and the people that listen to it, and why we're actually doing it. But for now I can just say that the world does need a Prince Charles and The City Beat Band in its face. Not just to spend money on the records but, on the basis of the masses against the royalty, those who have not against those who have. Why do they have and the others don't have? And what are girls really for, are they for that, or is it this? Just what are the complexities of the world all about?"

In the past two or three years, with rap, and graffitti, and street funk, the culture of the ghetto has really waved its flag in everyone's face.

Charles: "But we still ain't making no money from it. It's always been like that."

Tony: "Right. This is where we come in. People like Arthur Baker (producer of 'Planet Rock') and Tom Silverman (owner of Tommy Boy Records), I can't say they're not making money. There's a lot of companies, here in New York especially, that get away with stealing a lot of black music from a lot of black musicians, and the cats are up their with holes in their sneakers begging for some money."

With your song 'Cash (Cash Money)' and the Valentine Brothers' 'Money's Too Tight', it's been a good time for money songs.

Tony: "It's always a good time for money songs. I never heard of a time when it wasn't. 'Money' by Barrett Strong, one of the greatest money songs. But 'Cash (Cash Money)' is real. Have you listened to the lyrics? Who is making all the money? Why is it we don't have money here?"

Charles: "You know they tried to stop me. No big thing. Just another fight. They tried to stop us both from being heard ever again."

Tony: "That's why we're in New York. 'Cause we want to be in their face."

Charles: "I signed a deal with a company, I don't want to say who it was, but it was a major corporation. And they tried to stop me by having me under contract and not putting my records out.

"See, I love business, business gives me a rush. But business is a system of organization. And politics is *the* system of organization. And they are related. And everyone's got an ego."

Do you pay attention to the little things like the way you dress and the artwork on your albums and what those things say in a political or social sense?

"My dress, I just like the way it looks. But I guess I am making a statement, like, so what if I look like this, does that make me dumb? Are you so smart just because you wear a three-piece suit and tie? If I put on a three-piece suit I'll look better than you anyway. You really want to see me put one on? They're threatened by that. And musically speaking I want that to come out in my music."

DON'T FAKE THE FUNK

YOUR PROCESS seems to be to take riffs and voices that have been used already and put them into new contexts, new juxtapositions, and get something new out of them.

Charles: "See, we can do anything. So we've got to know what we're going to do."

Tony: "Arthur Baker is a rip-off. He steals. We don't steal. All our music is original."

Wait a minute. 'Stone Killers!' is full of quotes. You even quote Arthur Baker.

Tony: "No excuse me. *'Don't rock don't stop it'* we quoted from Sly And The Family Stone. Sly did that in 1968. Arthur Baker stole that from him, and I said as long as he did that, we're gonna take it."

Charles: "I'm quoting, sure. But I'm not ripping off a whole song. That's cause nobody knows who the fuck we are, and they ain't gonna listen unless you give them something they've heard before.

"The thing is, we start with an original idea for a song, then we give it some familiar quotes, to give it some familiarity. That's only because people don't know who I am. When they find out who I am I'm going to show them the way to go."

●*Continued page 41*

Loitering intent on doing business, Prince Charles takes a closer look and Tony Rose, his mentor/manager, lurks.

Pics Joseph Stevens

MADNESS

NEW SINGLE

TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY

MAJOR BRITISH TOUR DATES

FEBRUARY
Mon 21 Tue 22 **NEWCASTLE** City Hall
Wed 23 Thurs 24 **MANCHESTER** Apollo
Fri 25 **LIVERPOOL** Empire
Sun 27 **BIRMINGHAM** Odeon
Mon 28 **POOLE** Wessex Hall

MARCH
Tue 1 **LONDON** Lyceum
Wed 2 Thurs 3 **LONDON** Dominion
Sat 5 **BRIGHTON** Conference Centre
Sun 6 **NOTTINGHAM** Royal Concert Hall
Tue 8 **GLASGOW** Apollo
Wed 9 **EDINBURGH** Playhouse

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SINGLES

Mastermix by Adrian Thrills

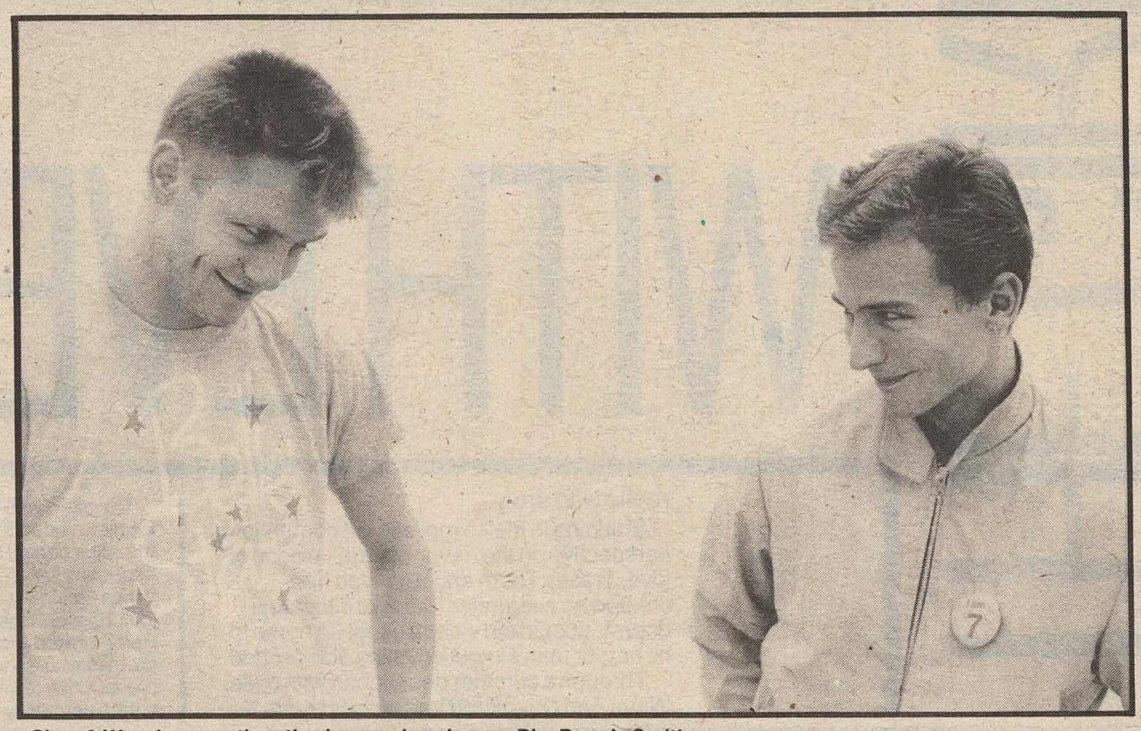
THIS WEEK'S WINNER: BETTER LOOKING BY FAR . . .

MADNESS: Tomorrow's Just Another Day *(Stiff)*

A safe choice for sure, but when the competition at the top of the chart is Kajagoogoo and Men At Work, the earthy wit and pop class of Madness remain qualities to treasure highly.

'Tomorrow' may not be the most obvious single off the nutty boys' fine fourth album — 'Blue Skinned Beast' or 'Rise And Fall' would have got my vote — but it is still a cut above the rest of this week's sad assortment. All the usual hallmarks are present and correct, from the insidious hook to Mike Barson's ever dominant piano, with a couple of new tricks, like a neat touch of mouth harp, thrown into the melee too.

Madness have simply refused to grow tired and cynical with age, just a little world weary in their downbeat lyrical observations: *"Trying hard, I thought I'd done my best/All my life I can't get no rest/Some who've closed the door before/Say I can't on no more/hear them saying tomorrow's just another day . . ."* Now let's have the video, the tour, the next film!



Chas & Woody agree the other's more handsome. Pic: Pennie Smith

LEFT CHANNEL

POPWISE MIX

BLANCMANGE: WAVES *(London)* The new Spectorism strikes again. One of the most irritating symptoms of the drippy duos that litter this year's television pop programmes is their tendency to dress up even the slightest song in an awesome wall of sound, drowning any musical merits it might have possessed in the first place. The age of over-production is back and who better to prove the point than Blancmange with a mournful single that revels in its contrived sense of 'epic' from the vocalist's Mario Lanza bellow to the opaque electronic curtains of sound that cascade massively from the back walls of the studio.

Blancmange are trying very hard. They have even roped in Madeline Bell on backing vocals and introduced some 'real' strings, but it was all done so much more convincingly a few years ago on 'Atmosphere'. Something tells me, though, that 'Waves' is still going to be a rather big hit.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Genetic Engineering *(Telegraph)* Synthetic soundmaking was still just about bearable when Orchestral Manoeuvres began cutting records, but so much electro-drivel has fizzed and farted its way onto the bandwagon since then that 'Genetic Engineering' arrives with little of the impact of an 'Electricity', a 'Messages' or even a 'Joan Of Arc'.

OMD have been biding their time as the platoons of lesser electronic talents have encroached their patch, only to re-emerge one year on sounding as mundane as all their bastard sons. The vaguely pastoral pastures of their last LP would have seemed to be a fruitful avenue to continue along, but this single is too industrial by far — all bleeps, squeaks and android voices funnelled through an intro that borrows heavily from 'Virginia Plain' into a chorus that could be 'Mirror Mirror'. So much for showing all the novices how it should be done.

THE THE: PERFECT *Some Bizzare/Epic)* A bit more like it. With everyone else striving for some unnatural perfection, the loose, undisciplined whimsy of The The comes as a refreshing break. Matt Johnson bares the same cracked veneers as his Some Bizzare cellmates Marc and Dave, placing faith in a good tune rather than the precision of modern production values.

'Perfect' cops a couple of old Lou Reed lines but still impresses with its meaty mix of mouth harp, vibes and garage organ; a worthy follow-up to the neglected 'Uncertain Smile'. The flip, 'Nature Of Virtue', comes with the message *"don't change yourself to suit everybody else"* and certainly sounds better on my clapped-out Fidelity mono than it does when played down the telephone by one Stevo on a Friday afternoon.

THE GIST: FOOL FOR A VALENTINE *(Rough Trade)* The Gist? Well I certainly don't get it.

Rough Trade have been responsible for well over a hundred singles over the past few years; some have been wierd, some totally unlistenable and one or two actually quite good. I doubt, though, if they have ever released anything quite as utterly inoffensive as RT125. This lilting

reggae dirge could be 'The Harder They Come' at 33rpm, but that would flatter The Gist. Mainman Stuart Moxham has been working with the Marine Girls, producing their new 'Lazy Ways' LP, but none of that particular trio's lovelorn magnificence has rubbed off on The Gist. This record actually apologises here and now for being so high up in the pile, but I'm afraid it's that sort of week.

PATTI PALLIDIN: Siamese Lover *(The Lone Corporation)* Recorded way back in 1978, this is the long-awaited — five years! — follow up to 'Stanly' and 'What I Want', those two lauded, luscious Snatch singles of the late '70s. Pat Palladin has since parted company with the other half of Snatch, Judy Nylon, but the cast of musicians assembled in her place would have constituted some sort of supergroup had they ever actually played live around the time this single was recorded. There are contributions from Peter Perrett and Johny Perry on guitar, John Earle on sax and Barry Adamson on bass with the now-voguish addition of violin, viola and cello. The result is cacophonous but controlled, with Palladin's abrasive tongue having lost none of its cutting edge: *"Wanted to be treated with a little TLC/Made it worth your while/Whatcha do for me?"* It stands the test of time better than most.

LEISURE PROCESS: Cash Flow *EPIC)* Well, well, well. Haven't seen your face around town awhile, Ross! Whatcha been up to? Not that much, if 'Cash Flow' is all you've got to show for it . . . a plodding riff, cumbersome mix, a lumpy vocal chorus straight out of Marc Bolan's back pages and if saxman Gary Barnacle is in there, he's certainly keeping a low profile. A single that doesn't live up to its title.

MERRICK AND TIBBS: Call Of The Wild *(CBS)* The two musical giants who put Adam Ant where he is today launch their eagerly awaited joint careers with a dollop of dross that befits their crumby, self-important musos' moniker. Drummer Merrick should stick to his producing alter-ego Chris Hughes while Tibbs might still get a gig back with The Vibrators if he works at it. Unplug the jukebox somebody.

DEXY MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Geno *(EMI/Late Night Feelings)* Interesting debut from a dishy new midlands combo whose good looks should soon see them battling it out with the 'Goos and Duranies on that hallowed *TOTP* stage for the hearts and pocket monies of the nation's teenies. Shades of the late lamented Q-Tips in the horn arrangement, but still a good bet for some of that elusive 'Chart Action'.

(Actually, a really dumb move on the part of the money-grabbers up at EMI. If they really wanted to milk that last drop out of Dexys, they should have culled something like 'Seven Days' or 'Tell Me When My Light Turns Green' off 'Young Soul Rebels' rather than re-releasing what was, after all, Oor Kev's biggest hit prior to last year's 'Eileen').

Still, probably a hit yet again. That singer will have to do something about his king-sized konk though.

RIGHT CHANNEL

DANCEWISE MIX

PEECH BOYS: Life Is Something Special *(Island)* All the tricks of the New York dancefloor masters — the delay, the echo, those little gaps in all the right places — combine here to give the Peech Boys a marvellous spatial backing track, proving that electronics can still be used in a constructive manner by those with a little guile and originality.

But all the revolutionary mixing advances currently being made in the Stateside studios can still fall awfully flat when they are not supported by the basics of a good soul voice. When you have both, you're onto a winner. Rockers Revenge and Donnie Calvin have both and so do the Peech Boys when they combine their tight technology with the fine and gritty tones of their lead tenor.

'Something Special' is certainly the most upful sound in this week's selection and is well worth investigating: *"Music is something special/Love is something special/Life is something special . . ."* Surely we can all groove on sentiments like that.

With the muscle of a major now behind it, 'Something Special' could well give the Peechies the chart success that 'Don't Make Me Wait' — given its British release on the independent TMT label — missed out on last summer.

PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND: Fool For Love *(MJS import)* The key to this one isn't so much the wizardry of the mix, but the sheer guts of the performance. Prince Charles and Co. make but one concession to the more advanced New York studio technology — the utilisation of a claptrap on the dubwise flip — and concentrate instead on cooking their funk harder, longer, stronger and heavier than the rest: *"rock it, don't stop it . . ."*

This is conventional hard funk, a relentless racket with little light relief save for a rather quaint Arabian synth motif that crops up now and then, and you can either love it or hate it for that. Personally, I wouldn't argue with this class of royalty.

PHILLY SOCIETY: Philly Medley *(Philly Sound Works import)*
CAPTAIN SKY: Don't Touch That Dial *(Philly World)* By some strange irony, Gamble and Huff's legendary Philadelphia label actually went bankrupt at the end of 1982, just as an upswell of interest in the Philly sound was stirring in the UK with Dexys, Costello and Wah! among those covering some of the label's numerous standards.

The city's secondary labels — PSW and Philly World being two of them — have never really come close to emulating the commerciality and class of their now-liquidated leader and there is little on either of these records to signify any radical change.

The Philly medley — the work of vibes supremo Vincent Montana Jnr — is actually a mammoth remix of classics like 'Love Train', 'Backstabbers' and 'The Love I Lost', but any soul boy worth his sandals should already be in possession of at least one volume of 'Phillybusters' and need not bother with this.

Captain Sky crops up here on Philly World after producing the fine 'Statin Break' single on WMOT a couple of years ago, but his return is nothing to get into a blue funk about. 'Don't Touch That Dial' continues his fixation with radio rapping, but will do well to garner much day-time play over here.

FUTURA: Feelin' Hot *(Reelin & Rockin import)* Not the rapping graffiti man of Clash association and Manhattan subway fame, but another slice of rolling, shimmering Stateside funk. The sort of thing that the City Beat Band might make a light snack of — pleasant but hardly essential.

SINNAMON: He's Gonna Take You Home *(Becket)* Three strident female vocalists from the same stable as Indeep, but a record that is unlikely to follow the latter up the UK top thirty. Whereas 'Last Night' is a wonderfully witty excursion into dancefloor fantasy, this is just another cliched portrayal of dumb, submissive disco molls — the sort of thing the Cristina sent up on 'Disco Clone', only here it's for real. The 'Fierce Dub' mix on the flip could hardly be much tamer either.

KADENZA: Let's Do It *(PRT)*
PANIC: She's Not There *(PRT)* The British contenders in the same section — let's call itr the dumber end of the dancefloor — are even lamer. Kadenza comprise former members of The Real Thing, Incognito and Gonzales and employ all the 'Britfunk' cliches such a pedigree would predict. Panic are a London quartet who specialize in supposedly bizarre cover versions, although their electro romp through The Zombies 'She's Not There' — once allegedly a fine song — could hardly be more ordinary.

NUTTY PLAYLIST.

The Prince — Madness (2-Tone)
Deceives The Eye — Madness (Stiff)
Take It Or Leave It — Madness (ITV BOOKS FLEXI)
Grey Day (live) — Madness (NME Racket Packet Tape)

POPWISE PLAYLIST.

Lazy Ways — Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
North Marine Drive — Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
Standing Up — The Purple Gang (Tape)
1980 They — The Flips (Tape)

DANCEWISE PLAYLIST.

Fight The Power — The Isleys (Epic)
Honky Tonk — James Brown (Polydor)
Don't Fake The Funk — Prince Charles (Roir Tape)
Oh! That Love Decision — Coati Mundi (Virgin Tape)

THE GIRL WITH EVERYTHING

rustle with envy.

Stunning in their simplistic but contentious perspective on the never-blander lexicon of love, Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt had created an alternative that was intimate, unpretentious and close enough to home to hit harder than almost anything else around.

Through a summer debauched with trivia, 'Night And Day' stood tragically unsung amidst a flood of tawdry covers, shiny young things with pop emblazoned on their precious hearts and stupid cupids etched meticulously on their yellow jumpers — and, of course, Vic Godard's ineffectual Club Left with all its sweet oracular mouthings of a swinging summer of jazz.

The more well-known of the two 20-year-old English students, Tracey first rose to attention as the voice behind the ramshackle charm and exuberant spirit of Marine Girls. Obsessed with all things nautical, economic, simple and ringing with joyful dissonance, their debut album, 'Beach Party' elicited a few devotees but was generally greeted with a shuffle of feet followed by a pre-emptive dismissal as cute-girls-getting-away-with-murder . . . *again.*

the deserted docks and moaning about every interviewer claiming to be the first to describe in gory detail the swanky, Yankee furniture shop that'll sell you 'Everything But The Girl'. Don't forget. *NME:* where you read it *last!*

KNOCK KNOCK . . . IS VIC THERE?

WHEN ELVIS Costello and Martin Fry comandeered Radio One's *Roundtable* one evening early last summer, the one single they were decidedly keen on was the debut by Everything But The Girl — a reedy version Of Cole Porter's seminal 'Night And Day'.

Stripped clean of instrumentation, save for a plaintive cry of vocal, a small, tinny guitar and the odd echo chamber, this was the sultry blend of vintage bossa nova and sparse modern folkiness that made Costello's spectacles steam and Fry's lamé jacket

EIGHT MONTHS later, as Kevin Cummins and myself wind our way up the M62 to Hull, the rich lament of 'Night And Day' has all but faded into a distant but echoing memory.

And as we dodge through the wreckage of articulated lorries beached by blustery, gale force winds — eyes closed, seat belts fastened — there's time enough to regret the suffocation process that's effectively kept Everything But The Girl out of circulation. In fact, the sum total of the duo's activities amounts to no more than an appearance at the ICA Press Gang week — where Paul Weller decided to show his appreciation by joining them onstage — and a session for Pete Murray on Radio Two.

But just as the terse melody tempered by the unique interaction of Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn has chosen to tread water in the face of adversity, so their individual outputs have flourished in an unashamedly prolific outburst.

Tagged as production line girls with romance on their lips and marriage in their heads, Marine Girls' bare honesty and expressive plea reached no further than a singular moment of triumph with 'On My Mind'.

In fact, it wasn't until last autumn when Tracey released her masterful solo mini-album, 'A Distant Shore' that the blinkers were finally removed. Eight songs long — seven originals wrapped around the subtle incongruity of the masculine intrusion of the one cover, 'Femme Fatale' — and brimming with a refined intimacy that left 'Beach Party' stranded and sketchy, 'A Distant Shore' has figured prominently in the indie charts for three months now without faltering.

With the single, 'Plain Sailing', culled from the album, looking to do likewise, the reissues seem imminent while Tracey completes a sequel and adds the finishing touches to a new Marine Girls LP, 'Lazy Ways', which should hit the racks later this month.

As for Ben Watt, he's followed 'Night And Day' with a compelling collaboration with Robert Wyatt resulting in 'Summer Into Winter', a five track 12" EP. Tracing a similar path through delicate melancholy, he substitutes the lingering fire of Tracey's voice by imbuing the whole with the pastel intonation of Durutti Column and the more active, airy folk of a youthful John Martyn. His debut album, 'North Marine Drive', is also within weeks of release.

Arriving in Hull more or less in one piece, we drive straight through to question time grimacing at

TRACEY: "WHEN we released 'Night And Day' we stumbled into Vic Godard's new jazz thing almost without knowing a thing about it . . . and it nearly turned out to be a very nasty accident.

"I thought it'd be great living up here in Hull for a while if only to get a more sensible perspective on things, but you just end up not knowing what's happening. Perhaps if we had known, we may not have released it."

Ben: "We'd already recorded the song in January, but by the time it came out (in June), Vic Godard was already into his dinner suits and bowties and Burt Bacharach covers . . . which we've never cared for incidentally. But ultimately, y'know, those are the people that suffered and deservingly so."

Why did you choose to record 'Night And Day' in the first place?

Ben: "My Dad was a jazz pianist; he was a bandleader in the old days. He was really into Cole Porter and Miles Davis, but he hated all the Dixieland stuff . . . and he was always hassling me to listen to these records and, of course, I didn't. But with music always being in the house, when I was old enough to take an interest, it was still there in the memory."

Tracey: "We both came to the University at the same time, so Cherry Red suggested that we collaborate on something. I was mad about

BUT THE BOY

Amrik Rai interviews Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt, two people who're so busy with solo acitvities they hardly have time for Everything But The Girl these days. Photos: Kevin Cummins

Orange Juice and a lot of those kind of pop bands, but Ben wasn't into that at all . . . He much preferred to be depressed by The Doors and Joy Division. It was just a case of going through each other's record collection and laughing at each other until we came across something we both liked."

That makes it one release, one concert and one radio session so far. Is there a future for Everything But The Girl somewhere inbetween your solo work?

Tracey: "Personally, it'd be nice to keep it as a sideline and just break away every six months or so and do a song we're both really keen on, and perhaps at some point a whole album of party faves or whatever. But in practise it's really hard.

"It's difficult knowing how to put something like that together without it getting out of hand . . . we're not interested in being known just for cover versions, but that's the way people work. Even after 'Night And Day', Radio 2 asked us to do a series of sessions with six cover versions in each . . . We did one and quickly realised how dangerous it could be. We're not terribly keen on being Radio 2's fave raves — as if they could possibly have a rave."

Ben: "It all comes back to that. We offered a lot of money to be part of the *Live At Her Majesty's* television series with Jimmy Tarbuck hosting, but we're just not interested. We've got more dignity than that."

POP GOES THE THREE MINUTE HERO

TRACEY: "THESE last couple of years have seen pop become unbearably twee on the Orange Juice side and incredibly bland otherwise. There's too many old men like Barry Manilow sitting down and writing songs about the teenage experience; songs they've got no right to sing simply because they don't know the emotions they're talking about."

Ben: "The trouble is that lyricists have become wordsmiths. Elvis Costello suffered from that around the time of 'Armed Forces'. That was the start of people thinking it more important to play with words and come up with a clever-clever lyric than to actually bother saying anything. There's obviously merit in creating the tension between words that Martin Fry excels at, but there must be more to it than that.

"People like that are actually questioning the validity of the language itself: how far can we manipulate this language so as to say what we like and say nothing at the same time. We're using that same language as a much more fundamental and much more common means of communicating feelings and experiences.

"The difference is that we don't write songs for a production line, and *not* specifically for money. Personally I've got a fascination for the language and a big perversion with order. Everyone suffers from it . . . to find some sort of order in their lives. It's almost therapeutic for me to write songs . . . it helps me first of all.

"Ultimately repetition and platitudes are what get into the charts, but, for me, if you can whittle down what you have to say into perhaps one image that echoes right the way through . . . that's a very satisfying feeling.

"Take 'English Rose' (on 'All Mod Cons'), for example, where Paul Weller sings, *'I scoured the whole universe / I caught the first train home'*; that's really powerful because you're faced with a grand gesture, a completely over-the-top generalisation followed by a homing in to a really personal, localised level. And when you hear him singing it, you can really feel the effect."

Tracey: "The emphasis with us is on the song. These days the song is just the starting point, the most basic raw material to throw about until it falls in line with the prevailing demand. We work just to reach the song."

The renaissance of the song? Surely adopting a passive narrative style and being introspective and sentimental isn't all that radical? Why are you more real than Nick Heyward or Martin Fry? And if you were in the Top Ten, do you really think anyone would notice the difference?

Ben: "Tracey's had people writing to her saying 'Too Happy' summed up everything about an event that happened to them as well, only they could never put it into words. If you can do that and be as close to the bone as that, then you're more real than anyone in the charts."

Why don't you start an agony column?

Ben: "It's not like that. We're being honest — honest to the point of bearing our souls to you in the face of obvious criticism."

Tracey: "I'd be livid if we were in the charts and no one noticed the difference. I'd obviously question the perception of a hell of a lot of people . . . but if everyone takes ABC seriously then perhaps there is no hope. It's like the Marine Girls getting lumped in with Bananarama . . . it just makes you want to scream.

"But if we were in the charts, it'd be intolerable anyway. Everyone would start being wimpy and introspective and totally miss the point. Even now Cherry Red are getting all these tapes from a load of really wimpy kids with drippy love songs. They just think, Oh, this must be the new thing, so they make up a handful of traumas. That's tragic . . . we're not trying to start anything like that."

BEN ON . . . ASSORTED ENGLISH ECCENTRICS

"I STILL can't believe it. I've got that man's photos all over my bedroom wall and he actually played with us."

So why did Weller play with you at the ICA?

"The first time he heard 'Night And Day' he really liked it and said he'd like to produce us sometime. But as we haven't written anything together since, that didn't really work out too well. Anyway he phoned us up about a week before and asked if he could . . . er . . . *jam* with us. We only had about a day to rehearse it in the end, but it came off quite well.

"Another bloke I respect is Robert Wyatt. I learnt a lot about myself working on 'Summer Into Winter' with him. He knows his subject so well that he can reach right down to the bottom and pick out just one image that shows his feelings and emotions acutely and to the point."

TRACEY ON . . . THE MARINE SIDE OF LIFE

"I DON'T know if there'll be another Marine Girls record after 'Lazy Ways'; it's difficult because I hardly ever see Jane or Alice and I haven't written any songs for them for a long time."

Were you upset by some of the more immediate criticisms?

"Yeah. Obviously we were really annoyed about that because I never saw us as fitting in with bands like Dolly Mixtures and Bananarama . . . I've got absolutely no respect for them at all. That's the problem with us though, we haven't got a drummer and we play very simple songs, and as soon as people realise that we aren't The Au Pairs we have to be Bananarama."

What do you think The Au Pairs think of you?

"They probably think I'm a right slushy creep."

Do you care?

"Yes. We're not overtly feminist, but just by doing what we do and standing up for ourselves without hiring glammy costumes for sexy photos . . . we should be receiving a more honest approach."

Is the new album deliberately geared to take you away from that sort of reaction?

" 'Lazy Ways' for me is the first Marine Girls album. 'Beach Party' was only ever intended as a homemade cassette. We did it in a friend's shed in two spare afternoons. We had no idea; everything was done in one take and we mixed it in five minutes."

Will you be playing live to promote the album?

"I'm not sure about playing live. With all the press we've had, you'd think the audience would at least pretend to be sensitive, but we still get all the lads at the back laughing. It's difficult because apart from the few real fans, it's not the sort of thing that draws people out of the bars . . . probably because they can't hear it.

"I've never been convinced that the Marine Girls work live at all. It's much more intimate on record . . . it comes across more in the living room than in the ballroom — that's the cohesive factor in the Marine Girls, Tracey Thorn, Everything But The Girl and Ben Watt."

Ben, Tracey and Paul Weller at the ICA. Pic: Kerstin Rodgers.

LOVE BOAT RUNS AGROUND

SILVER SCREEN

Tempest

DIRECTOR: Paul Mazursky
STARRING: John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon, Vittoria Gassman (Columbia)

IS IT too early to be naming the worst film of '83? Perhaps we should brand *Tempest* as a prize turkey now, in order that we may allow it to slip mercifully from our memories before the days of final reckoning.

Tempest is supposedly a contemporary comedy, "freely adapted from the spirit of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*". Freely is the word. In fact, even without the aid of Toyah Wilcox, it succeeds in inflicting some of the worst damage I've seen to the poor persecuted spirit of Shakespeare — and that's some achievement.

Shakespeare's play is a compact and ingenious study of law and order, colonialism and tyranny. Mazursky's film is a sprawling affair, more light hearted (and lightheaded) than comic, in which Shakespeare's rich and strange sea change is limited to an 'every man meets his mate' finale. It's got more in common with the TV *Love Boat* series than it has with anything of Shakespeare's.

The central figure is Philip Dimitrious (John Cassavetes), an architect approaching mid-life crisis, who is as tired of his job, wife, taking orders etc. as I am of watching cinematic male menopauses. So, in the time honoured tradition, our Phil sets off to his own Shangri La, taking his pubescent TV junkie daughter with him and picking up a nightclub singer and a dog along the way.

At their chosen retreat they find a solitary rustic inhabitant, Kalibanos, together with ample supplies of sea, sand, sun and an endless supply of Bounty bars for all I know.

As parody it's too polite by half and as drama it's dull as hell; altogether it's more 'laughable' than funny. Miranda's revelation that she's been dreaming of smoking pot at a Go-Go's concert certainly raised a few guffaws — but not, I suspect, for the reason that Mazursky intends.

The film's few deliberately funny moments are provided by Raul Julia in the role of Kalibanos which, as a modern adaptation of Shakespeare's Caliban, constitutes the sole successful characterisation. The idea of him luring Miranda into his cave with the bait of a Sony Trinitron is a clear winner but it's sadly adrift in a sea of terminal mediocrity.

Apart from these odd moments of amusement there is the odd dose of smart photography to keep you awake, but it's all pretty conventional stuff, creating a pretty picture straight from the film library of the Greek tourist board.

All in all, there's not a great deal to justify a length of nearly two and a half hours. Come to think of it, there's not a lot to justify this film's existence at all.

Don Watson

True Love, Pt.1: Raul Julia cultivates a goatee.

True Love, Pt.2: Christopher Reeve comes over all submissive.

MON DIEU!

Monsignor

DIRECTOR: Frank Perry
STARRING: Christopher Reeves, Genevieve Bujold, Fernando Rey (20th Century Fox)

THE GENESIS — let alone the marketing possibilities — of *Monsignor* remain a mystery to me even after a fortnight of conscientious deliberation. Chris Reeves ('Superman' and potential poster boy for orthodontists everywhere) may look ravishing in skirts but *are* the masses — sorry — about to flock into this tortuous tale of how 'a young American doctor with a university degree in Finance' manages to land the whole Vatican up to its ears in Swiss bank scandals over the course of twenty years? Not on your antimaccassar they aren't, and most of the extras in this backlot Burbank (Italy to you) evocation look like walking tabletops waiting to be graced with the appropriate bowl of waxed fruit.

In this religious *Rollover,* the Holy enclave is pictured as a sort of combo Cummerbund City and Houndsditch carpet warehouse (all scarlet and purple of course) populated by clerics who say things like "It took a lot of muscle to get an American into this Italian monopoly" or "Finance *is* my major extra-clerical interest". And il Papa himself wears Gucci loafers.

Of course it's all deeply Mafiosan; the original scam by which Reeves manages to unite the Church and the Unione — wartime black marketing supplied by the American army's commissary — is even based on real-life wrongdoings initiated by exiled New York gangster Vito Genovese and later carried on by Charlie Lucky Luciano after his deportation. But a) if I hadn't been following up TV's 'The Gangster Chronicles' with Lucky's autobiog, I wouldn't even know *that,* and b) it doesn't matter — this is as surely hokum in skirts as anything from *It Ain't Half Hot, Mum.*

In his way, Reeves is a standout (so few of the Blessed are blessed with hair here), but his affair with greasy locked postulant Genevieve Bujold whiles away far too few minutes to beef up the box office. In fact, the audience seems likely to leave with the same complaint Bujold levels at Superskirts, viz: "You think God was planning to waste a miracle on *us*?"

Cynthia Rose

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THURSDAY FEBRUARY 10

Get Smart. Maxwell on the loose and after an invisible ray gun. **(C4)**
Lou Grant. Lots of personal problems for the *Trib* staff this week. Will Billie get married? How happy is Lou's house? *Dallas* with brains. **(ITV)**
Brief Vacation (Vittorio De Sica 1973). At the end of his career De Sica made this slow and beautiful film, a meditation on the shackles of loyalty and isolation seen in the paragraphs of a housewife's stay in a sanatorium and her resultant reawakening to opportunity. A lucid and knowing performance by Florinda Bolkan informs a picture filled with an old man's insight. **(C4)**

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 11

Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang 1950). Myrna Loy always has my heart skipping beats — here she partners Clifton Webb in a family comedy about a brood of twelve children and consequential misadventures. Expect a mix of *Father Of The Bride* and *Mary Poppins.* Sounds good! **(Thames)**
The Tube. The Fun Boy Three are the headliners this week. **(C4)**
Reggae Sunsplash. A stronger line-up from the Festival this time — Israel Vibrations and the excellent Twinkle Brothers face front. **(C4)**
Cheers. Second shot for new US sitcom. **(C4)**
The Saint In New York (Ben Holmes 1938). After Charlie Chan, Louis Hayward as Mr Smoot . Actually a fair try at a gangland melodrama with two excellent villains in Jack Carson and Sig "You Schweinhund!" Ruman. **(BBC2)**
James Dean. Pretty awful TV-movie biopic of the first of the superbrats. Wait for Altman's devastating *Jimmy Dean* instead. **(BBC1)**
Improperly Dressed (Pal Sandor). Disguise, deception and murder in this rather obscure Hungarian entry — a political refugee on the lam has to work

BOB DYLAN in THE CLASSIC
DON'T LOOK BACK
(18)

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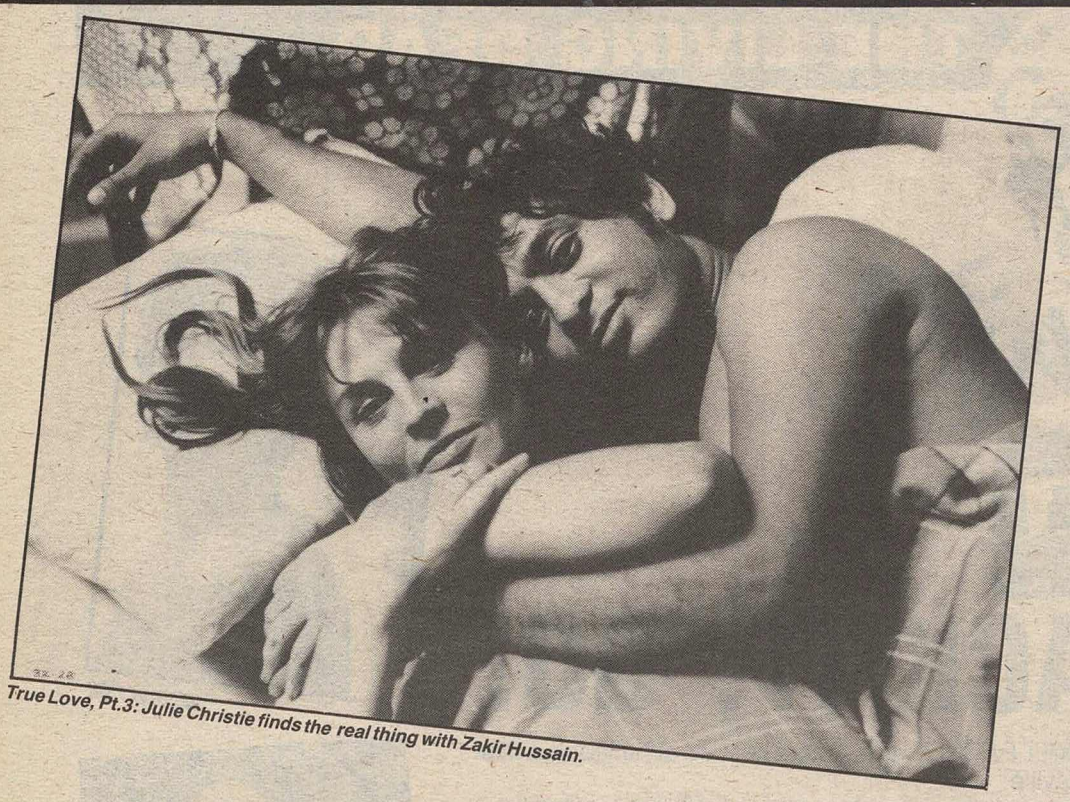


True Love, Pt.3: Julie Christie finds the real thing with Zakir Hussain.

IVORY TOWER FALLS

Heat And Dust

DIRECTOR: James Ivory
STARRING: Julie Christie, Shashi Kapoor, Greta Scacchi, Christopher Cazenove (Curzon)

THE LATEST from the stable of the maverick trio of producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and screenplay-writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala looks set to win them an even wider audience than their recent award-winning *Quartet*. Espoused by pundits such as Melvyn Bragg for imbuing their works with "literary" values, the threesome enjoy an undeservedly high reputation. Whilst *Heat And Dust* is much less laborious than many previous efforts, it is still no more than a monument to middle-brow reading habits.

The plot follows the parallel love affairs, both in and with India, of a British Raj mem sahib Olivia (Greta Scacchi) in the early '20s, and her grandniece sixty years on, as played by Julie Christie. This last piece of casting intensifies the feeling of contrivance in this strand of the film.

The device of revisiting ancestral haunts is well-worn and obvious. Likewise, its invitation to compare and contrast modern India with the Raj is simple-minded and almost condescending.

But the real failure of *Heat And Dust* lies in its attitude of cultured sentimentality towards its subject matter. The naive and vivacious Olivia bridles against the complementary social system of a Raj princedom and its British administrators. Sloughing off her decent, stolid, pipe-smoking husband (Christopher Cazenove) she takes up with the epicene but charming Nawab (Shashi Kapoor). He embodies the cultural contradictions of the period, alternating between pukkah Old Etonian and bejewelled demi-god. He is rumoured to be involved in the wholesale pillaging of his own people by a roving bandit gang, but this dark side is never explored, nor does it intrude into Olivia's feelings for him.

But then again, the psychology of stereotyped characters hardly bears examination. And just as we never get beneath the lustrous skins of our protagonists, the consequences of their action are dismissed in elegaic conceits.

The hollowness of the characters and our vitrual indifference to their plight is enhanced by the beauty of Walter Lassally's camerawork. Shot in glowing soft-focus, every detail of landscape, lifestyle and costume is sensually appreciated, but with the dispassionate eye of a connoisseur of exotica. People, too, are reduced to ornamental status, like extras in an Air India commercial, and this only heightens one's lack of involvement in the proceedings.

And if *Heat And Dust* is the Westerner's first impression of India, it could hardly be a less appropriate title for such a cool and sanitised film.

Mat Snow

as an orderly in drag. Honest! **(BBC2)**
The Captain's Doll (Claude Whatham 1982). Sumptuously staged and brilliantly played by Jeremy Irons, this Lawrence adaptation stood head and shoulders above the other British entries at last year's LFF. I suspect the small screen will drastically diminish the impact of the photography — particularly stunning in the closing glacier sequences — but the tale of a very proper officer and his 'German woman' is beautifully realised as a modern thesis on courtly love and its attendant burden of dreams. **(BBC2)**
Jazz On Four. More from the great Sam Rivers. **(C4)**
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (James Hogan 1937). Ray Milland as another dashing hero. Expect *Bulldog Drummond Meets The Saint* next week. **(C4)**

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12

Address Unknown (William Cameron Menzies 1944). A gallery of second-string players go well over the top in a hysterical framing of the contagious touch of Nazism. About par for this rather misguided season. **(C4)**
The Double-Headed Eagle (Lutz Becker 1973). Becker's hard-headed compilation of newsreel footage up to 1933 shows up the 'fiction' films in this slot as the period pieces they are. **(C4)**
Gastank. How's this for a museum — Donovan, Phil Lynott, Ian Paice and Alvin Lee. Rick Wakeman talks over old times with them. **(C4)**
Night Life. More like it — Squeeze, although the dodgy (and now extinct anyway) Q-Tips support. **(LWT)**
The Woman In The Window (Fritz Lang 1944). 'Be on your guard' was Lang's wry summary of this nightmarish threading of a mysterious beauty (Joan Bennett) into the quiet life of timid psychologist Edward G. Robinson. Almost too richly laden with images of doubt and concealment fed through a steel-sharp monochrome lens and precisely ordered to a mannered pathos by Edward G. Worth staying in for. **(C4)**
Fathom (Leslie Martinson 1967). Fairly amusing spy shenanigans with Raquel Welch falling out of the sky as well as her dress. **(BBC1)**
White Lightning (Joseph Sargent 1973). Infrequently seen Burt Reynolds vehicle with the big man enlisted to assist the break-up of a bootlegging ring. **(BBC1)**

Gil Scott-Heron, Sunday C4

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 13

The Making Of Raiders Of The Lost Ark. Repeat of the Lucas/Speilberg dissection of the big 'un. **(LWT)**
Snobs (Jean-Pierre Mocky 1961). Four big (s)nobs in a milk co-op battle for the presidential office. Loopy French comedy sounds like a Gallic *Hellzapoppin* — and a welcome relief from the usual whimsicality of Tati *et al.*
The Avengers. Ah, one of the classic episodes — 'The Joker', with Emma trapped in a house full of cards. Andy and I won't blink (he'll probably tape it, the smartarse). **(C4)**
Black Wax (Robert Mugge 1982). Another one from the LFF, Mugge's film is a rather patchy and sloppily sequenced piece of cinema but its subject — Gil Scott-Heron, singing, rapping or just walking around his Washington neighbourhood — comes across loud and clear. A good taster for the man's April visit. **(C4)**
Alfred Hitchcock Presents. Claude Rains and Charles Bronson in the rather tired theme of obsessive/schizo ventriloquist. Does anyone remember a series called *Strange Experiences?* That used to give me the creeps good and proper. **(C4)**
Prime Cut (Michael Ritchie 1972). A rollercoaster of colossal violence directed with tremendous pace and flair by Ritchie. Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman are among the nastiest gangsters you'll ever see; Sissy Spacek squeaks in her movie debut. Don't miss. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY FEBRUARY 14

I Love Lucy. This squeaks in on the strength of a guest turn by John Wayne, no less. **(C4)**
Whatever You Want. Minus Allen, but plus Echo & The Bunnymen. **(C4)**
Jost's America. I may have been a little hard on him last wek. This seems a sensible way to approach Jost, a profile including various shorts over a 20 year span. But don't expect too much from 'the American Godard'. **(C4)**

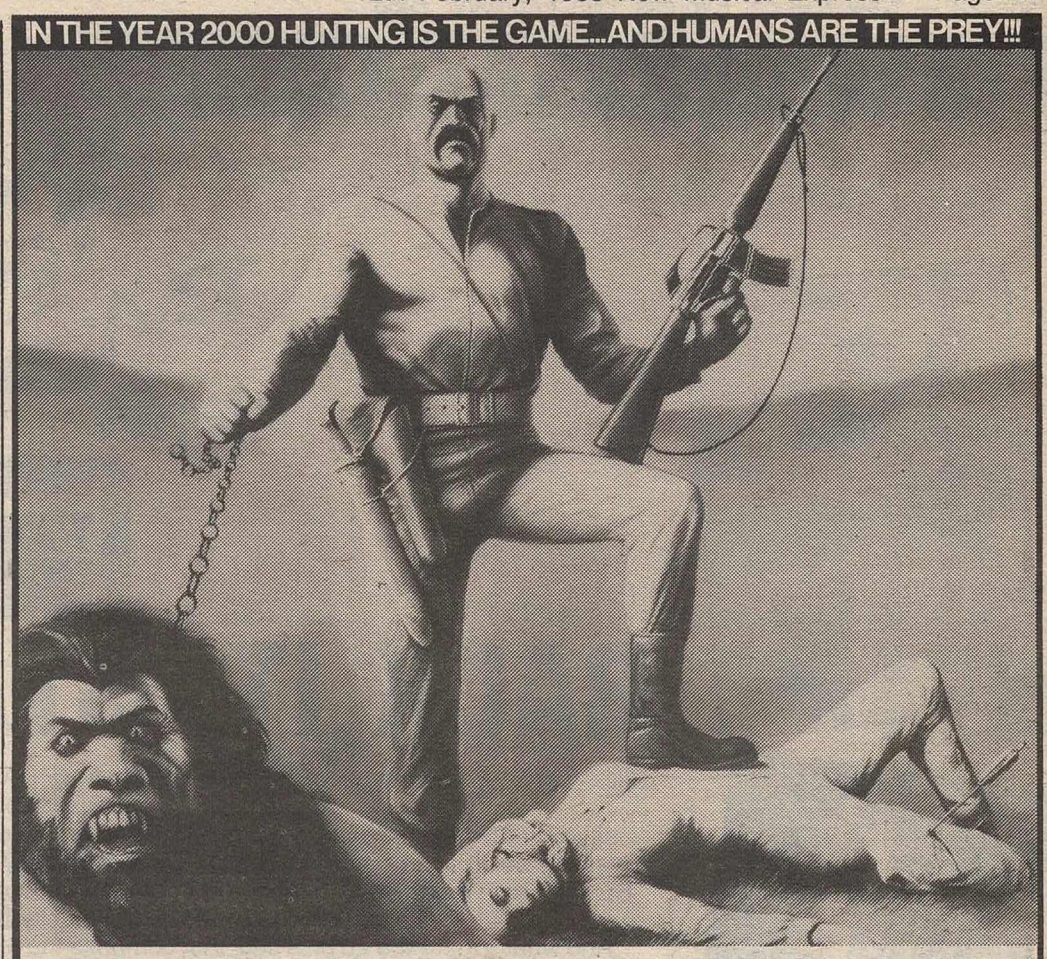
Riverside. Features 'TV Fetish, an audio-visual extravaganza'. **(BBC2)**

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 15

Phantom Of The Paradise (Brian De Palma 1974). Stylised to the point of complete ludicrousness, although that's probably what makes De Palma's unholy update of *Phantom Of The Opera* such glitzy good fun. It reels round and round locations and characters spawned by a deadly neo-pulp imagination until you're dizzy — sort of cocaine candyfloss. And there's someone called Harold Oblong in the cast. **(C4)**
The Forbin Project (Joseph Sargent 1969). Very obscure thriller in the SF season about a take-over by computers. Cold war paranoia? A bit late for that, but it might be an interesting exorcism of '60s roseland. **(BBC2)**
Russell Harty. An opening salvo in the expected media blitz on *The Dark Crystal*. Jim Henson and Frank 'Wizard' Oz talk it out with Russ. **(BBC2)**
Arena. A real treat — George Melly introduces a selection of the promo films made for US jukeboxes in the '40s. Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway and Billie Holliday are among the lustrous names. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 16

The Munsters. I got a good telling-off for being disparaging about this lot (Everything But The Ghoul) last week. So — yay *The Munsters!* **(C4)**
The Blood Of Hussein (Jamil Dehlavi 1980). A suitably massive tract from Pakistan, conflicts between East and West and family and feudal interests scaled down into a domestic strife that mirrors an historical analogue. As always with this cinema, huge emotions all but shatter the screen. You may need strong nerves. **(C4).**



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BENJAMIN Z.

CURTIS MAYFIELD: 'Dirty Laundry'
Legendary sweet soul music star Curtis Mayfield echoes the same sentiments expressed by Grandmaster Flash and Gil Scott-Heron over the current state of the Amerikan nation.

LENE LOVICH

LENE LOVICH: 'Never Never Land'
We'll forget all those what's-the-Mata-Hari? puns and just say that at long last we're pleased to welcome one of Stiff's truly international artists to join the Racket Packet cast.

IMAGINATION: 'Follow Me'
Unavailable in the UK, this brand new track is currently chart-bound in Italy.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: 'Shark Fin Soup'
Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the takeaway... 'Shark Fin Soup' is just one of our many exotic and exclusive specialities.

ERIC BOGOSIAN: 'Live At The ICA'
Caustic comments and finger-pointing fun from New York's celebrated up-and-coming satirist.

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA: 'Love'
Britain's premier Afro-combo with one of late '82's most overlooked debuts, a former NME Single Of The Week.

THE BOX: 'Out'
Open The Box for a brand new cut from a brand new brittle beat, and one of the main attractions on NME's night during the recent ICA Press Gang Rock Week.

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: 'Lucky'
Reggae's most consistent vocal trio in upful mood and coming to you courtesy of Eddy Grant.

THE REPUBLIC: 'My Spies'
Acclaimed, racy London band featuring an international cast of thousands, a multitude of off-beat influences and a lady vocalist the like of which you haven't heard before!

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH: 'This Policeman (Is Kicking Me To Death)'
Dynamic dub-ranter pays tribute to the High Priest Of The Front Line, Lord Scarman. Reflects Benjamin's stunning appearance on the NME night at the recent ICA Press Gang Rock Week.

HEARTBEAT: 'Spook Sex'
Former Fire Engines' Davey Henderson teams up with two mysterious young ladies from Sheffield for some eerie electro exercises.

PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND: 'Cash (Cash Money)'
"My Secret Double Life!" — A Palace Exclusive. Rumours of slush-fund scandal as P-Funk doppleganger attempts Di-hard assault on UK throne. "It was the black beret, silver shades and plastic pants that put me off," claims injured party.

MADNESS: 'Grey Day' (live version)
The Nutty Boys captured on stage at London's Dominion Theatre during their much-publicised Prince Charles Charity Concert.

THE CORPORATION: 'Hard Times'
Currently one of the most popular new life 'n' soul club attractions. Young Guns go for this!

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG: 'Hockey'
Who said Germans can't dance? Probably the same person who claimed they didn't have a sense of humour! From Hamburger Haven, disco Dadaists, Palais Schaumburg smash the theory on both counts.

GREGORY ISAACS: 'Cool Down The Pace'
Still cooling, still ruling. Jamaica's most vocal stylist with a 'live' cut from his recent UK tour.

EDDY GRANT: 'Hello Africa'
The Barbados Bullet in rip-roaring real life action with another NMExclusive cut.

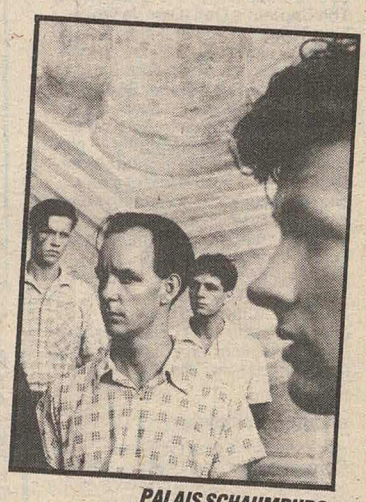
SHRIEKBACK: 'Mothloop II'
Y Records supergroup—members include Barry Andrews and Dave Allen — loop the funkathan loop.

THE BLUEBELLS: 'Aim In Life'
Scottish popster with one of life's great lost B sides, sung with Everly Brothers' harmonic grace and produced by Elvis Costello.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: (title to be announced)
E'en as we write, 83's duo most likely to are deep within their subterranean studio lair perfecting another NMExclusive cut for the 'Racket Packet'. We'll know which title next week — trust both of us it will be a humdinger.

MADNESS

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE


PALAIS SCHAUMBURG

Also available: Stompin' At The Savoy

As if the RACKET PACKET wasn't rumbustuous enough, we're also offering another of our acclaimed retrospective compilations 'Stompin' At The Savoy'. This collection of irrepressible cuts comes hard on the jiving heels of *NME*'s two previous R&B compilations — 'Hit The Road Stax' and 'Pocket Jukebox' — except that this time we've dived even further back to those furious '40s and '50s, back to the days when rock was just meeting roll and beginning their beautiful relationship.

The goodies this time come from the archives of America's celebrated Savoy label and we've assembled a gallery of the era's top screamers and shouters, hipsters and honkers, be-boppers and jumpin' jazz babes.

With the kind help of Arista Records, *NME* invites you to come stompin' with the stars that started the bop that wouldn't stop. Swivel those hips, slip on your zappiest zoot and come stompin' one and all. Full order details follow next week but for now all you need to do is clip out your coupon and save up for a delicious double bill of bop and roll. The price for BOTH the 'NME Racket Packet' and 'Stompin' At The Savoy' is £3.10 p&p inclusive. Sorry, but 'Stompin' is NOT available separately.

JOHNNY OTIS

LITTLE ESTHER: 'T'Ain't What You Say'
GATEMOUTH MOORE: 'I Ain't Mad At You'
THE THREE BARONS: 'The Milkshake Stand'
MISS RHAPSODY with SLAM STEWART: 'Sweet Man'
JOE TURNER with PETE JOHNSON: 'Howlin' Winds'
ART PEPPER QUARTET: 'Brown Gold'
TINY GRIMES with CHARLIE PARKER: 'Romance Without Finance'
LITTLE ESTHER, MEL WALKER & THE JOHNNY OTIS SHOW: 'Cupid's Boogie'
H-BOMB FERGUSON: 'My Brown Frame Baby'
JOHNNY OTIS SHOW: 'My Nite Long'
FATS NAVARRO & EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS: 'Spinal'
BABS GONZALES: 'Ornithology'
EDDIE JEFFERSON: 'The Birdland Story'
CHARLIE PARKER-MILES DAVIS QUINTET: 'Another Hair-Do'
THE RAVENS: 'Write Me A Letter'
HELEN HUMES: 'Rock Me To Sleep'
SLIM GAILLARD & BAM BROWN: 'The Jam Man'
SAM PRICE & KING CURTIS: 'Rib Joint'
SAM 'THE MAN' TAYLOR: 'Midnight Rambler'HAL 'CORNBREAD' SINGER: 'Hot Rod'
NAPPY BROWN: 'There'll Come A Day'

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A SEASON IN HELL

Is there life in Hell? Seven years on from Television, Richard Hell — the man who coined the phrase, the Blank Generation — experiences an uplift in his career with the film, Smithereens. Here he expounds his theories on acting, music, his Mom and arch enemy, Tom Verlaine.

INTERVIEW: KRISTINE McKENNA
PHOTO: LAURA LEVINE

I KNEW I loved Richard Hell when I heard his definition of his chosen profession: "Rock'n'roll is trying to convince girls to pay money to be near you."

Too hilariously true! If Hell had never written a note of music he'd still rate high in my book as a humorist. But Hell did write some music — some damn good music in fact.

One of the pioneering punks who helped forge American new wave at a Manhattan club called CBGB's in the mid-'70s, Hell co-founded the group Television, coined the phrase Blank Generation, and invented torn T-shirt chic. His 1977 debut LP was hailed as a punk classic, yet, while many of his CBGB cohorts went on to fame and fortune, Hell continued to scuffle around New York trying to make his rent, and by 1979, his career seemed to have gone into a permanent stall.

Wha'ppen?

Hell was never the most brilliant businessman on the block, and the detail work attendant to success was never his strong suit. And yes, there were rumours of drugs. Four years of nothing much shaking and the general concensus seemed to be that Hell was out of gas for good.

Then I saw Hell perform last year and I knew that the deal hadn't gone down on Dick. He was electrifying, wild, funny, a good batch of new songs, and he still looked great. (Hell even edges out Ian McCulloch in "the most luscious lips in show biz" sweepstake.)

But the big news in Hell's career is that he's become a bonafide movie star in America. *Smithereens*, a low budget film that chronicles a New Jersey misfit's unsuccessful attempts to hustle the New York punk scene, is doing landmark business, and Hell is winning glowing reviews for his performance.

He portrays a smirking, opportunistic rogue who's bad in such a charming way that the girls hand over their wallets even as he laughs at them for doing it. The part closely parallels what we know of Hell's own life and he oozes low-life *savoir faire* in the role.

The Blank Generation's transition into the next phase has been rocky for all concerned, but Hell appears to have made it intact; he's scheduled to appear in another film this spring, has a new manager, a new band, and is about to embark on an extensive European tour.

It just goes to show you should never count out a man with a sense of humour.

McKENNA: How do you account for the success of some of the CBGB bands — Blondie, Talking Heads — and the failure of others that were acknowledged to be just as worthy — The Ramones, Television, Richard Hell & The Voidoids?

Hell: I can guess why the Ramones didn't make it; I don't know why Television didn't, and I know exactly why I didn't.

Commercial success was never my main priority and my music was cryptic enough that the only way to make it popular would've been to tour all year long for three years — which is what Blondie and Talking Heads did. I was never willing to do that, and I don't regret the decision at all because I'm real happy with the position I'm in now.

One of the biggest problems I've had to deal with in my career is the fact that I go into deep, dark depressions that are hard to overcome. That's taken up about half my time in the past, but I've learned that the busier I am the better I feel. I've finally found a good manager and I'm excited about the band I've got now. I'm working up new material for my third album, which will be on a major label, and I'm working on a book — a compilation of things I've written over the past ten years.

I'm scheduled to make another film this spring where I'll be playing a Las Vegas type, a real vulgar saloon singer who's supposed to be in his 40s. So, I'm doing a lot and I feel good right now.

How has the success of *Smithereens* changed your life?

The film has had a much larger effect on everyone involved than we'd imagined it would. It's drawing a diverse audience because it's like a film about the White House — it shows a closed world that people are curious about and wouldn't get exposed to otherwise. And it shows them a funny, slightly glossy, homogenised version of that world so it's made me palatable to a class of culture lovers that I've never had any appeal to before.

Not that the movie's dishonest, but it's being reviewed as "exposing the nitty-gritty of the cruddy fringes of the rock scene" by critics who have no way of knowing how accurate it is. In fact, that scene is much grittier than *Smithereens* shows.

But the movie does give an accurate picture of one particular class of kids. These are kids who live in a world of mutual manipulation and just take it for granted that that's how people behave with each other. They're likeable, and although they're not the sort of people I'd want to have to trust, they're not sophisticated enough to be corrupt. They're young and don't see much future for themselves because they don't fit into conventional society. So they're just trying to get as much as they can.

These kids — and *Smithereens* — are post-punk in that they reflect an attitude of careerism and ambition that now dominates the rock scene and that didn't exist ten years ago. When I started out, rock'n'roll was thought to be more a religious thing and it wasn't something that every high school kid considered as a future career possibility.

Has the music suffered because of the climate of careerism that presently surrounds it?

That has always been part of popular music, and maybe there is more room for people to take chances than there was in 1973, so perhaps things have changed for the better. But it's an illusion to believe that the stuff that gets into the charts isn't just as much a preconceived product designed for listeners as it's ever been.

What are you presently listening to?

My favourite new wave group is Flipper. I really dig Flipper but I don't listen to them. I listen to great singers — Sly Stone, Marvin Gaye, Aretha, Smokey Robinson.

Aren't there any great white singers?

There are but I can't think of any offhand. I tend to listen to stuff that's as far as possible from what I can do, maybe in the hope that I can absorb a little bit of it.

How much of a creative hand did you take in defining the character you portray in *Smithereens*?

I was given a lot of freedom to improvise while we were shooting, and little things like putting the beer in my hair and putting the pizza in the toaster were my idea. I didn't contribute much as far as dialogue because they'd somewhat re-written the script with me in mind after I was cast in the part and I thought the script was well written.

THERE SEEM to be a lot of parallels between your life and the character you play. How autobiographical was your performance?

It was autobiographical only in that I wasn't confident enough in my skills as an actor to try to invent a new style of behavior, so I had to draw on my own experiences and ways of expressing myself in real life. I was fairly tight and self-conscious in the scenes that were shot towards the beginning of the schedule, but I think my performance improved as the film progressed.

Does acting call for the same skills as are involved in performing rock'n'roll?

The best rock'n'rollers — Dylan, Jagger, Bowie, The Beatles — have all the skills an actor has, but the reverse of that certainly isn't true. You can't assume that a good actor could also perform rock'n'roll.

If your career as an actor took off would you be content to leave music in the past?

No, but I have always wanted to write and direct movies because film involves practically every other medium — music, writing, acting. I haven't had the opportunity to direct movies, and though I'm no way certain that I have what it takes, I really hope that I do. The thing about directing is that you have to really be a diplomat in order keep a diverse crew of people not just content, but excited and inspired.

Didn't Jake Riviera bankroll you in a film project once?

No. He commissioned me and a photographer named Roberta Bayley to do a book based on this wild idea he had. Jake had this vintage 1959 Cadillac and we were supposed to drive it across America and do a book based on the trip.

I was looking forward to the southern leg as being the most fertile territory, but the car gave out on us in St. Louis. It was a very unprofessional automobile.

What do you consider to be your greatest strength as an artist?

Writing, probably.

Have you ever published any of your writings?

When I first came to New York I bought a printing press for one hundred dollars and I was publishing books, pamphlets and magazines out of my house. I was collaboratting on a lot of stuff with Tom Verlaine.

We were living together than and hanging out all the time and it was right before we started playing. We'd stay up all night writing stuff. I always considered our writing projects the literary equivalent of what Television was musically — at least when I was a member — but with me and Tom's roles reversed. With the writing projects I ran everything and made all the decisions; in Television Tom had all the power because at that time he was the musician and I was really dependent on him for everything except extra-musical ideas. Aside from the fact that I sang and wrote the words to half the songs.

IT SEEMS that you and Verlaine had an exceptional, creatively stimulating relationship. Do you regret that relationship is over?

I hated him for years after I left Television because we really were each other's best friends. But it was always a volatile friendship where we sort of hated each other as much as we liked each other. Basically, we were the only people that could appreciate and respond to certain things in each other, so we were forced to be friends 'cause no one else understood the way we thought! But we both always felt we were being taken for granted by the other — so it was impossible.

But I really did hate him for a long time, because I thought Television could've been the most important group to come along in ten years. But because Tom was the musician — even though I wrote half the lyrics and was learning how to write music — he felt, probably justifiably, that *he* was the group and I was tagging along and lucky to have fallen into the situation.

Do you really believe he felt that way?

He sure did insist on doing all the interviews and being the spokesman for the group to everyone who got interested — which was a lot of people, fast. And half of what got the group the immediate attention it received in New York were contributions I made that Tom sneered at as being superficial, non-musical and extraneous.

I thought of Television as being more than just a rock'n'roll group and wanted it to be a cultural force and really have an impact. So I conceived of a way of dressing and presenting ourselves onstage and conceived of a way of dressing and presenting ourselves onstage and to the press, themes and ideas for the lyrics and music, that were crucial to what made the group what it was at the time.

But Tom had never had any power in his life and he'd always had this real strong resentment towards the world for ignoring him, 'cause he always thought of himself as being some kind of genius or something. And the moment he started getting some kind of attention he just went totally berserk and started trying to squeeze me out of the group. He said he wanted a better bass player — that's how he explained why the group would be better off without me.

I used to really go wild onstage, and the first thing that indicated I was on the way out was when he told me to stop moving onstage. He said he didn't want people to be distracted when he was singing.

When that I happened I knew it was over.

When we formed the band we were co-leaders and things were democratic but the moment we got some attention everything changed. And because the group could survive without me, but it couldn't survive without him, he had the power to insist that I leave.

Last year Verlaine and I had to go into the studio together to remix some things for a compilation EP and we were perfectly civil to each other. I don't have any hard feelings towards him anymore, and it's conceivable he might play guitar on a song of mine or something, but there's no way we'd ever really try to work together again.

WERE YOU able to realise some of the ideas you had for Television with the Voidoids?

Yes, but I got that part out of my system pretty quickly once I had an outlet for it. The Sex Pistols picked it up and carried it out so completely that it was unnecessary for me to pursue some of the ideas I'd begun with.

How do you see your music evolving?

'Destiny Street' was sort of a transitional album. Now I have a clear idea of what I want to do and a band that's capable of doing it, and the next album will sound completely different. It's gonna surprise people. The guitar players are of the same calibre of the ones I've always worked with, but the record will have a much stronger rhythm section.

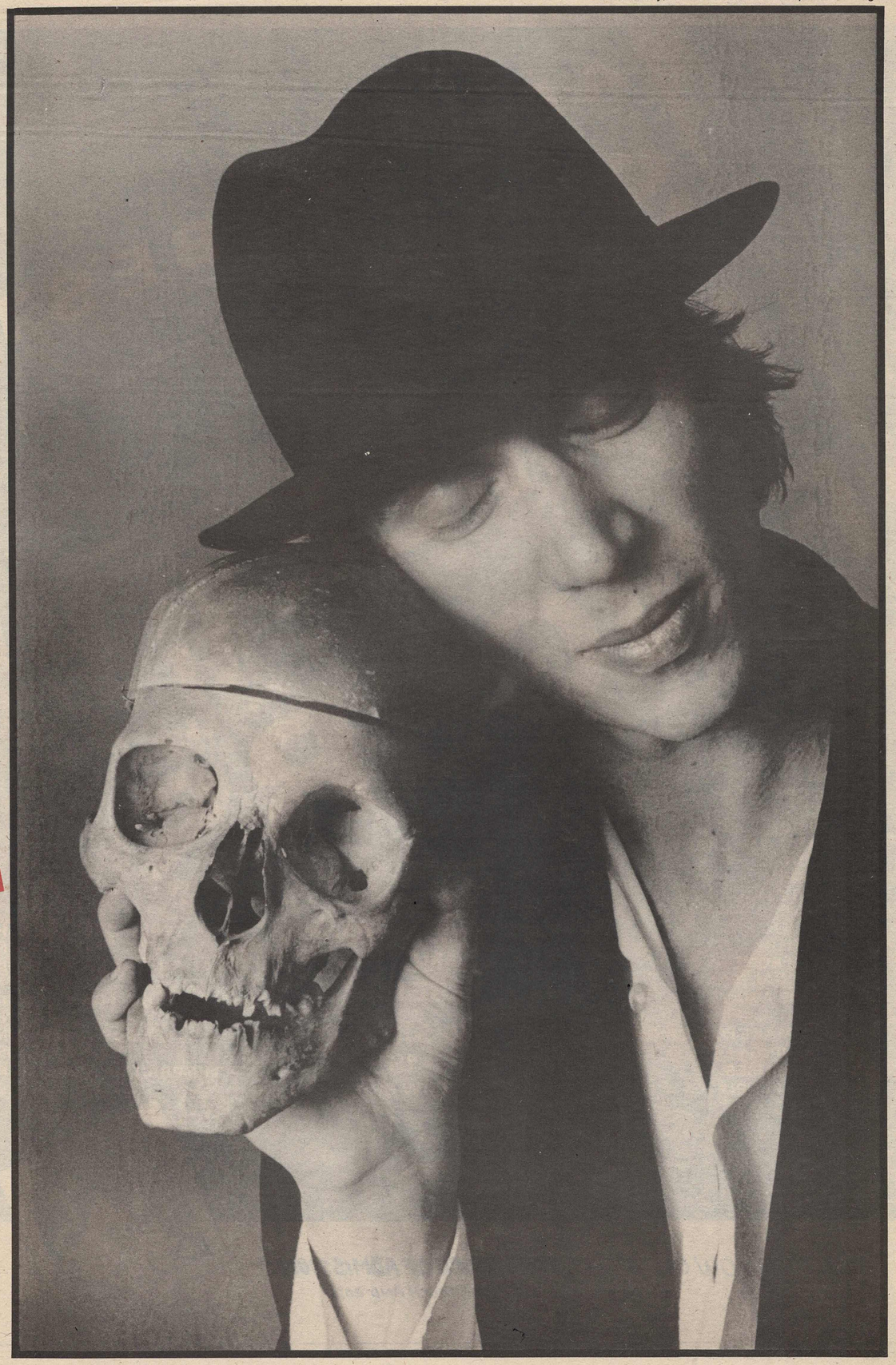
One thing I always disliked about the first two albums was that the songs were recorded within a month or two of when I wrote them, and they always sounded far better a year later after we'd been playing them a long time. So now we're evolving the material with extensive rehersal and squeezing out everything they have to offer before we record them.

Did your family encourage you to pursue a career in show business?

Are you kidding? I was the high school drop-out kid of a college teacher. My father died when I was seven and I was raised by my mother until I was 17, when I quit school and ran away from Lexington, Kentucky and went to New York. My mother's in Rumania right now on a Fulbright Scholarship so she hasn't seen *Smithereens*, but it's nice when on that rare occasion, something happens in my life that I know she'll get a kick out of.

Like, last year, a teacher at New York's School for the Visual Arts wrote to tell me that she included my records along with T. S. Eliot and Allen Ginsberg in her literature class. That's the kind of thing my mother likes to her.

But generally speaking, my material isn't exactly up her alley, although I think she's relieved that I didn't just overdose on drugs or become a fully-fledged petty criminal.



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LPs

BORING BAGGERS!

Pigbag — *Pic: Richard Mann*

PIG BAG

Lend An Ear *(Y)*

23 SKIDOO

The Culling Is Coming *(Operating Twilight)*

BOTH OF these docile records stand or fall as assemblages: their creators propose to be organisers of sound, something more than itinerant pop musicians. Perhaps they imagine their fishing for the irrational and stirring of the boundaries of song and sonic slab is somehow more enlightened, more dangerous than the tidal wave of abject crap that passes for most popular noise. I want, sometimes, to take their side, but neither recording gives me much heart.

There might seem to be a mile between the jolly tomfoolery of Pigbag and Skidoo's blistered pillars of eardrum scratch; actually, they are tied by the same inarticulacy. While 'The Culling Is Coming' traipses disconsolately across an arid terrain swept clear of form and relationship, 'Leno An Ear' twinkles around a set of themes that dwindle to a whisper. The energy in Pigbag's bounce is finally as affected as the curmudgeonly arrogance of Skidoo's explosion of shape.

About this time last year Pigbag looked like a mischievous, secret promise, a suspiciously chuckleheaded entourage weighed down by saxophones and skins. They were known for a trivially exciting dance record that obscured a dark and threatening swirl which Simon Underwood seemed about the solidify into a unique argument. The bleakest moments of 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive' — and there were some desperately bleak moments on that happy boho record — could, if properly channelled, have unpleasantly stained a pop environment high on counterfeit romance.

Yet the sheer aimlessness of the group has denied them their chance. The whole useless paraphernalia of the 'new jazz' movement — well, I gave up when I saw a bunch of clowns skrieking and clattering on the *Twentieth Century Box* profile. All we discovered was that it wasn't so easy. As spake Mark E. Smith, whose group has a firmer grasp on the momentum of voiceless music than any other over here, you can't just go up there and do it.

As producer, Underwood has been faced with an unpalatable choice: either he fractures the group sound altogether and mercilessly exposes the limits of the players' imagination and propulsion, or he soothes the pointy edges with a sheen of keyboard harmonies, primly balanced levels of activity and the sound of singing. That is *exactly* what he's chosen.

As it turns out, 'Lend An Ear' has its moments. The muted sound Underwood has boxed his straggling troupe inside allows the music to uncoil in a winsomely charming way. There's no spitting, no scurvy onslaughts of rabid free speech. Angela Jaeger's vocals have the wan accent of the pale English rose: but, oh, she should be crying from a garden of sores, not this muskily scented bouquet of pleasantries! When a soloist has a turn, the expected splutter of rhetoric coasts over a rhythm that's clean and remarkably unsucculent: there is no disturbance.

It would matter less if there was the kind of profound comprehension of melody to be experienced in — choosing almost at random — Butch Morris' 'Joanne's Green Satin Dress' or Julius Hemphill's 'Roi Boye And The Gotham Minstrels'. But that would be to put Pigbag with peers that they themselves would be shy of. The glimpses of insight in 'No Such Thing As', 'Weak At The Knees' and 'Ubud' are interesting, and the record has a curious melancholy about it, like an unhappy hangover of the old Pigbag. Yet it seems only a shade of their earliest hidden spark.

Exactly why 23 Skidoo have collected so much attention and private joy is mystifying. Their 'petulant perversion and ambient exoticism' is now reduced from the barely tolerable burnt flesh of 'Seven Songs' tro the scattered ashes of 'The Culling Is Coming', and nobody is better off. Why bother with Skidoo?

Well, their context is mildly arresting. They have an elevated position, as Pigbag once did, because they have a legitimate toehold in pop surroundings while pursuing an abstract course entirely at odds with that standing. There is no pop music on 'Culling', just a spool of alien intercourse, a conveyor belt of desultory ugliness and stretched, cracked sound. Maybe it is a particularly wilful incarnation of Skidoo strategy, an intentional spotlight on their 'difficult' side; even if so, it mostly fails because it displays how unskilled they are in such matters. It whimpers when it needs to roar, clumps when it should float.

The first side is given over to a part of their WOMAD set last summer; the second is drawn from a college recoridng. Crucially — for we deal in matters of sound — the mixes are diamond sharp. The older music is disfigured by punctual doses of scabby electricity, taped voices that repeat a phrase over and over until the words are calloused and meaningless, industrial piping that resembles the death rattle of a reactor. The later music drifts serenely across great canyons of nothingness, fairybell tinkling and enormous booming which disregards all forms of rhythm, ideas elongated into an immensely slow drip-feed of sound.

It is less than provocative. Skidoo make great play of their visual dimension, and perhaps these are soundtracks in a void of darkness, but that red herring wil not suffice to qualify a dourly pointless barrage. They don't aspire to be the masterful jugglers of context which Cabaret Voltaire are: this sound is anchorless and must find succour in itself. Yet there is no tension, only release; no genuine weight, only a protruding spread; no concentration of purpose, only an idle meandering, a *taking up of time*. It won't do.

They have missed the point of improvised music, of minds and instruments fusing and sparring to create a new world on every occasion, no matter how closely involved with past wisdom. This turgid bracken is only the clumsy echo of old, used knowledge. It might seem radical from a 'pop' group like 23 Skidoo until compared — unavoidably — with a furious masterpiece like Peter Brotzmann's monumental 'Machine Gun' or the infInitely detailed density of Spontaneous Music Ensemble's 'Biosystem'. And there is no comparison.

Two unhappy records, I fear. Two cases in serious need of treatment. As Cecil Taylor said: "There's no fucking *blood!*"

Richard Cook

Maurice White — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

A FADING RADIANCE

EARTH, WIND & FIRE

Powerlight *(CBS)*

I SAY, let's *not* groove tonight. Sometimes Earth, Wind & Fire get down on a groove and flashily mess it around. Sometimes they just lie down and snooze in it. After the immense range and soaring heights of 'Raise!' — like 'Lady Sun', 'Evolution Orange' — Maureeece and the smooth ones have put their feet up. 'Powerlight' coasts on auto-pilot.

The smart ensemble of Hollywood know a formula when it beams back the buck so they've soft-pedalled 'Fall In Love With Me', which is either a watered-down 'Groove' or a stepped-up 'I've Had Enough', depending on your own perspective, into one long limp album.

'Powerlight' is a comfortable trot on a track paved by Heatwave, Kool, and low-key Jacksons. It's obviously *them:* Philip Bailey's Sly-goes-Stylistics smooch is inimitable. But this is EWF for beginners, so innocuous it just hangs in the air with the faint odour of toilet spray.

'Fall In Love With Me', 'Spread Your Love', 'Side By Side', 'Something Special', 'Hearts To Heart', and 'Miracles' are all the same song — some versions a touch softer, some a pace faster, all as sweetly sterile as Jeffrey Osbourne or Al Jarreau. If you've heard the single, you've heard them all.

'Freedom Of Choice' bows to the harder edge of social discontent: *"Employment line, jammed up behind / A smiling face with promises / Will all our hopes vanish in the soap / Cause you've been washed super clean with jive."* No mincing for Mo, but the tune betrays a less than aggressive commitment to the theme.

The ballad 'Straight To The Heart' stands out like a shining star in a black hole. It is the only song on 'Powerlight' they needn't be ashamed of. The vocal interplay of the chorus is as beautiful as anything they've done. Sad to say, it's the only song that Maurice White had absolutely nothing to do with.

The batteries are running out on this radiance.

Barney Hoskyns

FINE BROWN FATBACK FRAME

SYL JOHNSON

Ms Fine Brown Frame *(Erect/Import)*

BACK IN time, when the surface of 'Planet Rock' was too hot to support life and 'One Nation Under A Groove' was still under colonial rule, the hip folks lived in the 'Land Of 1,000 Dances'. Ruled by Gov. Wilson Pickett with a cabinet that included Sam 'n' Dave, Arthur Conley and Aretha Franklin, it was the bridge between Bluesville and Soul City.

Syl Johnson was born there and lived there for so long that he was unable to leave when the mass migration of the early '70s happened. With a few more of them good ol' boys, he hung back, jes' minding the store and waiting for 1982. That was the year when a lot of soul/funk fans got synthed out and missing persons such as The Dramatics, The Four Tops and Johnson dusted off their paunches and put the 'AAH' back into R&B.

Of all the past year's re-emergees, Johnson is the most fundamental. The bass and drums are what is wistfully called 'fatback style' — fatback bacon, high off the hog — and best described as decadent. There are other instruments present — guitar, piano, strings, horns — each worthy of a paragraph to themselves, but this set is really about the rhythm section and Johnson's voice (you can hear him sweating).

They combine over the whole spectrum of R&B intensity from saloon bar honky-tonk, 'Groove Me' (not the Stax classic), through dance definitions, like the title track, to the bluesy balladeering of 'It Ain't Easy' (co-written by Willie Mitchell, the man behind Al Green).

Everything I said about the single in December *("real handclaps, real strings, real brass, real class!")* goes for the album. 'Ms Fine Brown Frame' is still in the import shops, but if you resent having to put a red light over your husband/wife/mother/father to raise the ridiculous price, then wait a week or two for CBS to put it out over here.

Lloyd Bradley

HALFBREED TO HYBRID

TOM WAITS AND CRYSTAL GAYLE

One From The Heart Soundtrack *(CBS)*

VLADIMIR COSMA

Diva Soundtrack *(Palace)*

MICHAEL NYMAN

The Draughtsman's Contract Soundtrack *(Charisma)*

JOHN WILLIAMS

E.T. Soundtrack *(MCA)*

MICHAEL JACKSON, QUINCY JONES AND JOHN WILLIAMS

E.T. Storybook Album *(MCA)*

THE SOUNDTRACK album is a strange halfbreed, merely a part of an experience masquerading as a self-contained event or artefact; in order to succeed as both, the music must suggest (through atmosphere) the mood and action of the film, and also possess some thematic unity of its own — which *can* make for some pretty dreary, undifferentiated listening, a single stretched out to an album's length

Tom Waits *Pic: Adrian Boot/LFI*

(what we scientists refer to as The Oldfield Effect).

Notable exceptions to this tendency have been quite numerous of late — Giorgio Moroder's music for *Cat People* and Philippe Sarde's score for *Coup De Torchon (Clean Slate)* stand out from last year's batch — and the trend continues with three of the four on offer here.

Michael Nyman's music for *The Draughtsman's Contract* is based on themes and styles of Henry Purcell, but not too literally; like the film, this is a super-realist reading of the 17th Century. Full of echoes, repetitions and resonances (like the film's plot), it brings a delightfully 20th Century sensibility to what (to all intents and purposes) is a period music.

Nyman, who also did the music for Greenaway's earlier *The Falls,* was an inspired choice to score the film; an avant-garde classicist and Purcell-freak of long standing, he manages to bring the right proportions of humour, seriousness and cultured menace to the project, as well as backing it up with a fairly hefty slab of intellectual justification, if necessary (the single largest chunk of the press kit for the film was Nyman's imposing explanation of the music).

Jean-Jacques Beineix's *Diva* is as cultured, cool and stylish as a Gitanes pack or an ECM album cover, and Vladimir Cosma's music reflects this perfectly. Here are overtones of Jarrett, Towner, Weber, humpbacked whalesong, Reich and Riley — *Diva* slots neatly into that quiet, Habitat-style end of the avant-garde, that place where wallpaper is appraised rather than ignored. And it works wonderfully, conjuring up the scenes it represents (decorates?) but not relying on the visuals for its full effect.

Three versions of the majestic aria from 'La Wally' are included: a complete version sung by the statuesque Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez to open, a short reprise to close, and a piano/cello duet to bisect the album. In and around this basic framework are scattered fragments of ambient musics and two versions of a decidedly Satie-esque piano piece bearing the decidedly *un*Satie-esque title of 'Sentimental Promenade' — recently released as a single.

As sentimental promenades go, however, Tom Waits' soundtrack to Francis Ford Coppola's *One From The Heart* takes some beating. As with all of Waits' stuff, the record — and, presumably, the film — harks back to a time before rock'n'roll, but only just; in this case it's not so much Kerouac that's the archetype as some sleazy Manhattan bar of the late '40s. Familiar territory, all the same — I wouldn't care to hazard a guess at how many bartenders have passed through Tom Waits songs — and Waits knows how to make it live.

In fact, it's probably the most coherent of his records: the strictures of narrative and continuity work wonders with his boho sketches style — the depth of the novel as opposed to the sharp focus of the short story — so that although the film's still unshown in the UK, the album falls into the world fully-formed and perfectly able to account for itself. This alone is quite some achievement.

Pairing Waits' rasp with the almost angelic purity of Crystal Gayle is the masterstroke which makes the album work (whose idea was that?) They complement each other perfectly, (Gayle's clarity of tone and pitch allowing Waits to be hopelessly, successfully flat in places), the tension between the exaggerated male- and female-ness of their voices sending frissons of sexual excitement through the songs as they advance, torches aloft, through the empire of the heart.

The songs, especially 'I Beg Your Pardon', 'You Can't Unring A Bell' (great title!) and 'This One's From The Heart', are more than worthy additions to the Waits *oeuvre,* packed with lines like *"Pour myself a double sympathy",* and there's one moment in the title-track which seems to sum up the whole affair in a single pun. Crystal sings *"I can't tell — is that a siren or a saxophone?"* and is answered by a wail which, though the latter, could be either. The saxophone as dual lure and warning of the rocky coast of love is a metaphor which will stick with me forever . . .

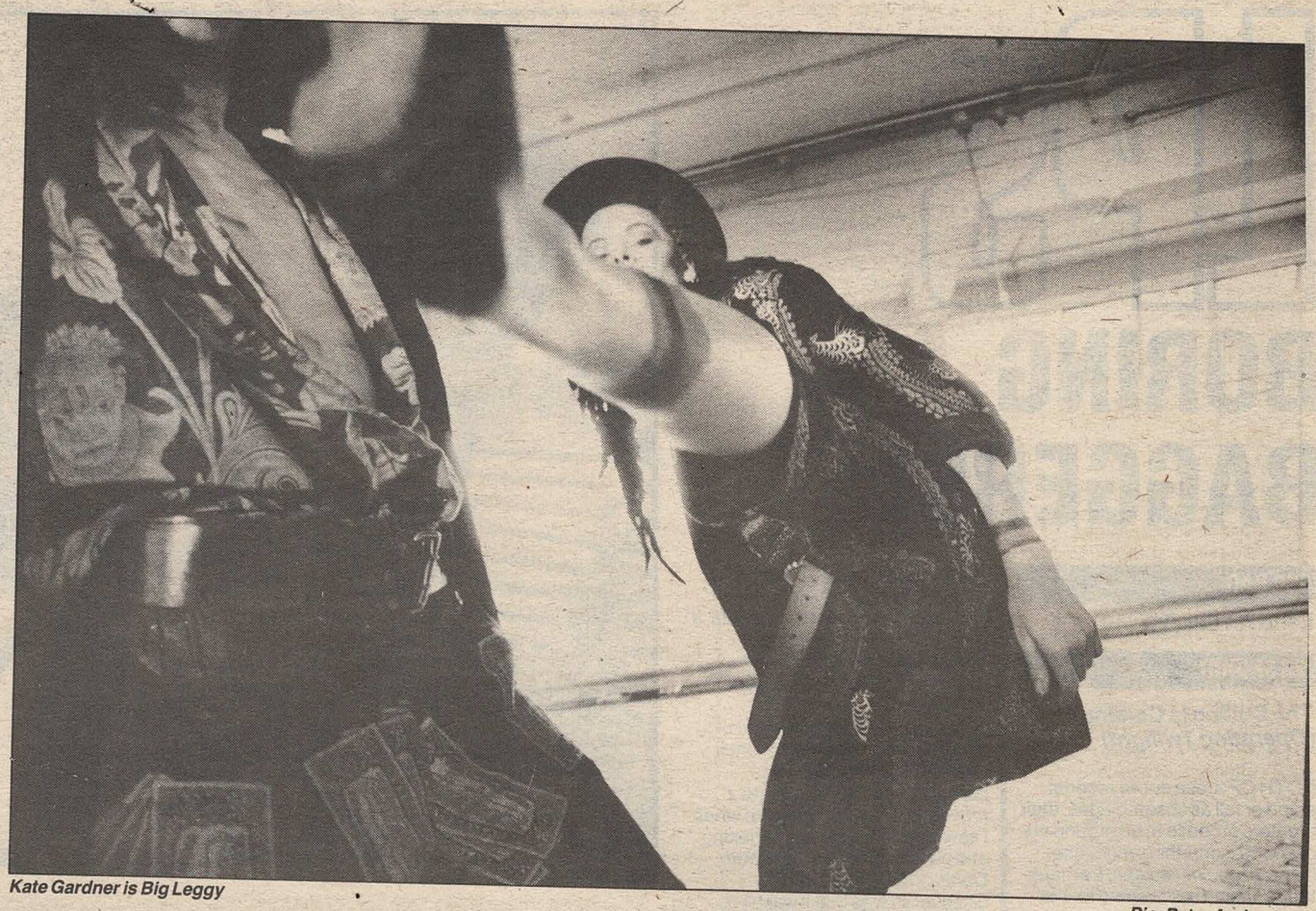
. . . as will, unfortunately, the music to the ubiquitous *E.T.,* though more by circumstance than design. The pomp and self-importance of John Williams' music is the only thing that detracts from the simple dignity of the film, and is solely responsible for its few cringe-worthy moments (such as the flying bike sequences — fine as film, but there's these bloody strings going at your heart like cattle-prods, ruining the entire scene with their insensitivity). The music without the film is an experience I wouldn't like to contemplate going through again, and I'd doubt whether little Jimmy would be overjoyed if he found it in his stocking last Christmas.

He'd be a little more amenable to the prospect of the 'E.T. Storybook Album', an even stranger hybrid involving music and dialogue from the film, with Michael Jackson (who also gets to sing a song which has nothing to do with *E.T.,* apart from a few snuffling noises and a word or two from the Great Beast itself) linking the clips like a breathless *Jackanory* presenter. Also included are *that* poster of MJ and E.T. — one of the world's dumbest, for sure — and a slim picture book, just to have it all down in writing. Oh, and a box to put it in, of course. Quite what Quincy Jones did to get his name up there with the others isn't specified, but I suppose *someone's* got to have the producer's percentage in these things.

Surprisingly, this mish-mash of ingredients almost works; it's certainly a more entertaining prospect than the music all by itself, even though there's no way anyone could be satisfied with just a few still images to accompany the noises they know from the film.

The 'E.T. Storybook Album' attempts to fill the gap left by the absence of a bona fide video, thus setting itself up in opposition to the pirates. It fails miserably. So why not just release the video, for Christ's sake? We'll be right here . . .

Andy Gill



Kate Gardner is Big Leggy *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE NUBILE SAVAGE

HAYSI FANTAYZEE

Battle Hymns For Children Singing (*Regard*)

NOSTALGIE DE La Boue 2; when youngsters and hipsters get allergic to what the Maestro La Buggles so typically brilliantly called 'The Plastic Age', they get into their time machines and go back to the mud; when sex was a thrill, not a skill, when music was spontaneous, not sponsored — when things were dirty — *earthy* — not clean.

They want primitive wisdom. Now if they were smart they'd go for the Book of Marx — but the words are too long and so was his hair. So they go for the Look, not the Book.

***Quest For Fire* is the film; Malc Mc is the main manager, with his Bow Wows and Buffaloes. Nubile savages have been The Slits, Pigbag, Rip Rig Panic — and Haysi Fantayzee.**

Haysi Fantayzee seemed like such a good idea when they were a song on the radio and a stare in *Smash Hits* — but boy, did I have the wrong number! This record is a real stinker, the only decent song being the sharp and sweet single 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy'. For the remainder of the indecent duration the gang are making one big barndance out of throwaway conversation pieces such as nuclear holocaust, murder and poverty; there are lots of chants sounding like the Sanctus from *If* (maybe *the* key reference for Young Primitifs); lots of "black" voices in which Kate and Jeremy (two Hampstead names if ever I heard any) sing pidgin lyrics like *"Big mamma step out she look and she found/Dodi dead lyin' on the ground/Laugh she laugh till she hit the ground/Big Daddy come out and found a crowd"* (from 'I Lost My Dodi' — hardly a milestone in 20th century songwriting, if you know what I mean.)

There are straw-in-the-hair romps — 'Jimmy Jive Jive' and 'Shoofly Love' — and serious sex songs — 'Chizoola' and 'Here Comes The Beast' — really smothery, the sort of sex that verges on cannibalism. Then there is 'The Sabres Of Paradise', a really revolting monologue, shocking in the sheer malevolent vein of Martin Amis' books — particularly *Other People* — those books about dreams of death and degradation.

A lot of the time they sound like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer working their way through *The Perfumed Garden,* but breathless giggling and heavy breathing gets wearing very quickly unless one is personally involved, rather like watching the home movies of total strangers. They would be devastated to hear it, but Haysi Fantayzee in all their flimsy whimsy are not a million miles removed from old Donovan — it is very easy to imagine them singing *"That's when the Hurdy Gurdy Man came singing songs of lu-hu-huv!"*

Haysi Fantayzee; a cross between a mash call and Open Day at a school for gifted children. It's ironic; with the record comes a 16-page book of photographs on good glossy paper — it comes free, and Kate Garner really looks great, a cross between Gene Tierney and a stick insect. They should peddle this booklet over the counter, and give the *record* away as a gratis gift.

Julie Burchill

Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez

GAP BAND

Gap Band IV *(Total Experience)*

ROBERT 'GOODIE' WHITFIELD

Call Me Goodie *(Total Experience)*

THE GAP Band begin to bear an unnervingly close resemblance to an abyss: their new album is as listless an example of contemporary computofunk as can be imagined. It contains absolutely nothing of even remotely the same quality as 'Burn Rubber On Me' or 'Oops Upside Your Head', its featured single 'Outstanding' is nothing of the sort, and only the pseudo-Clinton 'Talkin' Back' and the uptempo 'You Dropped A Bomb On Me' have any vitality whatsoever.

Their onetime reed and keyboard player Robert 'Goodie' Whitfield manages to pack more energy into 'Do Something', the opening track of his crack-at-the-big-time solo album, than the Gaps manage in their whole album. He is assisted by one of the Gap Wilsons and by Yarborough and Peoples (of 'Don't Stop The Music' fame), but his oily drawl cuts little ice whether he's attempting to be witty ('Country Rap', a Johnny Cash 'parody'), sincere ('Come Into My Life') or just-plain-funky. The sort of Tri-Ang Junior August Darnell outfit that he's wearing on the cover doesn't help much either.

'Goodie' even includes a lengthy personality-jive brag song about himself, which he didn't actually write. That just about sums him up.

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Real Time Vols 1-4
(Unlikely Records)

CARRYING THE tattered flat of the independent ethic — too long dishonoured by clueless plantpots who assume unsuccesful equals interesting — comes an encouraging series of C90 tape compilations.

They thought of calling these cassettes 'The Obscurist All Stars Strike Again', but thankfully thought better. Instead, Unlikely Records have settled for the corporate motto "You don't know what you'll like until you hear it" and gone about collecting contributions, enormously rich in their variety, of musics unusual and intriguing.

Descriptive generalisations are barely possible, giving the breadth, but the tracks lean toward the instrumental / experimental end of things — consistent only in their unpretentious attractiveness.

Each 'Real Time' cassette costs £2.00 inclusive (£2.50 from abroad). If you want one, or four, or would like to be on one yourself, contact Unlikely at 42 Haven Close, Felixtowe, Suffolk.

Paul Du Noyer

KURTIS BLOWS COLD

KURTIS BLOW

Tough *(Mercury)*

THERE HAS always been an air of 'late' about Kurtis Blow. As if he is not quite on the ball, as if he needs someone with the edge to lead the way. And only then does he stumble fitfully after the trophies and the medals.

His only disc of any great mettle was a club hit, 'The Breaks', that clung desperately to the foam of the first Sugarhill hits. Since then he has found his fame frozen in the annals of Discology and his own rather snappy frame, resplendent in leather and gold, held in suspended animation in the cryogenically sealed holding vaults of Mercury Records. And now with a new wave of *trouble rap* breaker dancing on the shores of success he has been exhumed, polished and rubbed down for re-release as the 'King Of Rap'. And again he is late. And bad.

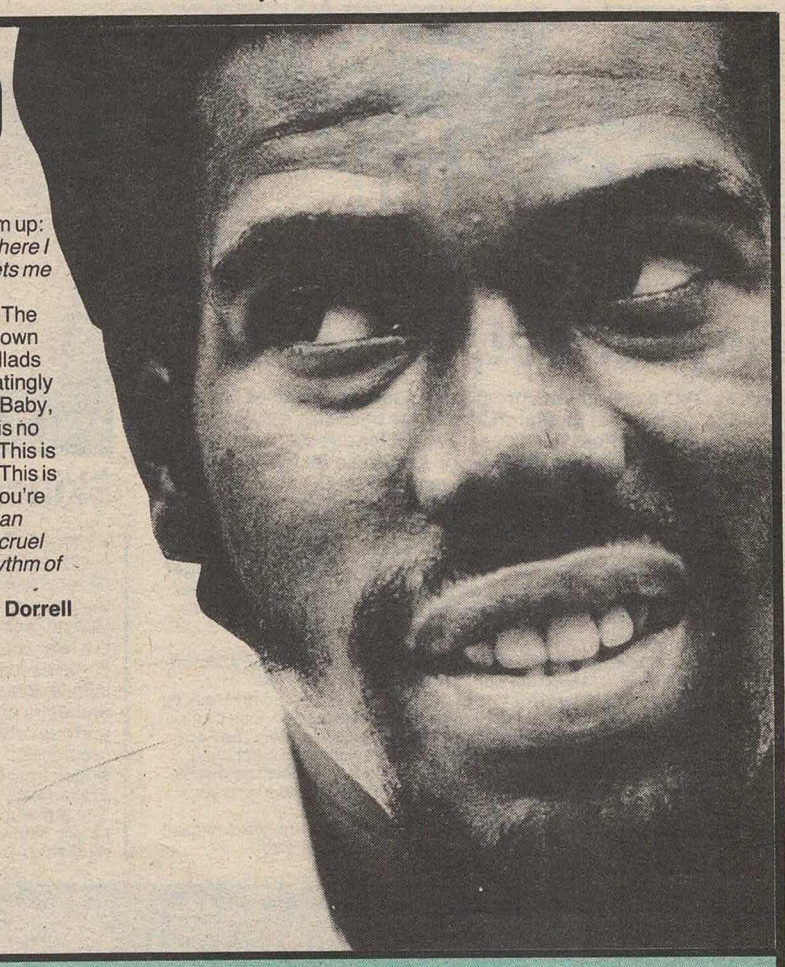
'Tough' is a pale shadow of what the man is capable of live. On stage he is armed with ebullient pride and a frenetic dose of charm. Davey-D, his mixologist and partner in rhyme, is the rough fingered scratch for the show and together they can spar with the best up on the Sugarhill. But 'Tough' is *"like a dollar steak"*, old, flavourless and sadly lacking in blood.

The title track itelf is a faint echo of 'The Message' — though closer in tempo and style to 'Message II (Survival)' — that struggles against a dirge of drumbeat and bass. If anything it is a token social call to the ghetto — something exemplified by the cover, on which Blow stands in some sewer rat's paradise of broken tenements and rusting car hulks. On the back it's the same scene except that this time he's flashing some evil looking 20-door Cadillac against the backdrop of rubble.

The other four tracks are living second rate in this slum of a record, financed by claptraps and timbales and inevitably bankrupt of any real 'groove'. The lyrics are as inane as anything that Kool And The Gang could dream up: *"Daydreamin' takes me where I want to be, Daydreamin' lets me have you here with me."*

Phew! Inspirational eh? The rest of the slate is a wind blown assortment of raps and ballads broken only by an excruciatingly painful Honky tonk called 'Baby, You've Got To Go'. There is no 'Paarty', no 'Say Yeeah!'. This is more than token heroism. This is token enjoyment. Kurtis, you're blowing cold. *"BLIND like an umpire's call/HARD like a cruel deceit/Tough that's the rhythm of the beat."*

David Dorrell



Kurtis Blow. Pic Peter Anderson

Kevin Coyne. Pic Peter Anderson

KEVIN'S SMALL CHANGE

KEVIN COYNE

Beautiful Extremes *(Cherry Red)*

'MARJORIE RAZORBLADE' struck a small public chord when released ten years ago, but since then Kevin Coyne has bubbled under the surface of popular taste. Always true to himself, he retains a small cult following and the yawning indifference of everyone else. The latter includes me, and this album of songs recorded between '74 and '78 only hardens my heart.

Guitar or piano colours every shade of sadness as sparse background for Coyne's jeremiads. As a singer he seems to parody Van Morrison. But the result is the strangulated quaver and garbled whine of a man whose dentures don't fit. When such hideous mannerisms are applied to his maudlin laments, I'm torn between boredom and embarrassment.

If 'Astral Weeks' is one influence, the 'John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band' LP is another. That record served as a publicly cathartic purging of Lennon's innermost anguish. But Coyne has spent his entire career in the obsessive display of his scars and eccentricities like a circus freak, carefully nurturing and recycling them for each new audience.

Who cares about his hang-ups? Baring the tortured soul of the thwarted romantic does not automatically qualify as art. It provides grist to the mill of the amateur psycho-analyst, but says little about anything other than the state of Kevin Coyne's mind. Only in 'Hello Friends, Hello Everyone' does he direct his personal bitterness to more universal effect in a chillingly tense dissection of public perfection and private hell.

Otherwise it's a succession of lachrymose musings expressed in fourth-form poetry, lacing the affected simplicity of childhood speech with awkward lumps of trite imagery.

"One fine day the sun will shine/The world will be yours and mine" ?

'Beautiful Extremes' indeed.

Mat Snow

LEISURE PROCESS

A 13·3131

New Single

CASHFLOW

First 5000 12" (million dollar mix) for the price of 7" Epic

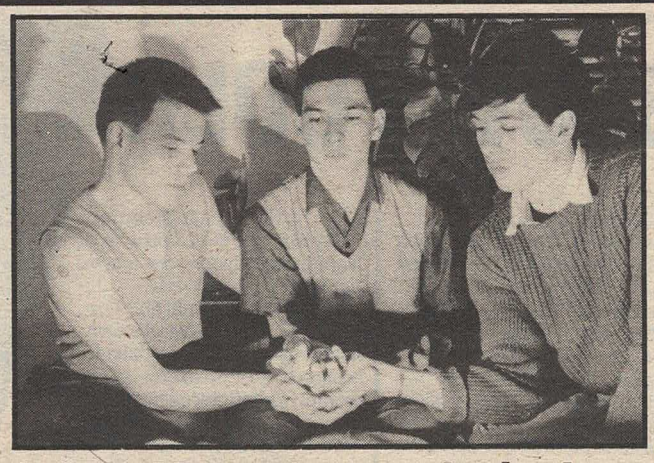
Record NEWS

Floyd LP set, gigs later

PINK FLOYD's new album, previously named by *NME* as 'The Final Cut', is now set for March 21 release by EMI. It's subtitled 'A Requiem For The Post War Dream', and it features 12 new tracks written by Roger Waters, recorded in London over the last eight months. Several of the tracks were recorded in the new Holophonic technique, which is claimed to produce a three-dimensional sound effect. It's now officially confirmed that Rick Wright has left the band to pursue various solo projects. But the remaining members — Dave Gilmour, Nick Mason and Roger Waters — say they're hoping to arrange some UK concerts later in the year. So maybe there's no significance in their album title, after all!

● Motown Records next week release a special singles collection titled 'Motown Gold'. The 20 titles include such big hits as 'Can't Hurry Love' by **The Supremes,** 'There's A Ghost In My House' by **R. Dean Taylor,** 'Jimmy Mack' by **Martha Reeves,** 'Three Times a Lady' by **The Commodores** and 'One Day In Your Life' by **Michael Jackson** — plus others from **Stevie Wonder, The Four Tops, Marvin Gaye** and **Smokey Robinson.** They can either be purchased individually, or packaged as a complete set of 20. Also from Motown next week comes a retrospective set by **Willie Hutch** titled 'In And Out', featuring his best work from the period 1973-77.

● No Future Records (distributed by Pinnacle and The Cartel) this week release the debut self-named album by **The Partisans,** containing 13 tracks.



Skidoo LP won't stop playing!

23 SKIDOO have now slimmed down to a three-piece comprising brothers Alex and Johnny Turnbull, plus Fritz Haaman — and, after several releases on Fetish Records, they've now switched to the Operation Twilight label. Their first album via their new outlet is 'The Culling Is Coming', and it's unusual in several respects. The first side is a live recording of their set at last year's WOMAD Festival, and it contains a lock groove in the centre, so making the running time infinite unless it's adjusted! The coupling features a Gamelan orchestra, the traditional instruments of Bali — and due to the softness and subtlety of the sound, this side was pressed as a classical recording.

● **Also from Operation Twilight comes a 12-incher by *Ralph Dorper's Eraserhead,* featuring his two classic 1980 tracks 'Assault' and 'Eraserhead', plus two later items 'Lorelei' and 'In Himmel' — and the single 'Romance' by Parisian duo *Mikado,* who will shortly also be releasing a mini--LP.**

MUSICAL YOUTH have their third single 'Never Gonna Give You Up' issued this week by MCA, with both 'Rub 'N' Dub' and 'Jim'll Fix It' on the B-side — to be followed shortly by a 12-inch format, on which the coupling is a special dub version of 'Rub 'N' Dub'. Other new singles from the same label are 'My Fingers Do The Talking' by JERRY LEE LEWIS (the title tracck from his upcoming album) and 'Looks Like Love' by HELEN REDDY.

PETE SHELLEY has a new single 'Telephone Operator'/'Many A Time' issued by Island on February 21 in both 7" and 12" forms, the latter containing an extended version and a dub mix of the B-side. He is currently working at Martin Rushent's Genetic Studios on an album for release in early summer, when he'll be going on tour with a new band. Both the single and LP will be on the Genetic label.

MOTORHEAD have an album of previously unavailable material called 'Whats Words Worth?' issued by Big Beat Records on February 18. It was recorded live at London Roundhouse exactly five years ago during a weekend of events dedicated (for some reason) to Wordsworth.

THE MARINE GIRLS, whose new single 'Don't Come Back' has just been issued, now release their first album for Cherry Red Records. It's called 'Lazy Ways', and it was produced by Stuart Moxham, formerly of Young Marble Giants.

KISSING THE PINK release their new single 'The Last Film' on Magnet this week. It's taken from their long-awaited debut album 'Naked', which is now due to be issued in March — when they'll be touring extensively.

HUMAN LEAGUE are releasing the UK's first ever video single, featuring three of their top tracks — 'Mirror Man', 'Love Action' and 'Don't You Want Me'. Issued by Virgin Video in conjunction with Maxwell Tapes, it costs £10.99, plus £1 p&p, from Palace Distribution, 275 Pentonville Road, London N.1 — make cheques and POs payable to "Video Palace Distribution", and state whether VHS or Beta format is required.

ERIC CLAPTON's new album 'Money And Cigarettes', released this weekend by Duck Records (through WEA), will be the subject of a competition for a limited period. Anyone buying the LP at any Virgin shop will receive an entry form, and the first prize is a new Fender Stratocaster guitar, valued at £800.

THE BELLE STARS' current hit single 'Sign Of The Times' is now available in 12-inch form, featuring a remixed and extended version. The B-side contains both the A and B sides of the original seven-inch single.

ARTHUR BROWN this week releases his first new album since the days of The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown a decade ago. In the meantime, he's been keeping a low profile at his Texas home, emerging occasionally to make the odd cameo appearance with the likes of The Who and the Alan Parsons Project. The new LP is totally electronic and is called 'Requiem' — it's on Remote Records, distributed by Making Waves (01-2627377).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS' farewell single 'The Price Of Admission'/'Touch And Go' is out this week on Chrysalis. Also now available is their double compilation album 'All The Best', featuring all the singles they released during their lifespan, including the new one.

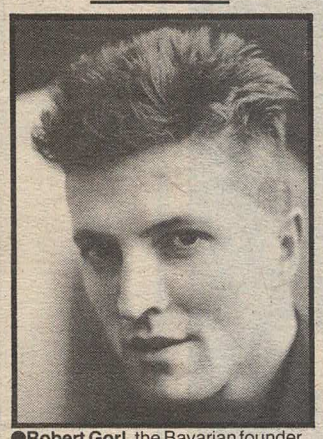
MODERN ROMANCE follow up their 'Best Years Of Our Lives' hit with a new single issued by WEA on February 18, titled 'High Life'. The B-side is 'You Just Can't Kill The Beat', and the extra track on the 12-inch version is a revival of the Freda Payne hit 'Band Of Gold'.

CHAS & DAVE aim for the charts again with a new single called 'London Girls', out this week on their own Rockney label. It's taken from their current 'Job Lot' album, and it's coupled with 'Eine Kleine Knees-Up Music'.

LEO SAYER precedes his extensive spring tour with a new single titled 'Orchard Road', for Chrysalis release on February 18. Before the tour opens, he'll be completing work on his next album, due in the summer.

Chris Stein calls for British acts

ANIMAL RECORDS, the label launched by Chris Stein of Blondie fame, is releasing a 12-track budget-price sampler album (through Chrysalis) featuring six of the acts associated with the label — Gun Club, Iggy Pop, James White & The Blacks, Snuky Tate, Walter Steding and Panther Burns. As reported by *NME* before Christmas, Gun Club will be touring here in the spring, and they've just finished recording a four-track EP for release to coincide with their visit. In the meantime, Chris Stein is now looking for new acts for the Animal label — send tapes to him, c/o Chris Poole, Chrysalis Records, 12 Stratford Place, London W.1.



● **Robert Gorl,** the Bavarian founder member of the now-defunct D.A.F., releases his first solo single next Monday (14) on Mute Records. Titled 'Mit Dir', it was recorded in Dusseldorf, and is available in both 7" and 12" formats.

● Regard Records have now released a 12-inch version of **One The Juggler's** single 'Passion Killer'/'Dangerous Daze'. It contains an extra track titled 'I Feel Good'.

● Nick Simper, founder member of Deep Purple in 1968, has formed a new band named **Fandango** — comprising Peter Parks (guitar), Ron Penney (drums), James Proops (vocals) and Simper (bass). Their debut single 'Just Another Day' is released this weekend on the PaRo label, and they'll be playing dates in the spring.

● **Red Lipstique** release their new single 'Oscar Wilde' on Charly Records next Monday (Valentine's Day), and the same evening appear live at Lazers, London N.8. And their stablemates **The Bollock Brothers** have their two-record set 'The Last Supper' now available.

● Bournemouth band **Butcher** have their single 'On The Ground'/'Grow Up Don't Blow Up' issued by Inept Products, and available through Rough Trade.

● Y Records have changed their distribution from Rough Trade to IDS. The two new releases immediately affected by this switch are the **Pigbag** single 'Hit The O Deck' and album 'Lend An Ear'.

● The Paul Weller-financed label Respond Records has changed distributors from Polydor to A&M Records, though it's stressed that this has nothing to do with Weller's own solo career. First release under the deal is a single by girl singer **Tracie** titled 'The House That Jack Built'.

● **Gary Moore's** second Virgin single is 'Falling In Love With You', a re-recorded version of a song on his 'Corridors Of Power' album. There's an instrumental treatment of the same number on the B-side, and the 12-inch format contains the bonus track 'Wishing Well'.

● **Prince** has a new album issued by Warners on February 18 called '1999', the same title as his current single. It was previously available here as a double-LP import, but the official UK release is in single-LP form containing seven tracks.

● Eight-piece Australian band **Goanna** release their debut UK single 'Solid Rock' on February 18 through WEA International. It's already been a smash hit Down Under, where they've been going strong since 1976.

● 'Doin' It'/'Hey World' is the new single from soul singer **Gwen McCrae,** issued by Atlantic on February 18 in both 7" and 12", the latter featuring extended versions of both titles.

● **The Cocteau Twins** have a single out on 4AD Records next week, the three tracks featured being 'Peppermint Pig', 'Hazel' and 'Laugh Lines'. On the same label, Hamburg five-piece **X-Mal Deutschland** — who supported The Cocteau Twins at The Venue before Christmas — release their debut album 'Fetisch'. Another 4AD band **Modern English** are currently recording their new LP, and a compilation EP of their early singles is due out shortly.

● A&M this week release the debut album by Isle of Wight band **The Choir,** titled 'Overtures' — as well as the the first LP from **Annabel Lamb,** called 'Once Bitten'. Other A&M newcomers are Canadian band **The Spoons** with their debut album 'Arias & Symphonies'.

● A winter sale starts tomorrow (Friday) in all HMV shops, and lasts for three weeks. About 250,000 records have been reduced, with albums by the likes of **Madness, Duran Duran, The Stranglers, Cliff Richard** and **Talk Talk** selling at £3.49. And a large number of recent ex-chart singles are available at just 20p.

● Three leading garage bands feature in a batch of releases from Big Beat Records this weekend. **The Stingrays** have their four-track EP 'The Stingrays On Self Destruct' issued for the first time, while **The Milkshakes'** second album '14 Rhythm & Beat Greats' is reissued. Both those bands, plus **The Cannibals,** are featured on a brand new 12-track set titled 'These Cats Ain't Nothing But Trash'.

JUICE'S FREEBIE APPETISER

ORANGE JUICE release a new single on Polydor this weekend, a remixed version of the title track from their album 'Rip It Up' coupled with 'Snake Charmer'. As a special limited edition, it comes with a free single comprising 'Lovesick' and 'A Sad Lament', and it's in a picture bag which opens out into a colour poster. There's also a seven-incher without the free single, and that's a different mix from the double pack. Additionally, there's an extended version on 12-inch (yet another mix), and this is coupled with 'A Sad Lament'. The band have just completed a video to promote the single, and they'll be touring here in the summer to coincide with the release of a new album.

● **Lip Service,** the duo comprising Sheelagh Lippell (vocals) and Merlin (guitar), have their debut single 'Gotta Get Up' issued by EMI next week. They are now rehearsing with a band for future live work.

● Virgin reissue the single 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger' by **Mental As Anything,** who have since moved on to another label. Virgin explain the move by saying they believe the band's formative work should be made available again.

● Latest single from the fast emerging **Richard Bone** is 'The Joy Of Radiation', out this weekend on Survival Records (through Pinnacle) — also available as a four-track 12-inch, including an extended mix of the main title.

● The **Carl Davis** album 'Hollywood', originally released in 1979, is now reissued by EMI at a special budget price. This ties in with Channel 4's re-screening of the *Hollywood* TV series.

GARDENING BY MOONLIGHT are a new duo comprising John Johnson (who's previously worked with Thomas Dolby, The Electric Chairs, The Flying Lizards and Shake Shake) and Duncan Bridgeman (from Shake Shake, John Foxx and I-Level, amongst others). Their debut single 'Strange News'/'Strange Views' is out this week on the newly-formed Imperial label, distributed by Island. There's also a 12-inch format containing a special club mix of the A-side, plus a third track called 'Strange Clues'.

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE have extended their club and college tour to coincide with the release of their new Polydor single 'Time'. Latest batch of gigs is at London North-East Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Reading Top Rank (Saturday), Birmingham Up The Junction (February 14), Manchester The Gallery (15), Stockport Technical College (18) and Gloucester College (19).

DANCE ON A TELEPHONE, the London-based electropop band who've just expanded to a five-piece, have a series of gigs at London Finsbury Park The Other Club (this Saturday, February 19, March 4, 11 and 18) — plus other London dates at Kensington Adlib (tomorrow, Friday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (February 17), Fulham Greyhound (18), Bond Street Embassy Club (22) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 1). They also visit Andover Country Club on March 17.

LONDON SPLEEN is the title of a poetry festival being staged for five nights next week at the Old Red Lion, St. John's Street, E.C.1. Three poets are featured each night, and the headliners are Michael Horovitz (February 15), Michelene Wandor (16), Benjamin Zephaniah (17), Adrian Mitchell (18) and Terry Wilson (19).

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT have added another four dates to their February tour — at Preston Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Derby Blue Note (22), Hull Dingwalls (24) and Manchester Polytechnic (26). Support for the whole tour is Bradford reggae band Yore Next, with special guests Brilliant appearing in the London Charing Cross Heaven show (21).

BLACK FLAG play London's 100 Club tonight (Thursday) before flying to Europe, but they'll be back here on March 1 to begin a full tour, dates to follow shortly — and they have a 12-inch single released by SST/UK titled 'Jealous Again' (also featuring four other tracks), with an album due at the end of the month. Tour support are Minutemen, who release their 18-track LP 'What Makes A Man Start Fires' on the same label on February 25 — plus a single titled 'Paranoid Time' containing seven extra cuts, none more than a minute long!

ROMAN HOLLIDAY, the London seven-piece who toured last year with The Belle Stars and Mari Wilson, have London dates at the Royal Veterinary College (tomorrow, Friday), Lyceum Ballroom (February 17), Jive Dive (24) and Southbank Polytechnic (28), plus a gig at Redhill Lakers Hotel (20) — and they appear live on BBC-2's *Oxford Roadshow* on February 18. The band have just signed with Jive Records, and have their first single 'Stand By'/'Round & Round' issued on February 25 — initial copies come with a free single featuring three tracks from a John Peel session last August.

DIVINE, the larger-than-life film star and singer, plays a UK mini-tour visiting Manchester Hacienda (February 16), Leeds Warehouse (17), Brighton Top Rank (18) and London Bond St. Embassy Club (19 and 20). As the follow-up to his recent 'Native Love Step By Step', his new single 'Shoot Your Shot' is being rushed out to coincide with his visit — it's on New York label 'O' Records, through PRT.

AMAZULU have added three more dates to their current tour — at London Mile End Queen Mary's College (tomorrow, Friday), London Camden Dingwalls (february 17) and Cardiff University (18). They recently signed to Towerbell Records, and will have their debut single out in a fortnight.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE have added another two dates to their extensive UK tour, reported two weeks ago — at Loughborough University (this Saturday) and Bangor University (February 17). The nine-piece outfit also have a new single released by Epic on March 4 to coincide with their current outing, titled 'Mighty Hands Of Love'.

THE GO-BETWEENS have lined up three London dates this month, to preview their forthcoming Rough Trade single 'Cattle & Cane' — at Covent Garden Rock Garden (February 16), School of Economics (19) and Brixton Ace Cinema (24). Joining the original three-piece for these gigs will be bassist Robert Vickers, recently of New York band The Colors whose last EP was produced by Blondie's Clem Burke.

LIAISON begin a new one-nighter series at Guildford Surrey University tomorrow (Friday), then visit London Fulham Golden Lion (February 14), Kingston The Grove (16) and Maidenhead The Bell (25), with more being set. They're promoting their four-track cassette 'Turn The Gun Around', available at £1.75 (including p&p) from Catweazle Records, 97 Myrtleside Close, Northwood, Middlesex.

ZANTI MISFITZ are on tour to promote their new seven-track EP 'Heroes Are Go'. They play Leeds Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Colne Franc's (Saturday), Sheffield Leadmill (February 17), Bath University (18), Bradford University (18), Bradford College (19), Liverpool Left Bank (24), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (25), Newport Gwent College (26), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (March 4), Manchester Polytechnic (10), Leeds University (11), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (12) and Dudley J.B.'s (18).

THE NASHVILLE TEENS celebrate their 21st anniversary with a tour which promotes their mini-LP 'Live At The Red House' on Shanghai Records (through Spartan). Interspersed by Continental visits, they play Stafford Early Bird Club (tonight, Thursday), London Waterloo The Towers (this Sunday), Westerham Oasis (February 17), Hull Duke of Cumberland (24), Dover St. Margaret's Holiday Village (25), Wokingham Angies (27 and March 20), Morley Skyline Club (March 10), Mansfield Rainworth Miners Welfare (11), Shepperton The Goat (13), Northolt Sword & Wheel (17), Harrow Borough FC (19) and High Wycombe Nags Head (26), with more being set.

TOM ROBINSON, who's already played two sell-out concerts at London Stratford Theatre Royal in recent weeks, is returning there to perform a full month of Sundays — April 3, 10, 17 and 24. Tickets are priced £3 (advance) or £3.50 (on the doors).

WISHBONE ASH are playing what they expect to be their only British dates this year at London's Marquee Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 22 and 23. Admission is £4.

SOLSTICE have added more dates to their March tour schedule — at Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club (3), Coventry General Wolfe (4), St. Albans City Hall (5), London Marquee (8), Grangemouth New Imperial Club (11), Glasgow Dial Inn (18) and Aberdeen The Venue (24).

NEW ORDER play a rare London concert at Brixton Ace Cinema on Friday, March 11. All tickets are £4, and they go on sale next Monday (14) at the Ace box-office.

NEWS tour

Mari outing goes right to the top!

MARI WILSON & The Wilsations, whose debut album 'Showpeople' is released by Compact / London on February 18, are undertaking a major UK tour next month — culminating in a prestige showcase at the renowned London Palladium, which has been unavailable for Sunday concerts during the two-year tenancy of *Barnum*. Their date sheet, with the possibility of more being added, comprises:

St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (March 12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Brighton Dome (14), Poole Arts Centre (15), Derby Assembly Rooms (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Glasgow Pavilion (19), Edinburgh Pavilion (20), Leeds University (23), Birmingham Odeon (25), Manchester Free Trade Hall (26) and London Palladium (27). No ticket information was available at press-time, and readers are advised to contact the individual box-offices for details.

Nyman's four in London

MICHAEL NYMAN — who has played with such diverse musicians as Brian Eno, Sting and David Cunningham of The Flying Lizards — is playing a four-part concert series in London this month, together with his band and various guests. The first show is at Hammersmith Riverside Studios tonight (Thursday), featuring his score from the film *The Draughtsman's Contract*, newly released as a Charisma album.

The other concerts are:

Donmar Warehouse Theatre, Earlham Street, W.C.2 this Sunday (13) with vocalist Lucie Skeaping, in a programme of past and present works; Rosslyn Hill Chapel, N.W.3 on February 19, featuring the premiere of 'The Abbess Of Andouillets'; and back to the Donmar Warehouse Theatre on February 20, with guests Elisabeth Perry and Alexander Balanescu, in a bill which includes the London premiere of 'A Neat Slice Of Masterwork' and '2 Violins'. Tickets for all concerts are £3, with a £2 concessionary rate at Hammersmith.

ROSE ROYCE BACK and Stylistics, Deniece

ROSE ROYCE return to Britain next month for a concert and cabaret tour, promoted by the Derek Block Office. Their scheudle is still being finalised, but initial dates were revealed to *NME* this week — Watford Bailey's (March 21-26), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (27), Birmingham Night Out (28-30), Cardiff St. David's Hall (31), Southport New Theatre (April 1), Blackburn King George's Hall (2) and Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema (3). It's expected that remaining dates, to be announced in a week or two, will include a London show.

THE STYLISTICS, whose impending UK visit was revealed last week, have now had most of their concert and club dates set by promoters Kennedy Street Enterprises. They play Camberley Lakeside Club (April 1), Margate Winter Gardens (2), Windsor Blazers (3-9), Birmingham Night Out (11-16), provisionally New Brighton Pavilion (17), Watford Bailey's (18-23), Bradford Alhambra (24), Purfleet Circus Tavern (27-30), Croydon Fairfield Hall (May 1), Cardiff St David's Hall (2) and Skegness New Embassy Club (4).

DENIECE WILLIAMS is on tour at Boston The Cinema (February 26), Birmingham Night Out (March 3-5), Windsor Blazers (6), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (8), Cardiff St David's Hall (9), Watford Bailey's (10-12), London Lewisham Concert Hall (13) and Edinburgh Playhouse (18), with a few more still to be set. To coincide, her US Top Ten hit 'Gonna Take A Miracle' is released by CBS on February 25.

TWIN THOMPSON GIGS CONFIRMED

THE THOMPSON TWINS play two dates at the end of this month, prior to leaving for a major US tour in early March, at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (February 27) and London Hammersmith Palais (28) — all tickets £3.50. These shows are preceded on February 18 by the release of their debut album for Arista Records titled 'Quick Step And Side Kick', which was recorded in Nassau — and there's also a cassette version with the full LP on one side, and extended dance mixes and remixes on the flip. The group can be seen in action on BBC-2 in *Sight And Sound* (February 19) and *Oxford Roadshow* (March 4).

ELKIE SWITCHES TO NEW VENUES

ELKIE BROOKS, whose spring UK tour was announced exclusively in *NME's* Christmas issue, will now play just three nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (March 22-24). Originally, two further nights were being held in reserve for possible extra shows at that venue on March 25 and 26, but it's now been decided to allocate these to additional provincial venues — so Elkie now plays Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (March 25) and Oxford Apollo (26). She's also slotted in another new booking at Leicester De Montfort Hall on March 21.

MISTY IN ROOTS DOWN TO EARTH

MISTY IN ROOTS are playing a series of shows to coincide with the release of their long-awaited third album — so far set are Exeter University (February 14), Dublin TV Club (19), London Victoria The Venue (23), London Camden Town Hall (25), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Nottingham Palais (28) and Brighton Top Rank (March 2), with more to be announced shortly. The LP in question was recorded in West Germany and is titled 'Earth' — it's on the group's own People Unite label, distributed by Spartan, also available from Rough Trade, Jet Star and other indie outlets.

EDMUNDS SLIPS AWAY FOR TWO

DAVE EDMUNDS and his band have confirmed a couple of dates early next month — at Leeds University Bodington Hall (March 4) and Chippenham Goldiggers (5). Main object of the exercise is to warm up for their major tour of Europe and America, beginning in April — but they will doubtless also take the opportunity of promoting their new single 'Slipping Away', scheduled for March 11 released by Arista.

BLUE ZOO TREK TO PREVIEW LOP

BLUE ZOO hit the road in support of their new Magnet single 'Loved One's An Angel'. They'll also be featuring material from their upcoming debut album when they play Reading University (February 18), Southampton University (19), Bath University (21), Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema (24), Ashington Leisure Centre (25), Glasgow Strathclyde University (26), Birmingham Aston University (March 4) and Canterbury Kent University (8).

University dates are at Liverpool (February 24), Aberystwyth (25), Manchester (26), Lancaster (27), Durham (28), Norwich (March 2), Southampton (5), Reading (8), Loughborough (9), Leicester (10), Birmingham (11), Hull (12), Dundee (17), Glasgow (18) and Strathclyde (19). Polytechnic dates are Nottingham Trent (February 23), Middlesbrough (March 16) and Sheffield (23). And theatre dates are Oxford Apollo (March 4), York Theatre Royal (13), Sunderland Empire (20), Derby Assembly Rooms (24) and Bath Theatre Royal (27).

Upstarts start up again

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS set out next week on a short tour, showcasing material from their upcoming album 'Reason Why', due for release next month by Anagram Records. They play London Hammersmith Klub Foot (February 17), Glasgow The Roxy (24), Retford Porterhouse (25), Middlesbrough Cavern (26), Manchester The Gallery (27), Birmingham Golden Eagle (March 2), Norwich Gala Ballroom (3), Feltham Football Club (4), Nottingham Union Rowing Club (5) and Stevenage Bowes Lyon Centre (16). They then begin a string of European dates, climaxing in a headlining tour of Poland in April.

NOW TURVEY HITS THE ROAD

KEVIN TURVEY — TV presenter, and graduate from The Comedy Store and The Comic Strip — begins an extensive tour this month. He's going out with a company called The Bastard Squad, which features three of the cast from BBC-2's highly successful *The Young Ones* series — Rik Mayall, Ade Edmonson and Nigel Planer. Their backing band is led by Simon Brint, and there's a support act called Ken Bishop & His Nice Twelve.

HUNGARY'S BEST JOIN 10CC TOUR

TOP Hungarian rock band L.G.T. (also known as Locomotiv GT) return to this country next month, to appear as special guests on the previously reported major tour by 10CC — and another two dates have been added to the tour schedule at Cardiff St. David's Hall (March 15; tickets £6 and £5) and Scarborough Futurist (March 26; tickets £6, £5 and £4). To tie in with their visit, L.G.T. have their new album 'Too Long' issued by EMI on March 7, preceded this weekend by the title track as a single. And next week, the same label releases 'Electromantic', the debut solo album from L.G.T.'s leader Gabor 'Pici' Presser.

KLUB FOOT HAS GOT THE BOOT!

KLUB FOOT, the Thursday night venue operating out of London's Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith, has been forced to close down — it was learned as *NME* closed for press on Tuesday. It's understood that the venue is now under new management, resulting in a change of policy. The closure is immediate, which means that the scheduled gig tonight (Thusday) by True Life Confessions is off. Also affected is The Angelic upstarts' gig next week — see story on the left.

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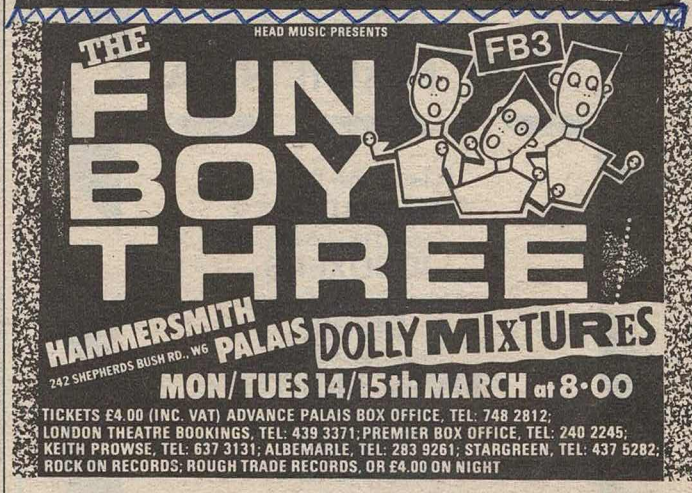
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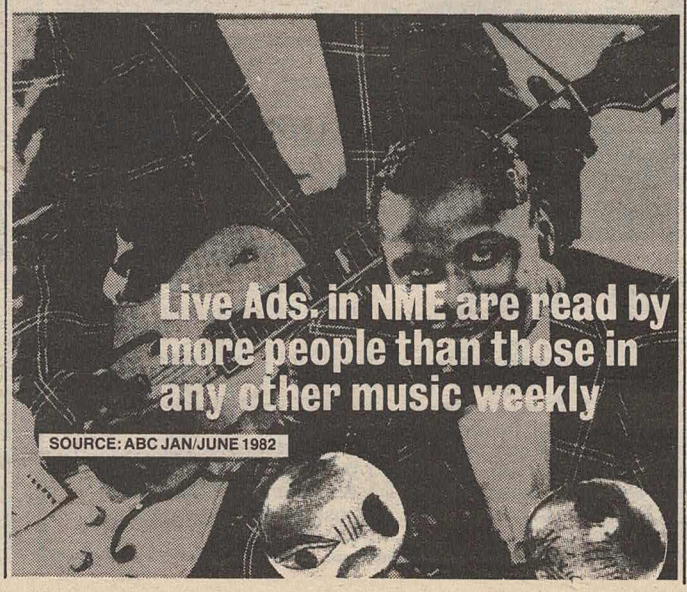

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thursday 10th

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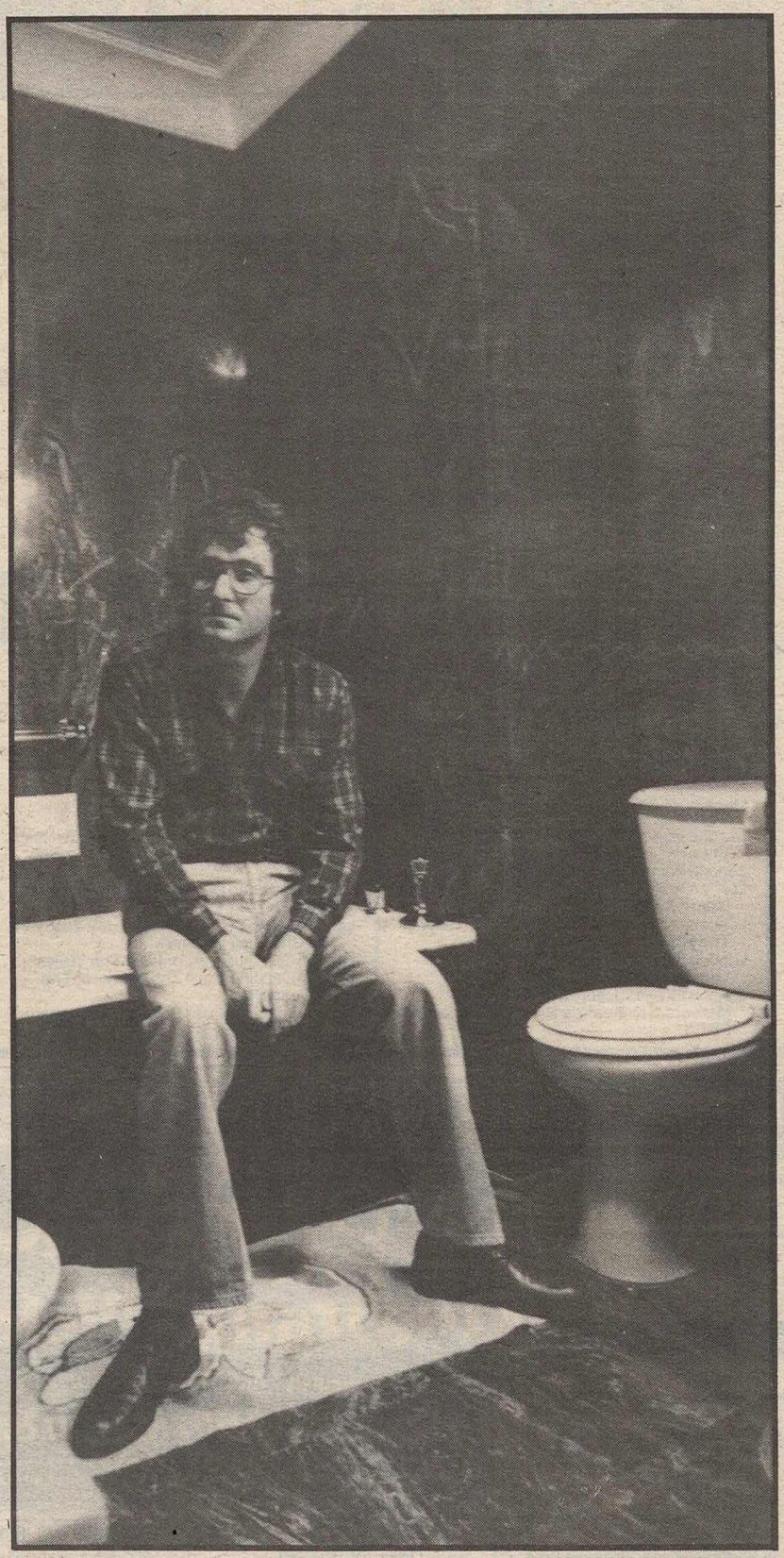
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Scheme**
Basildon Raquels: **Amazulu**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Bournemouth The Academy: **E.B. Dance Band**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Twelfth Night**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Antisect/Lost Cherees**
Brighton New Regent: **The Vibrators**
Bristol Dingwalls: **One The Juggler**
Cambridge The Racehorse: **Terrain**
Chatham Central Hall: **David Allan Coe**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Dartford Flicks: **The Toy Shop**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Sex Gang Children**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Hawkwind**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Frodsham Merseyside: **The Searchers (until Sunday)**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Blue Feather**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Scarabus**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Shywolf**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **No Sweat**
Hull Dingwalls: **Osibisa**
Kings Lynn Blue Heaven Club: **Midnite**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Leeds University: **Jab Jab/Mendes Prey/Fiat Lux**
Leeds Warehouse: **Pride**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Malchix**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Personal Column (until Saturday)**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Visual Aids**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Irish Mist**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gasper Lawal Africa Oro Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Catford the Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Central School of Art: **The Remarkable Family**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The London Cowboys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Cavern**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers/Grubstreet**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at The Clarendon: **True Life Confessions/Splodge/Toy Dolls**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Michael Nyman Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **BANc**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Corporation**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose**
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: **Libby Houston/Christopher Cardale/Dinah Livingstone/Frederick Williams**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Black Flag/Minute Men**
London Putney Half Moon: **Riff Burglars with Roger Chapman**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Red Terror & Green/1000 Mexicans/The Oblivion Boys**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Airstrip One**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Le Mat/Schell Shock**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Hollywood Killers**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Loughton Corbett Theatre: **Exposure**
Manchester Ardri Ballroom: **Inca Babies/Big Flame**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Stan Tracey Sextet**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Fad Gadget**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Victor Mature**
Manchester The Gallery: **Soma**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **English Rogues**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Polecats**
Newcastle Soul Cellar at Grey's Club: **Hurrah!**
Northampton White Elephant: **Solstice**
Norwich Ben Club: **Rabid Victims/The Tadd Poles**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Junction 25**
Nottingham El Vino's: **If All Else Fails**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oldham Moor End Bar: **The Relatives**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mindslave**
Ravensbourne College: **Animal Nightlife**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Terraplane**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Prince Far I**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **U. V. Pop/In The Nursery**
Stafford Early Bird Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Stockport The Smugglers: **The Summerhouse**
Watford Verulam Arms: **The 01 Band**
Wolverhampton Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 11th

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Reality/In Embrace**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt/Alfie Noakes**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sky**
Bournemouth Dean Court Social Club: **Freedom Fighter**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tony Allen/A.B.A./Equale Brass**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Screaming Dead**
Brighton New Regent: **Liquorice Allsorts**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Gene Pitney**
Cambridge Clare College: **Fox In Socks**
Colne Franc's: **The Apollinaires**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Dave Kelly Band/Travelling Riverside Blues Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby Lonsdale College: **A Conversation**
Durham University: **Blue Feather**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Exeter College Of Art: **Finish The Story**
Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **A.T.P.**
Glasgow Hardrock Cafe: **Soldier**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Incisions**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Schell Shock**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Soma**
Guildford Surrey University: **Twelfth Night**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **One The Juggler**
Hull Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Keynsham Fry's Club: **David Allan Coe**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Zanti Misfitz**
Leicester University: **Hawkwind**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Prince Far I**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Allez Allez**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Silly Wizard**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Cannibals/The Commuters**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Max Toucan/Spare Tyre/The Joeys/Denise Black & The London Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Medina Azahra/Juvessance**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Camden Palace: **Paul Young & Family**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cavern**
London Ealing College of Higher Education: **Kabbala**
London Ealing Town Hall: **Duodecima/Bob Harley Band**
London Elephant & Castle College Of Printing: **A Certain Ratio/Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **The Universal Indians/Alan Tomlinson**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Persian Ploughman/Ghost**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Catatonics/The Coyotes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The London Cowboys**
London Marquee Club: **Connolly Encore**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Amazulu/The Anonymous Sisters**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Gerry Ford & Prairie Moon**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Mayfair Syncopators**
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: **Seething Wells/Joolz/Slade The Leveller/Little Dave/Little Brother**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Beckett Quintet/Siger Small Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **The Bluebells**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Randy Newman**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **Stranger Station/Carbon 12**
London University Union: **The Raincoats/The Marine Girls/The Impossible Dreamers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roy Harper Band**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis/Vex/Queen Bitch/Neutral Zone**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Tony McPhee Band**
Maidenhead The Bell: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Assignment**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Joboxers**
Manchester The Gallery: **George Borowski & The Green Three/Terminal**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Terraplane**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
Newtown Theatre Hafren: **The Nightingales**
Northampton Nene College: **Barbed Choir**
Norwich Whites Tavern: **Terrain**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Milkshakes**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam/Noel & The Blenheims**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Fat Larry's Band**
Reading University: **Animal Nightlife**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Polecats**
Skewen Royal British Legion Club: **The Ferrets**
Southampton Solent Suite: **The Convertibles/Laughter In The Garden/ 9 Unknown Men/The Poor Bachelors/John Elliot/The Megastars**
Stafford Riverside Centre: **Black Rose**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Viva**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Rules Of Croquet**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Born Loser**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

saturday 12th

Ashford The Castle: **English Rogues**
Barnard Castle Black Horse: **Fault**
Birmingham (Edgbaston) High Hall: **Dali's Car/Action Holidays**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Blurt**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Pyramid/Nuages 9**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Larry Miller Band**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Keith Kendrick & Barry Coope**
Bradford University: **Osibisa**
Brighton New Regent: **Expandis**
Brighton The Kensington: **Dance Factor**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Prince Far I**
Bristol University: **Funkapolitan/Orchestre Jazira/Restriction**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Gene Pitney**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Annie Anxiety/Antisect**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Franc's: **Zanti Misfitz**
Coventry General Wolfe: **John Cooper Clarke/The Nomads**
Coventry Warwick University: **Hot Snacks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner Band**
Fife St. Andrew's Cosmos Centre: **So You Think You're A Cowboy/The Frontiers**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Roy Harper Band**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tutch**
Hanley The Vine: **Bullets For Silver**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Watusi Bros.**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Hull Dingwalls: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Fox In Socks**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Amazulu**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Silent Routine**
Letchworth Grange Community Centre: **Architects Of Disaster/Tannoy**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Polecats**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Apollinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Bonsai Forest**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pinkees/The Innocents**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **The Alarm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Medina Azahara/Sleek**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Topical Fish/Hoo Ha**
London Hampstead Town Hall: **Carol Grimes & The Crocodiles/Steel International**
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Isleworth College: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Ian Ballantine Quartet**
London Marquee Club: **Connolly Encore**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Max Toucan/Spare Tyre/The Joeys/Denise Black & The London Band**
London N.W.8 Cockpit Theatre: **Jay Ramsey/Keith Jefferson/Michele Roberts/Alison Fell**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Stan Greig Blues Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Albion Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dead Sea Surfers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Allen Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Randy Newman**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clarke/John Hollingsworth/Kevin Hewick**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matumbi/The Impossible Dreamers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Exposure**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **One The Juggler**
Ludlow Town Hall: **The Au Pairs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Private Dicks**
Manchester The Gallery: **Yessir**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Stranglers**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Terraplane**
Norwich Studio Theatre: **Juju/Unity Series**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Sky**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/V8**
Portsmouth Palm Beach Club: **Wailing Slash**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Kabbala**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Fat Larry's Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes**
Sheffield Lane Top Club: **Room 101**
Sheffield The hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Farmers Boys/Plan Nine**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Bluebells**
Sheffield University: **Hawkwind**
Tenby The Sun Inn: **The Ferrets**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Black Rose**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Soldier**



Randy: flushed with success

RANDY NEWMAN (above) is back in the UK to promote his new album and single, by means of TV and concerts, and this week sees him in live action at London Dominion (Friday and Saturday) and Edinburgh (Sunday)...And he's followed into the Dominion on Sunday and Monday by that highly influencial funk artist LUTHER VANDROSS who, although still largely a cult figure in this country, still managed to sell out those two London shows in near-record time...Also arriving from over there are FAT LARRY'S BAND who, hot on the heels of their autumn tour here, begin a new outing at Purfleet on Friday — and MICHAEL NYMAN, who's just released an album of his music from the film *The Draughtsman's Contract*, plays a brace of London concerts on Thursday and Sunday with two more to follow later.

This week should have seen the start of the first major tour by the FUN BOY THREE, but if you read your *NME* thoroughly last week you'll know that it's been put back until March. But take consolation from the fact that PIGBAG, now complete with girl singer Angela Jaeger, commence an extensive schedule at Newcastle-under-Lyme (Monday), Canterbury (Tuesday) and Keele (Wednesday), coinciding with the release of their 'Lend An Ear' album... And EURYTHMICS support their latest LP 'Sweet Dreams Are Made Of This' with a substantial date sheet which kicks off in Hull on Wednesday.

The evergreen HAWKWIND have slotted in a mini-tour to work in material for their next album, opening this week in Dunstable on Thursday and including a London showcase at the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday...Another near-veteran outfit THE ENID start their tenth anniversary tour in Sudbury on Sunday and Monday...And one of the newer breed of bands THE METEORS are doing the rounds from Friday, with a special Valentine's Day headliner at London Lyceum on Monday.

A number of interesting one-off shows this week, from which we single out an all-star benefit in London on Sunday, topped by ALEXEI SAYLE. But if you care to peruse the accompanying listings, you'll also come across gigs by JOHN COOPER CLARKE, OSIBISA, THE AU PAIRS, FUNKAPOLITAN, NAZARETH and LEVEL 42. Remember, too that THE STRANGLERS reach the climax of their tour with two Hammersmith shows on Tuesday and Wednesday. Finally, there's a rather special one-off on Friday topped by THE RAINCOATS — see over the page.

sunday 13th

Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brandon Flintnappers: **Terrain**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **David Essex**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tangier**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Randy Newman**
Exeter University: **Shark Taboo**
Falkirk Pryst Youth Club: **Special Duties**
Glasgow The Venue: **Sideway Look/Valerie & The Week Of Wonders**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Soldier**
Gosport The John Peel: **Crossfire**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Punching Holes/Little Brother**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Sky**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Arnold Brown/Foot & Mouth**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Recruits/Street Aliens**

CONTINUES OVER

London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Downbeat**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Vin Ordinaire**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Brothers Of Beat/The Committee**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Hawkwind**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Illusions**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Feelers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Vanishing Point**
London Marquee Club: **Silverwing/Saracen**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Little Sister**
London Shaftesbury Theatre: **Alexei Sayle/Pauline Melville/Benjamin Zephaniah/Rik Mayall/French & Saunders etc.**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Luther Vandross**
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Huw & Tony Williams**
London Waterloo The Towers: **The Nashville Teens**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Max Toucan/Spare Tyre/The Joeys/Denise Black & The London Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Mike McKenzie Trio**
London W.11 The Tabernacle: **Glissando Steel Band**
London W.C.2 Donmar Warehouse Theatre: **Michael Nyman Band**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Gene Pitney**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Twelfth Night**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Perpetual Motion/Tender Moments In Modern History**
Poole Arts Centre: **David Allan Coe**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Diz Disley/The Sad Pig Band**
Rotherham Silverwood: **Room 101**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Stranglers**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Alice Goes Pop**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **The Enid**
Windsor Blazers: **Fat Larry's Band (for a week)**
Wokingham Angie's: **A Bigger Splash**

GIG GUIDE: CONTINUED

Raincoats are on in London, Friday

monday 14th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Drama Secrets**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Xpertz**
Birmingham tower Ballroom: **Roy Harper Band**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **The Kray Brothers**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Dave Peabody/Kevin Stenson/Bill Boazman**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Punching Holes/Little Brother**
Bristol The Avon Gorge: **Fox In Socks**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sky**
Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange: **Tutch/Heretic**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Nazareth**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Amazulu**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Lincoln University: **Dagaband**
Liverpool Kirkby Suite: **Cook Da Books/Virgin Dance**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Fugitive**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Michael Prophet**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Exposure/The Outskirts**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fuzzy Samuels**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas' Jivin' Jump Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Object D'Art/Visual Aids**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Tymon Dogg/Test Department/Michelene Wandor/Igor**
London Marquee Club: **The Vibrators**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chucho Merchan Sextet**
London Poplar Civic Theatre: **Connolly Encore/Chariot/Academic Hamiltons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Meteors/Sex Beatles/Specimen/Alien Sex Fiend**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Luther Vandross**
London Victoria The Venue: **Big Country/Dream Exchange**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Shag Conners & The Carrot Crunchers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester The Gallery: **John Otway**
Marlow Oaks Wine Bar: **Hungry Hearts**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Pigbag**
Norwich Ben Club: **Bill Werbeniuk's Trousers**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Animal Nightlife**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Gene Pitney**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Unicorn**
Sheffield City Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **The Enid**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Walsall Del's Cellar: **Kineto Zetetics**
Watford Bailey's: **The Searchers (until Wednesday)**

tuesday 15th

Batley Frontier Club: **Gene Pitney**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Mr.Rons**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sammy Rimington Band**
Canterbury Kent University: **Pigbag**
Coventry Warwick University: **Animal Nightlife**
Croydon Green Dragon: **The Watusi Bros.**
Gateshead Honeycuckle: **Special Duties**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds University: **Dagaband**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Barbed Choir**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Farmers Boys/The Climb**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Jay Stapley & The Chiswick Flyovers**
London Camden The Palace: **Killer Wales**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Exposure**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Blue Three with Bobby Rosengarden (until Thursday)**
London E.C.1 Old Red Lion: **Michael Horovitz/Carlo Zampetti/Miles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tim Haines Heatwave**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bonsai Forest/The Realists**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party with Merry Zap Zap/Alan Dogend/Graeme Berry/Skirl**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Stranglers**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **The Park**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Steve Pheasant's Phab Phive**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Victoria The Venue: **52nd Street/Syncopation**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Portion Control/Katha Munnery/Death Magazine '62/Dion & Poloni/Bob Connolly/The Design Team**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Cartlidge/Stubbs Band**
Reading Fives Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
Reading University: **The Bluebells**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Poacher**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **DTCAN/Andy Gordon Band**
St. Helens Theatre Royal: **Hawkwind**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Sky**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 16th

Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Sex Gang Children**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Sky**
Bradford University: **Dagaband**
Brighton Sussex University: **Roy Harper Band**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Gary P. Nunn & The Pride Of Texas**
Fife St. Andrew's Cosmos Centre: **Kix/Life Support/The Rhyme Tray**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **John Otway**
Hitchin The Regal: **Level 42**
Hull Dingwalls: **Eurythmics**
Idle New Inn: **Fault**
Keele University: **Pigbag**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **The D.T.'s**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Bluebells**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Luie Lepkie**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Go-Betweens**
London E.C.1 Old Red Lion: **Michelene Wandor/Michele Roberts/Ronnie Wathen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Swimming To France/Escorts**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Stranglers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cupcakes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Play Dead/Blood & Roses/Short Commercial Break**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Alarm**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Clear**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lobo**
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THURSDAY 24
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
FRIDAY 25
BIG COUNTRY

LIVE!

THE FARM
Liverpool Left Bank

THE LEFT Bank was tonight taken over by the uniformed scallies, in their usual ebullient form, who've taken to adopting The Farm in increasing numbers — mainly because of the presence of one Peter Hooton.

"Hooto", as he's affectionately known, is co-editor of the uniquely hilarious and acutely relevant *The End,* far and away the country's best fanzine. He's also vocalist with young four-piece The Farm, who haven't been around long but are already one of our more promising groups. As might be expected from their guitar/bass/drums line-up, they play a simple direct pop, injected with some irrepressibly catchy hooks.

They've fallen upon a bitter-sweet sound with a hard, jangly edge that's more convincing every time I see them. Sometimes he seems almost ashamed of it, but Hooton can sing with real uncontrived feeling: a rare quality in these artificial times of calculated emotion.

His songs cover a wide range of subjects close to any sensible scally's heart, but he's also got the bottle to sing a couple of love songs — of notable merit — in front of the rowdy followers who just love to join in with their less romantic favourites.

Kev Mc

"Old MacDonald had a floppy fringe, ee-aye-ee-ayeoh. . ." *Scally farmers pic: George Maher*

RICKIE LEE JONES
Hammersmith Odeon

IT'S ALREADY well known how the great Casting Director in the sky limited women to a few suffocating roles in American popular culture: the mother and the whore, the hard-hearted and the hurt, the soft-boiled and the soiled, the confessor and the kook.

Given such a limited choice, the kook has invariably served as the best disguise for the most intelligent and fiery because, under the beaten brim of a tugged-down hat and inside shapeless raggedy clothes, they could shelter all or none of these types. But how quickly does kookdom calcify into concrete personae under klieg lighting. List all those lovable kooks who started off so strong and unclassifiable only to end up so dismally and dismissively stereotyped: Laura Nyro, Laurie Anderson, Patti Smith, Joplin and . . . Rickie Lee Jones?

Rickie Lee's entrance into kookdom *konkret* is the saddest, partly because its not her own fault. That melting voice of her two LPs is still intact, puzzling and negotiating its way through the maze of hurts and hold-me's of tenement roof affairs, which, if this movie were any cornier, would end with a bullet in the back. Her group, blowing blowsy soundtracks in place of the blues — that is, a white, beery-eyed uptown bar version of the same — are what destroys her live. Though they still sound like they're auditioning for that part in Altman's *The Long Goodbye,* they look and behave like they want the support spot to The Rolling Stones at Madison Square Gardens. No use closing your eyes either — you can feel the ugly exertion. Where they ought to suggest and nudge you towards Rickie Lee, they bludgeon you rudely, shoving you right up against her.

Rickie Lee, correspondingly, has developed a brassier front to cope. That same hat is tugged down over her eyes, the dress is classier than expected, though not particularly suited, and the voice . . . The voice has melted into a milk'n'cookies yelp, an entirely inappropriate *Peanuts* caricature of the "I only wanted to be loved" confessor, which is totally at odds with her scenarios. There are few transcendentally quiet moments, when an audience conditioned to shit itself at the leap of an octave, restrains its enthusiasm long enough for Rickie Lee to project your imagination back into the private sphere where she has the space to move.

In other words, Rickie Lee Jones is best heard and seen in the comfort of your own dream.

Chris Bohn

Shacked Up With Soul

THE QUESTIONS
London Embassy Club

IF, AS stalling Stalinist Mick McGahey once cursed, Marxism has got nothing to do with long hair and dirty jeans, then tall drinks and clean Kickers have sure-as-imminent-tax-handouts got nothing to do with Style.

The Embassy Club has got nothing to do with either Style or Marxism, and Mick McGahey hisself — whose idea of Style is most likely an Anniversary of Yalta tie-pin and whose idea of Marxism is equally decorative — stands as hopeless testimony to the sorry position *that* leaves you in — welcome nowhere but all the very *worst* parties.

If you've nowt to do with neither you're a nobody or at best a somebody doing a passable imitation, sounding like a million dollars and looking like ten pound of potatoes in a five pound bag. F'rinstance, all those gormless Music Biz berks who waddle round in cacky marketing campaign cast-offs and their girlfriend's designer jeans that they put on this morning by mistake and are now trying to look, uh, 'casual' in — clothes that say something about you, something bold and impulsive like "Look at me, I'm a right wanker!"

Thus have I, in 185 words or so, succinctly set the scene and slapped the nut on all those oft found waddling at the Embassy Club with not only bad politics but, gawd forbid, bad dress sense as well. As Paul Weller so sweetly put it in his bitterest polemic B-side 'The Butterfly Collector' — "*. . . And you started looking much older/And your fashion sense was second-rate like your analysis of Trotskyist infiltration into the Labour Party . . .*"

The Embassy Club is indeed included in the *X Moore Guide To London Nightclubs* and the entry reads: plain *tack.*

Quite what the prodigious Respond are doing showcasing young talent here of all places, darlings, is beyond me. Mind, quite what talent Weller saw in The Questions seemed, for a while, equally obscure.

The idea of Respond, a label for the best in English Soul/a source of new inspiration for those who have kept the Faith, is dear to my heart. But 'Work And Play' never cut it as a great label's first single. Weller seemed surely to have shacked up with losers.

One night in the shadow of the Yankee Dollar at a West End culture dungeon like the Embassy was enough to convince me otherwise. It's all quite simple: not being deaf, I *know* that The Questions' singer has A Voice. The simple mistake of that limp first single was that of a band not exploiting its greatest asset.

'Work And Play' was no burning soul anthem, and the planned 45 rpm follow-up sounds no winner on first hearing, but *occasionally* The Questions verge on the Magnificent. Tracks like 'Dreams Come True' and 'Riding On The Groove Line' showcase such fine vocals — sweet strength and a swallowed pup-falsetto closest to Michael Jackson's best on 'Off The Wall' — that you have no option but to BELIEVE.

Respond have yet to find a band to cauterize brassy soul with a harder lyrical edge of protest, and the only English band I've heard get mebbe halfway near that are the East Side Torpedoes. But in The Questions Weller has found a band who've the potential, no question, to make a string of supreme 45s, dancetracks to beat e'en the mighty Shalamar.

Use that Voice and The Questions *will* make a single to match the promise of Respond; work hard at it and they may even fashion a cut of classic Soul — that's music spelt dee-ee-tee-arr-oh-eye-tee, with Style.

To it!

X Moore

Scratch Attack

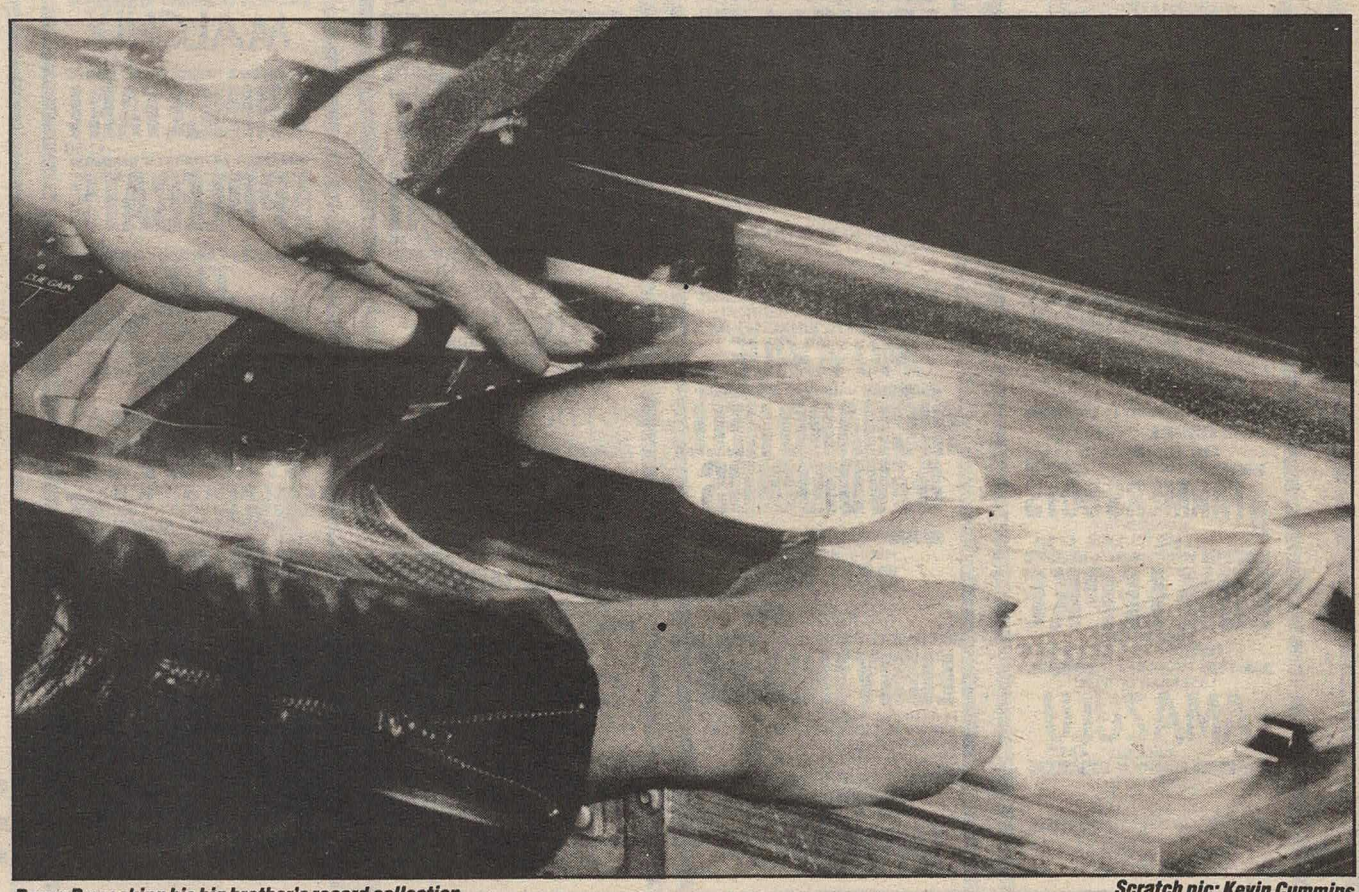
DAVEY D
Liverpool Dingwalls

LAST TIME I ventured into the Bierkellar, I was tickled on the nose with a feather duster by a Chinese stripper. It was lovely. Now the place is called Dingwalls and this time it's my ears being tickled, by a Big Bad Apple scratcher called Davey D. It's better still.

It's like watching one person playing babyfoot against himself. Hands, arms, digits everywhere — a ouija board gone mad — and the smile, always the smile. *"Y'see Y'see Y'see Rrripp!"* You try to resist the sound for the first ten seconds: it's a bit *ordealy,* but you have to succumb to the beat. So fine, needlefine, urbane. You thrill to the octopussy skill of a craftsman and you have to wonder.

It may not be relevant, but why do we backslap a proven milksop like Big Mal, when the skilled men remain deep underground? Some country, this.

Kevin Sampson



Davey D wrecking his big brother's record collection. *Scratch pic: Kevin Cummins*

Foil-Wrapped Turkeys

STANLEY CLARKE AND GEORGE DUKE
Hammersmith Odeon

YOU DON'T stay around the music business for a combined total of nearly 900 years and not pick up a trick or two: the backing band (an oafish trio made up of a midget, a drummer and an extrovert wearing women's clothes) sneaked away backstage for long periods of time to watch the best-selling video *Behind Stained Wood Doors — Brookside's Darkside.*

Stanley Clarke kept himself busy by thumbing through what looked like that morning's *Daily Express* propped up on the back of his partner's keyboards, while Duke (the fattest man to successfuly fuse heavy metal with the dullest jazz imaginable), because he can't read, pulled two different dodges.

The first will be familiar to all exponents of the 20-minute solo. He craftily positioned himself between the stage monitors and the PA, so he didn't have to listen to what was being played. For the most part, this chicanery went unheralded and it took a much more blatant effort to win truly rapturous acclaim from the crowd.

With his piano keyboard tied around his neck (honest!) he wandered into the audience and, completely at random, plucked a chap from row F to 'have a try'. The kid knew the song note for note — and we were expected to believe he was a stranger!

As a fitting finale to this tribute to tack, the audience — looking like the sort of people you se on the tube wearing a bomber jacket over a C&A suit, now decked out in weekend denim — were invited up onstage to dance, sing and generally 'get spontaneous'.

Stanley and George...? This man's going to stick to Stan and Ollie in future!

An Unwitting Victim

THE COMMODORES
Hammersmith Odeon

When you're a Commodore, life is wonderful — you're the biggest selling commodity in the largest black corporation in America, you've spent 15 years at the top of your profession and, in case you need any more ego-assurance, what better than the £100,000 cheque you stand to receive every year for the rest of your life?

The Commodores certainly feel special. Their whole egomania package is called 'Reach High '83'. (Why is it that every rich black act these days seem to reek of cocaine before they play a note?). The show opens with a big fanfare, not any old fanfare mind you — it's the music they used to play back in the halycon days of Cape Kennedy Apollo lift-offs.

If their show is to be taken as the fullest and finest presentation of '80s Motown (which I guess it must) it's alarming to think how the suss and pride of the '60s has been forsaken for an unadulterated display of bland, ingratiating crap. But this is what Berry Gordy was looking for when he up and left Detroit city for the fantasy land of Los Angeles.

If God had meant Motown to be Las Vegas schmaltzy – showbiz – revue, he'd have given the artistes an engaging line in repartee (or, even better, Sammy Davis Jnr) But try telling that to The Commodores. They go through all that "great to be in your marvellous country "business over and over again, they fool around and strike ridiculous axeman heroic postures. You get swept along with all the lights, the smoke and the glitter until the show comes to a mellow interlude, the calm sanctuary of the quintessential black MOR of 'Three Time A Lady'.

It seems to have happened without the audience even realising, but suddenly we're watching this dumpy little guy in a white satin, sequinned jumpsuit perched on the edge of a grand piano, dry ice swirling at his feet as he gazes dreamily at the heavens. He's telling us, y'know, how it gets sometimes, the way a guy feels, you need an' want someone — a lady! — very bad. "Well The Commodores feel this is the highest compliment you can pay a woman."

So he sings the song, but something's wrong. In fact everything's wrong — The Commodores may have three or four singers in their ranks but none of them have the calm, melodic mastery of Lionel Ritchie. He wavers and falters all over the place, even hits the wrong keys . . . Just as he's going into the grand stretching finale, somebody yells "Where's Lionel Ritchie?". Talk about hitting a man when he's down! The group wait until the end of the song and one of them steps to the microphone, "Lionel Ritchie is tucked away very securely in the hearts of everyone on this stage." Spoken with real conviction, of course.

The Commodores have one or two good songs, both used up pretty early in the set. The rest is mismanaged regurgitations of traditional Motown stylisms or hopelessly inept stabs at synthesised funk. They spend a lot of time chatting up the ladies but they don't even do that well — a big foil-wrapped turkey drooling over the girls in the front row before returning to his buddies for some pathetic, naughty wet towel flicking.

So this is the pinnacle of Motown's acheivements? Times have changed — the spirit, the heart of those '60s records and revues has all but vanished. The strength, the inspiration and passion isn't priority anymore. Instead, you get The Commodores — The Baron Knights of boogie.

Gavin Martin

" You're once, twice, three times a 100 watt filament bulb. . ." *Pic: Leon Morris*

PAT BENATAR
Hammersmith Odeon

LIKE THE rest of the full house on Friday night, I was actually looking forward to seeing Pat Benatar, despite our previous encounters on vinyl. Afer all, she *was* voted Sex Symbol of '82 in the American rock polls. Plus I like 'Hit Me With Your Best Shot' and 'Hell Is For Children' — even if the latter, like all Pat's work, makes no real sense at all.

But soon after the star picked her way onstage (wish I could say 'strode' but in half-baked high heels and black jersey mini this was an obvious impossibility) dreadful truths began to emerge at a billion decibels.

The first: In the flesh, from seven rows away, Pat looks just like a flatter-chested Marie Osmond with brown hair and far less sense of showbizzness. The second, apparent as soon as she began to bellow 'Treat Me Right!': everyone in this band has a receding hairline. There's no connection between this and their total inability to put out musically, but my heart began to sink. I mean, this was the ugliest band I've seen in years making the ugliest live noises I've practically ever heard.

Plus the procedure is so plain phoney. The lead guitarist stands five feet away from me making like a mass murderer over the small protests of his little instrument. The drummer's making like Clem Burke but sounding like your morning dustman, and hubby guitarist-producer Geraldo (can it be he? *Mister Benatar looks like this??!!*) grimaces, shaking both bootie and boots.

Meanwhile, between relentless 'THANKYOUTHANKYOU *LONDON*. HOW-YOU-DOIN 'OUTTHERE!'S, Pat exhibits her very stock moves. These consist of simulated masturbation (no subtleties for our heroine), head-bobbing and air-punching, and lots of mimed guitar playing. Six songs into the set Pat is still fully clothed right down to rhinestone-lined gloves, and still struggling to stuff some conviction into those looks of lust she dutifully directs at the guitars and/or keyboards. The audience eats it up, but I'm completely puzzled. What is she *singing*? These aren't exactly *tunes* and, despite all the noise or one's ability to tick off the 'titles', you can't help but notice that no one's really playing up there either. My heart begins to harden against the monitor men.

It also smells very sweaty in our section (and by this I mean no disrespect to the *Guardian* critic slumped in despair on the aisle arm of his chair in front of us). *"Whatcha tryin' to do to my soul? Doncha see? Doncha know?"* Pat is screaming, until bingo! a blue light hits her, she strips off her jacket and goes soulful — advising us solemnly that *"You always pay a price for love in the end."* HEEEEEEEYYYYYY! yell my enthusiastic fellow ticket-holders at the sight of the Benatar shoulders and bust.

Heeeyyy? What *is* it all about? "It's about what she could do to ya if she got her hands down your trousers," one happy concertgoer confides to me.

Hmmmm. Though keen to be convinced originally, I now fear that if Pat got her hands down anybody's trousers she'd only be after their credit cards. The spectre of the shopping mall dominates this shabby spectacle too much to think otherwise... Pat Benatar — who I thought was the woman that did all those things Debbie Harry wouldn't — is *painfully* conscious of not going 'too far'; her sexual posturing is pure Pronuptia sales stuff. When she flings out her arms in fake ecstasy — and like Jesus in Biblical films, Pat shaves under her arms — to receive the Heavy Metal muse, it's something akin to a cheap clip from 'Inseminoid'.

Beware, oh youthful denim-clad demi-monde; the fist that boasts that leather wristlet also flashes the fatal wedding ring!

Cynthia Rose

JOHN CALE
London The Venue

HE PLAYED it *completely* straight. Two sessions with the acoustic guitar, two with the ponderous strength of the grand piano. No notable psychotic fits or blind fury or avalanche of evil; and no irrelevance or waste.

Although John Cale's one man show declined to offer any startling new insight into an extremely fine and fascinated mind, it freshened the complexion of songs that a long and erratic career has frequently muddled and misdirected. 'Riverbank', shorn of its melodramatic flab, had a grave eloquence restored; 'Child's Christmas In Wales' flickered like a candle in a dark corridor. 'Guts' spat to a jacknife bounce.

It was, to that extent, a fan's evening. Cale musing on some of his work, selecting a few favourite passages. Most of them he seemed to remember with pleasure, or respect; some stuttered to a jagged stop, others were resolved in a solemn classical flourish. 'Heartbreak Hotel' was delivered as a sonata for the forgotten. Lou Reed's celebrated burlesque tune 'Waiting For The Man' got punctured and revived in surgery, a staccato arabesque squeezed out of that toothless old wretch.

This was Cale unadorned — no elaborate lights, an absence of stage paraphernalia — yet, paradoxically, never less naked. Scrutinising that bulky, bull-necked figure, drenched in black, plastered hair, smoked shades, revealed only the master illusionist, an embittered Méliès, overlord of a parade of tragedies from the Academy (indeed, in peril).

When Cale numbers Sharon Tate and Cardinal Richelieu among his charges he blurs history and time into a pageant where human endeavour capsizes into grandiose failure or hollow success.

All, nevertheless, uncommonly enjoyable and frequently affecting. The several tiers of elegance in John Cale's tunes, rows of thunderous minor chords aquiver with rhythmic felicities, never stood so clearly as here, wrenched away from the shadow of a dyspeptic rock band. It would have been disappointing to see him blunder through a tired routine of mutilation or some other such 'outrage'. This was a deliberately barren theatre of ulcerous rhapsody. The sudden short fuse of violence that blurted out of 'Fear Is A Man's Best Friend' positively exploded in this propless surround.

For a finale, the bleached candour of 'I Keep A Close Watch' — *"I can live without you/Any way at all"*, a love song dried of its glycerine tears. A calm, rich evening.

Richard Cook

EDWIN STARR
JJ BARNES
LOU RAGLAND
PAT LEWIS
AL KENT
Hinckley Leisure Centre

WHEN DETROIT'S Ric Tic label threatened to steel a little limelight from all-powerful neighbour Tamla Motown, Berry Gordy bought out the rival company — adding Edwin Starr to his roster while unceremoniously dumping JJ Barnes, Al Kent, Pat Lewis, Lou Ragland and others.

Only in the northern soul clubs, over in Britain, did their music live on ... And in the memory of "Agent 00-Soul" Edwin Starr. He'd promised to track down his former stablemates last autumn, after the most soulful performance this punter has ever witnessed. A man of his word, tonight was to be his party: the Ric Tic Revue was in town.

First up was the tall, beaming Al Kent. This was his first appearance (as with most of the cast) on a British stage, and an inauspicious debut it proved to be. While he worked overtime on an old joanna, barely a tinkle came over the muggy PA. Everybody was thrilled that Al Kent was here, and applauded generously, but the show was only just warming up.

Miss Pat Lewis — self-assured, smiling and sexy in a satiny dress — replaced Kent on stage and produced a polished performance of satiny vocals. The audience was falling under a Ric Tic spell.

Lou Ragland, who was nervous backstage that nobody would remember the oldies, shuffled on shyly hiding behind his large guitar. He needn't have worried. The classic 'I Travel Alone' was greeted by a roar from the floor, and a gentle smile of relief and happiness crept over the little man's face.

Early problems with the sound had disappeared as Ragland stepped back to provide rhythm and JJ Barnes took up the mike for a rapturously received 'How Long', 'Sweet Sherry' and 'Real Humdinger'. With his vocal range undiminished by the passing of a decade and a half, this was a loud and proud prelude to the climax of the Revue.

Edwin Starr spun around: his big powerful body bursting out of his pale, open-necked shirt, soul passion bursting from this Detroit soul dynamo. Cajoling an audience which he held in the palm of his hand, he launched into 'Time', 'Headline News', 'SOS', demanding the accompaniment which we were only too willing to give. If it was cliched at times (we were even persuaded to sing 'Singing In The Rain' — ugh!) it didn't matter. The power and passion of his performance were irresistible.

The first annual Ric Tic Revue had delivered a tremendous night's entertainment. Okay, so next time there'll have to be a little more polish — just being there won't always be enough. However, for this reviewer's money it was 2½ hours of spell-binding soul.

Martin Jones

LIVE!

R-R-RADICATION!

BOLLOCK BROTHERS
London The Venue

JOCK McDONALD — Scottish Svengali or celtic clot? This ever eager entrepreneur just keeps on trying. 4 be 2's, Red Lipstique, and now again for your entertainment and titillation, the revamped Bollock Brothers.

Like a job creation scheme for unemployed gravediggers, the Brothers bundled their way through a dull set. The ensemble was large, varying from eight to ten on synth to sax. The first haunting dirge included a dwarf who gave occasional howls. He could have been an extra from *Time Bandits* who had fallen upon hard times. Cheerful Jock talked his way through the current single, 'Horror Movies', resembling a caped Rod Stewart — Dracula meets Denis Law. The song seemed to be an attack against the notable nighterie personalities who have made good (Strange and O'Dowd), while poor old Jock goes on searching for elusive success.

The circus added a few more members, while Jock left the stage. An insipid frontman took over the singing as the band lurched from weak ska to the elektro-disko days of Landscape a go-go.

McDonald has endeavoured to bring Drac back from the grave; but who needs the Bollock Brothers?

Alan Marke

SUBTLE HINTS
HOI POLOI
Liverpool Left Bank

SUBTLE HINTS bring a bit of welcome vitality back on to the posey Liverpool scene. Young and unaffected by our city's deadly cool, they don't dress too well but they play with a whole lot more fire than most around here can muster and show up a lot of the stuff that's come out of here recently for the gutless slop it is.

In the last six months this five piece have added a devilish tightness to their ardent pop agression. The addition of Vicky Peters on sax has brought some extra colour and adventure, while Vince Clark has matured into a convincingly impassioned frontman and the songs are now impetuously incisive. Thankfully they don't get bogged down in sub Joy Division dirges beloved of so many serious young men trying desperately to convey "passion"; and instead produce an absorbing set of burning tension, that only suffered occasionally from a lack of focus.

Hoi Poloi came off badly in comparison but at first hearing they seem to possess an (as yet) incomplete, shambolic charm, like a less twee, off-centre Orange Juice.

Kev Mc I

MICHAEL PROPHET
Camden Dingwalls

BIG HATS, small hats, wide hats, beezers and tams, probably an adequate percentage of The Big Apple's clientele are present tonight (The Big Apple being South London's top headwear specialists).

Amongst those putting in an appearance for this, Michael Prophet's second London gathering were Ranking Dread, Mikey Dread and General Saint. Before (and after) the escapades onstage interesting video footage was supplied including various Marley material, and the film *Rockers*. This successfully savoured us up for the climax.

Michael Prophet appeared around midnight, possibly the only person here not modelling exotic head garments, backed by a London band compiled for the occasion, featuring various members of Brimstone. Their sound was not as ingenious as The High Times Band, Mr Prophet's JA back up, but credit where credit's due: tonight's band provided the goods.

Cheerful antics were also supplied, along with his co-ordinated stepping which eased the audience into a trance-like sway. The material wasn't without its memorable melodies such as 'Here Comes The Bride', A West Indian version of that uncanny universal custom. Also 'Boom Him Up' in reference to the Vatican, both songs disco 45s from last springtime. However the ultimate was the rendition of his recent 'Just Talking', a hallmark of last year's vocal reggae recordings! The night concluded with 'Gunman' an ode to the absurdity of his environmental health hazard — Radication!

Michael Prophet left the show after an abrupt but entertaining set. Perhaps more London dates?

Dominic Kenny

Prophet shakes his hookie jookie. ***Pic: Joe Wise***

THE BARRACUDAS
West Hampstead Moonlight

THE BARRACUDAS have never fitted into anything, least of all the various coffins constructed around them in the days of old.

A little impact, a little ragged: as the first slick song ends the faithful demand old trash favourites. The professional patter from guitarist Chris Wilson is howled down and a vintage 'Inside My Mind' is thrown out as appeasement. And don't the kids just love it — a dangerously expectant crowd stomps its approval as the bewildered Wilson tries to regain some sort of control.

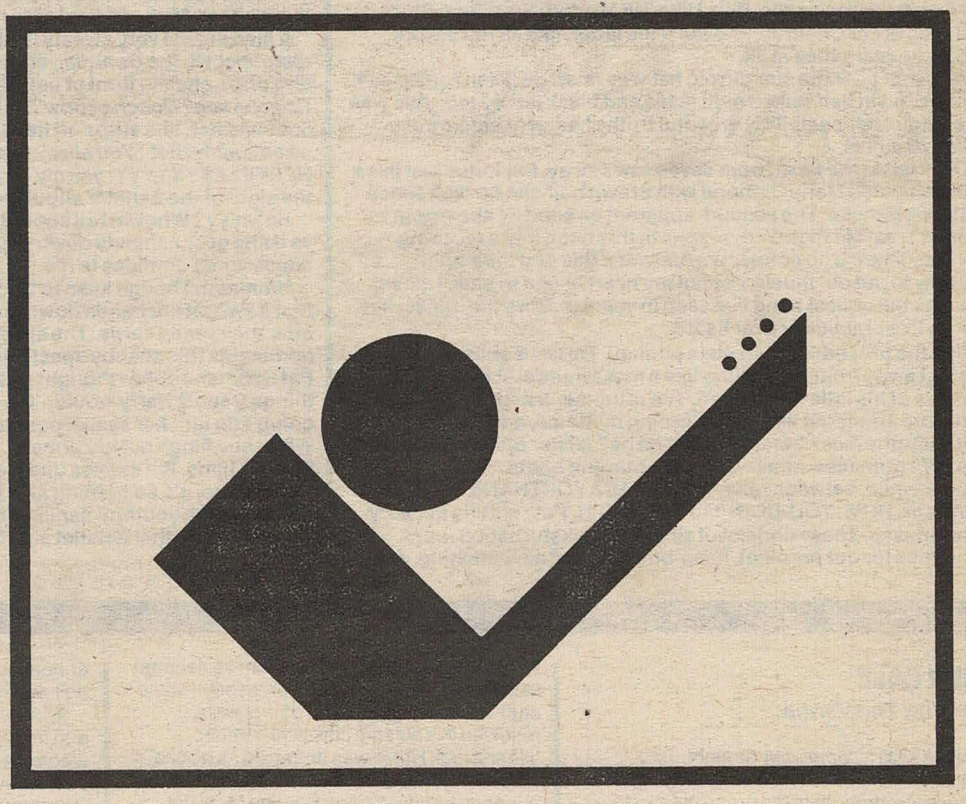
Behind him, eyes agleam, frontman Jeremy Gluck mounts the amps, perhaps hearing the eternal hyena of rock raise its slavering head and howl, the way it's howled since the first sacred rock'n'roll standard was throttled and left for dead.

Oh! the joy of reconstruction; lost chords from long abandoned albums.

Jeremy joins the madly rejoicing throng as an old Love memory, 'Seven And Seven Is', crashes out of the speakers. It's not merely acceptable, it's damn crucial to know there are still bands willing and able to dredge 'em up and churn' em out.

Tony D

MERRICK & TIBBS



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MAT 1

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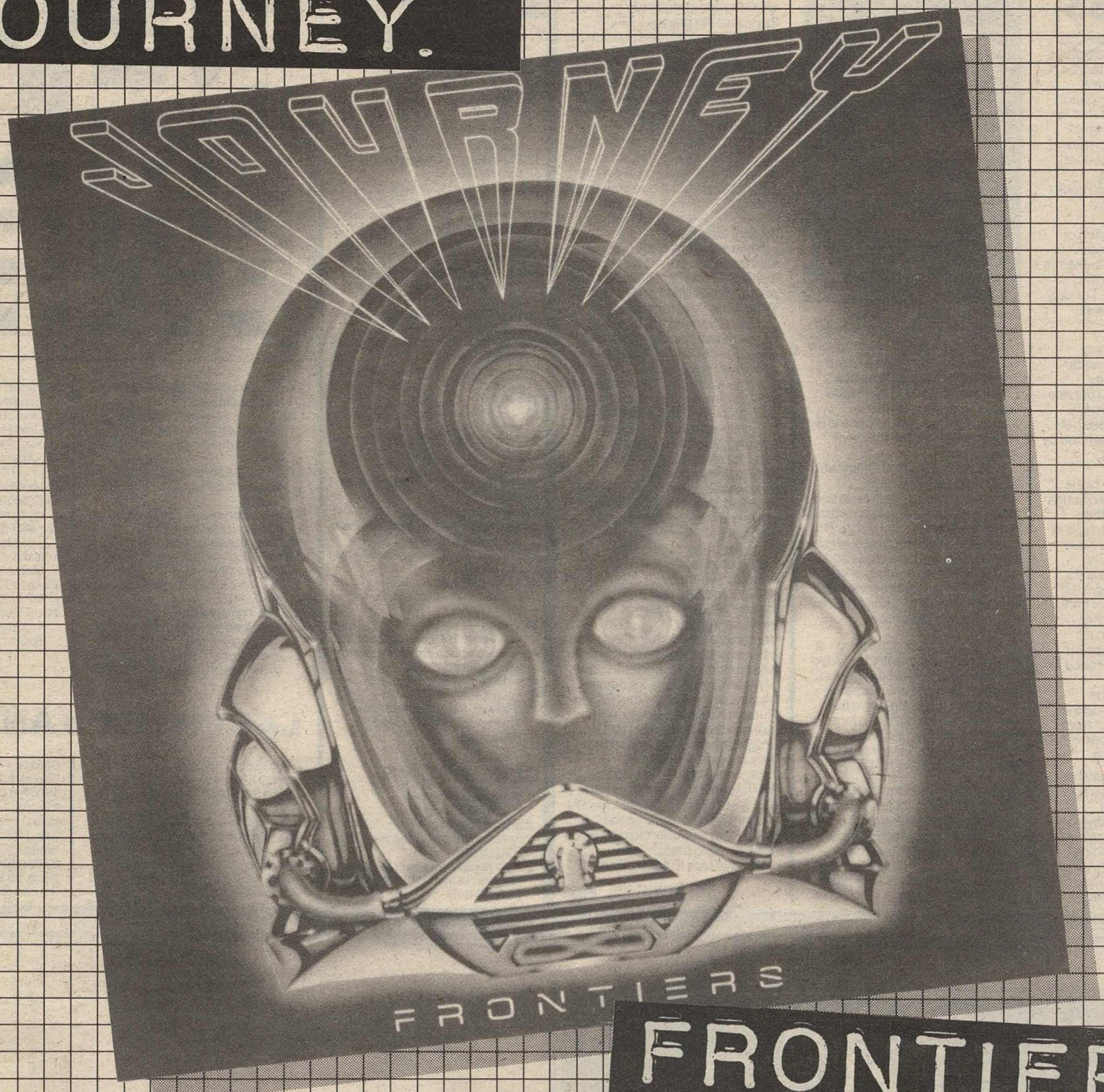
JOURNEY.



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Mining — your business

● ACTRESS Sissy Spacek has just become the latest celebrity to come out with a militant stand against the nuclear industry. Recently the mother of a young daughter, she spoke her mind in no uncertain terms when she decided to lobby the legislature of her home state against planned local uranium prospecting. (Spacek, director-husband Jack Fisk and daughter Schyler Elizabeth live in Virginia).

"Last year my mother died of cancer," Texas-born Spacek said. "My brother died of leukemia when he was 19 and now my other brother has cancer. I'm very serious about this and it *is* all connected."

Coal Miner's Daughter, Sissy Spacek, takes on Uranium miners.

● CND SUPPORTERS are echoing Spacek's sentiments today (Wed, Feb 9) as they assemble from 4.30-7.30 outside London's Guildhall, where US Vice-President George Bush is addressing a meeting attended by the Campaign's General Secretary Bruce Kent.

Because of the brevity of his visit, Mr Bush declined to discuss Cruise deployment with the British Peace Movement; he is in London for only a day. Mr Kent told *NME* however that "By discussing these matters with only the British government, Mr Bush will hear the views of only a minority of the people in the UK. Recent opinion polls — in all sorts of organs — have shown beyond a doubt that the Peace Movement and not the Government represent the majority in our opposition to the siting of Cruise in Britain." Kent will address the rally following his attendance at the meeting.

● A QUESTION mark may hang over the original $1 million ad campaign with which the government meant to convince the public that they really *do* want and need both Cruise and the nuclear industry, but the Ministry of Defence has only resorted to another scheme. Now they plan a smaller, "10-minute" film which will "develop" the theme of our "need for nuclear deterrence". Like its forerunner 'The Peace Game', this short will be distributed through the central film library at the Central Office of Information.

It's also the Central Office who would handle the larger campaign, if approved, in liaison with American-owned advertising agency J Walter Thompson. That campaign would embrace a large series of ads on hoardings and in newspapers, promoting a new batch of Trident submarines and the deployment of Cruise missiles at Greenham Common.

● IN MORE immediate terms, a worker who apparently "pressed the panic button" at Hunterston nuclear power station three weeks ago (shutting down the works for almost sixteen hours) has now obtained an unfair dismissal appeal. He was sacked after a "disciplinary hearing".

● NOTES FROM the continuing Sizewell enquiry include the news that only a few days after the worst East Coast floods since 1953, the Central Electricity Generating Board have told the enquiry that "there is no need to build flood protection measures which would specifically protect the site of the proposed PWR". This follows in the line of what one national reporter referred to merely as "bald assurances" the CEGB have been providing so far throughout the safety hearings.

Bald assurances are not going too well with the nuclear installation inspectorate; neither have CEGB spokespersons allayed the fears of local people that there could be a serious flying 'incident' involving any Sizewell station — given its proximity to military airfields.

Most alarming of all, however, was a sudden announcement by the CEGB that the "uncertainties" about "capabilities and costs" at Windscale's reprocessing facilities have led the Board to an independent decision that they should construct yet another spent fuel storehouse!

Previously, all publicly informed parties have assumed that waste and spent fuel would be cooled and then stored at Britain's existing Advanced Cooled Reactor (AGR) sites and then sent to Windscale for reprocessing (currently, all UK reprocessing, as well as some for other countries' waste, takes place at that Cumbrian complex known also as Sellafields).

And previous to the announcement by Dr John Wright — planning and research director for the CEGB — that "it is not thought prudent" to plan on Windscale alone, there had never been *any* suggestion that *anyone* had considered the construction of a new storehouse for nuclear waste. Now we know that British Nuclear Fuels are far enough along in their own plans for Dr Wright to have announced that they already envisage a "concrete block house composed of standard modules which would be 1,000 feet by 165 feet", ideally planted on "a site with good rail links and preferably close to a reprocessing plant".

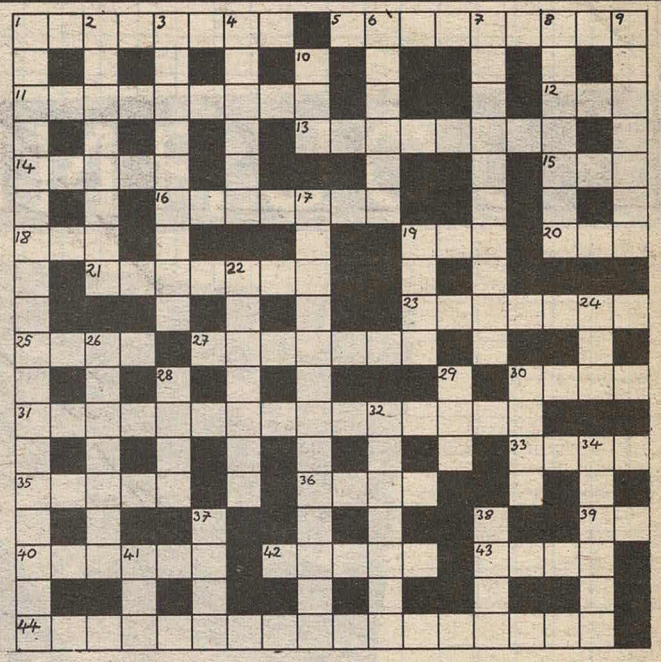
Always nice to be told, isn't it?

CYNTHIA ROSE

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

NME XPRESS WORD

Compiled by TREVOR HUNGERFORD



CLUES ACROSS

1. Also Grain Yes? — alternative title for Dexys album (3-3-2)
5. Member of SLF who bears junk around (4-5)
11. He's had many hits, two of the lesser ones being 'Crazy Water' and 'Bite Your Lip' (5-4)
12. For this lot the cat crept in just after tiger feet (3)
13+43A. *"I don't know why she's riding so high — she ought to think right, she ought to do right by me"* 1965 number one (6-2-4)
14. The Cure, who were always Jumping Someone Else's — (5)
16. American band who rendered 'The Banana Splits (Tra La La Song)' (7)
18+21A. Damned disease-ridden rodent (3-7)
19. Cabaret Voltaire album from out of the fresh air (3)
20. Charles Aznovoice (*sic*) Number One (3)
21. see 18A
23. *"Here we come, walking down the street..."* (7)
25. Tumble-down group (4)
27. Mari Wilson's first single release from 1980 (7)
30. The (lucky) arsenal Jam school? (4)
31. 1979 Buzzcocks single (7-2-2-24)
33. Stranglers number that gave them a firm hold in the charts (4)
35. Where David Gates earned all his money (5)
36. A musician's separate composition — from within a solo push? (4)
39. Wendy —, who recently released a new version of 'For Your Love' (2)
40. A group who can busk backwards with us outside! (2-4)
42. — In Winter, Skids single (5)
43. see 13A
44. 'Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme' was one of their album releases (5-3-9)

CLUES DOWN

1. Wylie tale of Chelsea F.C.? (3-5-2-3-5)
2. Irish band who originally included three brothers until one was killed last year (8)
3. After Kojak's version of 'If', this duo brought out another version just as funny (3-3-3)
4. Blondie's third single to make the Number One slot (6)
6. Chinese-Takeaway punks (6)
7. Beat song that doubled as an A-side with 'Stand Down Margaret' (4-6)
8. One of the all-time best selling albums from Fleetwood Mac, so I hear (7)
9. Everyday hurts — not a happy place to eat for them (3-4)
10. Given the rap by Adam (3)
17. 1975 Top 10 number from George McCrae (3-4-2-4)
19. The vicar's favourite Ultravox record (4)
22. *"I don't know why sometimes I get frightened"* line from 1980 hit of New Zealand origin (1-3-3)
24. Another one of 11 Across' lesser known hits, this one from 1978 (3)
26. Punks, whose earlier singles included 'Ain't Got A Clue' and 'Just Thirteen' (7)
28. Graham —, British R&B saxophonist who formed his 'Organization' in the '60s; he died in 1974 under a tube-train (4)
29. Michael Jackson's rat song (3)
30. Graeme —, Moody Blues drummer (4)
32+34D. Rod Stewart biggie from 1972 (3-4-2-4)
37. Band who released 'Heat Of The Moment' single last year (4)
38. And a Flock of Seagulls single from last year (1-3)
41. UK heavy band whose numbers include Doctor Doctor and Shoot Shoot (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+6D You Can't Hurry Love, 7 Eton, 8 Zowie, 10 Enid, 12 New, 13 Green, 16 Out, 17 A(rthur) R(ubinstein), 19 The Fridge, 23 Saw, 24 Case, 25 Dot, 26 A(verage) W(hite) B(and), 28 E.T, 30 North, 32 Green Card, 34 ICA, 35 Prayer, 36 Academy, 41 Nose, 42 Someone, 46 All, 47 V(era) L(ynn), 48 European Female.

DOWN: 1 Yazoo (Upstairs At Eric's), 2 Avenue, 3 The War, 4 and 33D Red Crayola, 5 Year, 6 See 1 A, 9 Watts, 11 See 40 D, 14 East, 15 New Order, 18 Rider, 20 Heat, 21 Fab, 22 Eden, 24 Can't Dance, 27 White, 29 Tex, 31 Ra-ras, 32 Gary, 33 See 4 D, 37 Co. (Company), 38 Devo, 39 More, 40 and 11D Do It, 42 Sun, 43 Mae, 44 Elm, 45 Eve.

NEW SINGLE

◊

WAVES
(new version)

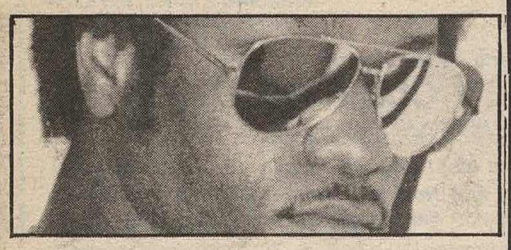
◊

BLANCMANGE

◊

7" & 12"
7" · blanc 4 , 12" · blanx 4 ·
EXTRA TRACK ON 12"

LONDON



BIG BAD PRINCE CHARLES

●Continued from page 15

One of the things that distinguishes funk is the way the instruments are used as extensions of the human voice.

"That makes a lot of sense. Black music to me is heavy on the bottom, bass, and heavy on the vocals. And one of my instruments is a wind synthesizer, the Lyricon, and I'm trying to express it as vocally as possible. When I first started playing I was very mechanical. What was missing was the element of human-ness. And I think I found it, and in my newer stuff it's really coming out."

Another thing that distinguishes funk is that it's highly sexual.

Tony: "The reason why I dug him and dealt with him is that I was dealing with black music and I couldn't find anybody that was sex. They had taken the sex out of the black music and musicians. We were made to be either gay, faggety, or whitewashed, devoid of funk. Devoid of sex at all. In other words, Elvis Presley was sex, but Chuck Berry wasn't. Now Sly came along and changed that. He was pure sex. The closest thing that came along during the time of disco was Bootsy Collins. He was a sexy musician, but nobody pushed him like that."

Charles: "I don't want to be, like, stuffed. I want to be able to . . . I don't know. It's hard for me to talk about music. He understands it from a word perspective better than I do. I understand it from notes, and feeling, and textures."

But Charles, it's hard to swallow this thing you do where you say "I'm just a musician, he's the interpreter." You must think about the meaning of what you do.

"I guess I do. I don't know. When I write words they just tell me where they want to go. Because I have experienced all this shit, and they just tell me."

Tony: "You should swallow it 'cause it's the truth. We're a team. We do play off each other's brains that way. It's not as simple as we make it out to be. We talk and we fight."

Charles: "Sometimes I do think about what these things mean. But I guess after I say them and it comes out of my mouth, it's gone. So I can just play."

Is your music disruptive?

Charles: "I'd like to be more disruptive than I am. But, you know, that shit wouldn't be allowed."

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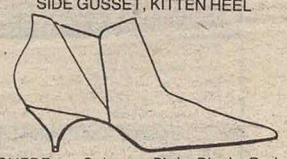

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Source NRS Jan/June 1982

RECORD

WORKERS' PLAYtime

Helen O'Hara started playing violin at school and realised immediately that this was what she wanted to do with her life. Individual lessons, some jazz-rock groups and a classical training course at Birmingham followed, culminating in a chance meeting with Kevin Rowlands at a bus stop in Brum. Dexys beat Beethoven hands down.

Here, half the Emerald Express discusses bows, Barcus Berrys, and more.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

IT SOUNDS very biased, but I do think violin is a hard instrument to play – it's just something you continue learning, improving your technique. I think even some of the amazing fiddle players, speaking technically, still say they've got a lot to learn.

It's difficult to learn because it's a very unnatural instrument to play. I think the cello's more natural: the gravity, how you hold it. The hard thing with the violin is to balance the weight; you're just holding this thing and it's very uncomfortable to begin with.

Bowing is perhaps harder than the left hand With a good ear you can learn the left hand if you work, but the bowing is very hard. My problem is I've got long arms – if your arm is shorter it helps, I don't know why it always looks easier. You've also got to loosen up your fingers, that takes a while.

Dexys wanted me to play really hard, and luckily I'd been working on that with a teacher anyway.

Helen O'Hara *Pic Tony Bacon*

So many fiddle players just tickle the thing, sort of woolly, but that wasn't what this was about. The actual feel of Dexys' music was something that I seemed to fall into straight away, the natural thing.

The hardest part was to get the phrasing right. The detail involved was incredible, it needed to be worked on, but in the end it feels the most natural thing to do. That was hard.

When we record I use my best violin, a modern Swiss one. I'm not that happy with it actually, but I think that's something all instrumentalists go through. We record that with an overhead mic, a flat sound, no reverb, no echo, very natural.

You can pay a lot for a violin. My Swiss one was made in 1973, I suppose it's worth about a thousand which is nothing. I scraped that together with various jobs at college. But funnily enough the bow is very important, almost more important than the fiddle sometimes. If you've got a good bow it just makes life a lot easier. I don't like the bow too light because I'm always scared of dropping it. They can be very expensive too, a thousand quid for a good bow.

Now I'd go for an older violin, because it gets its sound through age, through being played. Mine would need a lot more playing. I liked it at the time because it had a hard sound, I was fed up with the soft, syruppy sort of sound. The aged sound also depends on whether it's Italian, German or whatever.

It's such a long process finding violins for sale, going into shops, and often you'll play it in a shop and it'll sound really fantastic because the room's got a lot of reverb in it, really lively. You think it's good, but you often need to play it in a dead room with carpets and curtains, that's the best test I think. If you can make it sound good there, then when you get it in a live place it'll sound great.

I'm still experimenting with different strings. I use a completely different set of strings for recording than I would for stage. For recording, acoustic, I use Eudoxa, generally aluminium-covered gut, very expensive. I quite like them, they suit my fiddle. For stage I use a combination of Thomastik for the A, D and Gs, and Dominant for the Es, because we've found the Thomastik very shrill for the top string. They're quite reasonably priced. We also use adjusters on stage, fine-tuners at the bridge end, which are life-savers in the heat and sweat of stage work.

When we play live we move a lot, so you can't just stand by a mic. I got in touch with violinist Ric Sanders, he has a lot of experience. I rang him up and said, *'Help!'* We didn't want to use his sound, but told him what we wanted. He advised getting some old strong fiddles, solid German ones, he knew someone who could convert them, a bloke call Chris Myring who works with Joan Armatrading.

So we did that, and he fitted Barcus Berry pickups with a hole drilled at the side so you could have a jack plug, rather than those thin little leads that they normally supply. But I must admit we're not happy with the sound we're getting on stage. We haven't had feedback problems at all, because we're DI-ing into the desk, but then we're not exactly very loud on stage, compared to other groups.

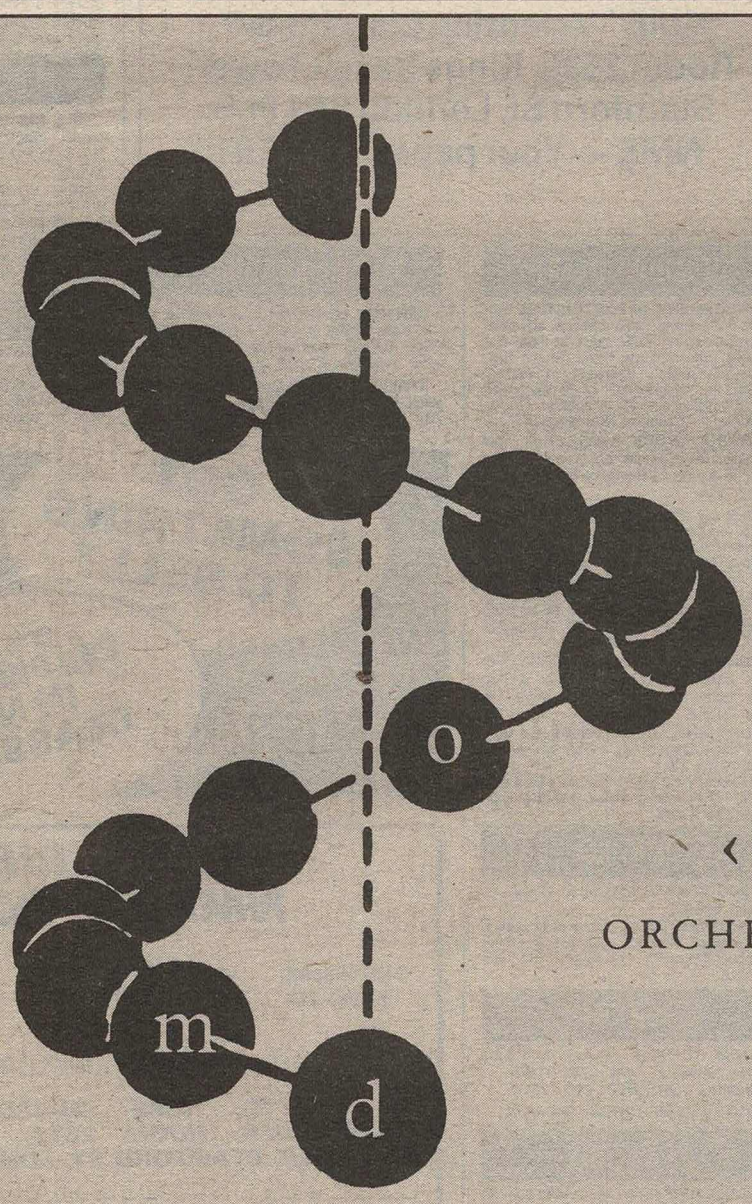
The sound's too thin, toppy, on stage. I don't really know what the answer is. I think we might try some kind of amps, something like a Fender Twin maybe. It's something that obviously takes time to experiment with, and it's not as though you can chat about it with lots of fiddle players like guitarists can about their instruments. I'm wondering whether it's the quality of the fiddles, they're not *bad* acoustically, but they're not great.

When you're playing regularly live you need to clean the fiddle a lot, you get a special oil from shops. I use really old horrible perfumes that me mum's given to me for the fingerboard, to keep that clean. I change the strings roughly every two shows. The bow really is a problem, the amount of hairs that come out – the balance goes. I've heard that there's a really good nylon hair you can get in the States, which I may try to find when we go there.

Obviously it depends on how much money you've got, but I wouldn't advise anyone to get a factory-made Japanese or Chinese fiddle because they're really enough to put you off, it's so depressing if you can't get a nice sound from your instrument. I think if you've got between 60 and 100 quid to spend you can get quite a good old German fiddle, say, like the ones we use live. Same with the bow. But the best thing, if you've got no experience and you're starting out, is to try to get your teacher, or a friend who plays, to go with you. It's virtually impossible to use your own judgement, and you can't always trust a shopkeeper. That way you can also hear somebody else play it, because when it's close to your ear it sounds completely different.

O'HARA HEARSAY

Musical tuition: Four-year performing course at Birmingham School of Music. "I really had some brilliant teachers – Andrew Watkinson in my second year, particularly."
Favourite violinists: "For classical, Itzhak Perlman. In my area, I know who I don't like! But there are so few – I like L Shankar's first LP, that knocked me out."
Favourite engineer/studio: "I've only used one. Alan Winstanley at Genetic, and 'Celtic Soul Brothers' we did at Air with a great fiddle sound. I've been pleased with those."
Favourite instrument: "It would have to be the Swiss one."
Favourite venue played: "Theatres, rather than modern concert halls."
Favourite recorded work: 'Celtic Soul Brothers', 'All In All', 'Let's Make This Precious'.



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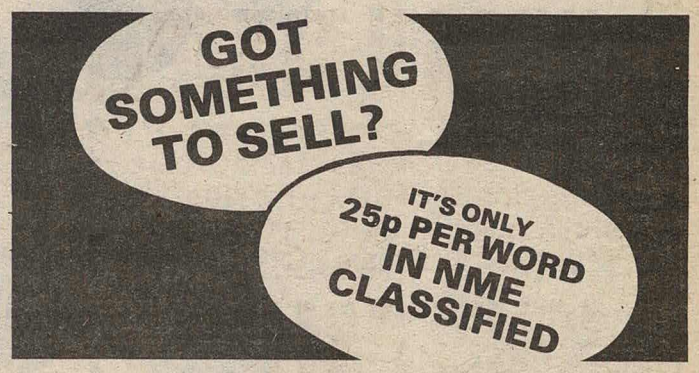

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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — you not alone, when You are still alone . . . this Friday takes place a Cultural Musical Showcase at the Simba Youth Centre, 239 Uxbridge Road, W12 featuring live onstage Rico and Ras Michael with the Sons of Negus, plus on the dance floor Seven Warriors sound system — North London's champion sound. Food and drink on sale. Admission: £2 . . . **O God from You, that I could private be** . . . a Valentines special Clash of the Titans with Sir Biggs and Unity to be held at St Olaves Church Hall, Seven Sisters Road, Manor House on Friday — 7pm till late — with tickets at £1.50 in advance from Kingsway-Princeton College. Smart dress . . . **since You one were, I never since was one** . . . at Riverdale Hall, Rennell Street, Lewisham, E13 on Friday — from 8.30pm to 2am — in tune to a Grand Valentines Dance with the party sound of Lovers Oasis and also hitbound sounds from Pioneer International. Licensed bar and food. Tickets £3.50 from Peter and David 01-761 1649 . . . **since You in Me, my selfe since out of Me** . . . also on Friday is a fund raising concert for the Sickle Cell Society with Loose Ends, Classic Black, Iegba dance group, Safari steelband, Nyanisis and sounds by Hawkeye at Brent Town Hall, Wembley. Compere Tony Williams. Special guest Carroll Thompson . . . **transported from my Selfe, into Your being** . . . and live onstage at Spots Club, The Podium, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, Vauxhall, SW8 Friday is Barry Biggs. Doors open 9pm till 3am . . . **though either distant, present yet to either** . . . at the Canal Club on Wellington Estate, Bethnal Green this Saturday is a St Valentines Dance — 8 till late — rocking to the A1 sound Mysterious Rhythm. Admission: £1. Food and drink available . . . **senselesse with too much Joy, each other seeing** . . . at Tottenham Town Hall, High Cross, N17 this Saturday is A Get-Together Dance — from 8pm to 2am — with music by Unity Hi-Fi. Admission: £3 . . . **and onely absent, when Wee are together** . . . at the Peoples Club, Praed Street, W2 on Saturday is a Valentine Bonanza featuring Hawkeye International with Ernie and Dave Rodigan at the controls plus Papa Face, Papa John, Trevor Notch, plus Grantle, Franko and Nuf posses. Tickets from Hawkeye 01-961 0866 . . . **give Me my Selfe, and take your Selfe againe** . . . at the Podium Banqueting Suite, Vauxhall re above address on Saturday is Jay's Movement designer of the year fashion show and Valentine Dance — from 7pm to 3am — nonstop dancing from 11.30 with Guy Jones and the Checkers and Sir Higgins Disco. Tickets 01-272 5193 . . . **devise some meanes but how I may forsake You** . . . live onstage at Acton Town Hall on Saturday is the Crescendos plus sounds by Lappy Dingbacks Disco. Bar and creole kitchen. Tickets £3 on 01-960 2370 . . . **so much is Mine, that doth with You remaine** . . . also on Saturday is a Valentines Party at the Kensal Community Centre, Kensal Road — 8pm to 2am — featuring Mastermind with Starline Video. Licensed bar and food. Information 01-908 4101 . . . **that taking what is Mine, with Me I take You** . . . and on Saturday is a Grand Dance at the Regal Room, Edmonton, N18 — from 8pm to 2am — with music by Serenados band and Orienoco disco. Licensed bar and West Indian food . . . **you doe bewitch Me** . . . also held on Saturday is a Caribbean Fashion Show and Dance — from 7pm to 1am — at the Michael Sobell Sports Centre, Hornsey Road, N7 with music by Arawaks steelband plus Ital Hi-Fi with Shades Of Black and limbo dancer. Tickets from the Centre 01-607 1632 . . . **O that I could flie, from my Selfe You** . . . the following Sunday afternoon is a jump up at the Tabernacle, Powis Square, Ladbroke Grove, W11 — from 4pm till 10 — with the Glissando steelband and soca sound system celebrating Trinidad's centenary Carnival. Admission: £1 . . . **or from your owne Selfe I** . . . and on Valentines Night proper next Monday at Brixton's Ace live onstage Michael Prophet and Soul Pepper. Sounds by Nasty Rockers with mcs Ricky Ranking, Johnny Dollar and Baby Weller . . . **One Love . . .**

Bristol stomp

ST PAULS stompers **Black Roots** have their debut discomix for Silvertown newly released coupling 'Move On' and 'Wha Them A Do' (STST 002). Produced by Denny Vidal, it follows up the Bristol octet's pair of previous efforts for the Nubian imprint, the 'Bristol Rock' EP and last year's 'Chanting For Freedom'. Present line up of the group is Cordell Francis as "Frenchie" (lead guitar); Errol Brown (vocals and percussion); Charlie Bryan (lead vocals); Trevor "Ranking" Seivwright (drums); brothers Jabulani Ngozi (rhythm guitar) and Kondwani Ngozi (congas and harmony vocals); Derrick King (bass) and Carlton Smith (keys).

Also from the Avon valley is **Noel Smith and Zion Band** with a single entitled 'Freedom City', the title song from the reggae, soul and funk musical based around the St Pauls confrontation of a couple of years ago. Produced by Yvonne Deutschman and Reynold Duncan, the tune dispenses 'Babylon Fire And Dub' (Freedom City — FC 001) on its flip.

Other discomix release include: **Ras Dashan,** '83 Time' and 'Wadada' c/w **Princess Ebony,** 'King And I' (Wadada — W4001) — produced by Herb Tekla & Tafari Orthodox; **Winston Reedy,** 'Dim The Light' c/w 'Shower Of Rain' (Carousel — CAR 4) — arranged by Jackie Mittoo; **Ronnie Davis,** 'You Don't Want Me' and **Ringo,** 'Gun Man' c/w Ronnie Davis, 'What Must I Do' and Ringo, 'Old Lady' (Progressive — PROG 005) — produced by D French and S Symoie; **Vivian Jones & Pieces,** 'Trying' (Isa Chant — ISAC 002); **Delroy Wilson,** 'Living In The Footsteps' c/w 'So Long Jenny' (Live & Love LLDS 111); and **Johnny Clarke,** 'Do I Do I' (Ariwa — ARI 1016) — produced by Jah Dave.

Black Roots: the kids in Bristol whistle sharp as a pistol...

THE WORKS OF BYRON

THE SOLO career of former Black Stones lead vocalist Byron Otis proceeds diligently, if slowly, with a quartet of releases to his credit since parting from the vocal trio nearly two years back.

Three of these titles have been for Bert and Pepe Campbell's Ital label, beginning with a version of Delroy Wilson's 'Love You Madly', followed by a Ray Armstrong song 'Bring Back My Baby' and his current release 'So You Say'. Pugilist Jah Larry was responsible for his fourth, 'Love In A Common City', released both here and in Jamaica where it "raised a little stir" on the local radio station.

Born in Jones Town, Kingston, Byron arrived in this country aged 13 and two year's later sang in a group called The Mystron Five alongside Keithroy Drummond. Both were to sing vocals with Black Slate, Byron during their embryonic state as Young Ones From Zion and Keith as his replacement following the other's solo skirmish with Lloydie Coxsone, which produced one 45 release 'Sugar Bum' on Jama.

He joined Black Stones originally just for the one session 'Can't Get No Money To Spend', but stayed on for nearly five years recording a batch of singles and one LP along the way.

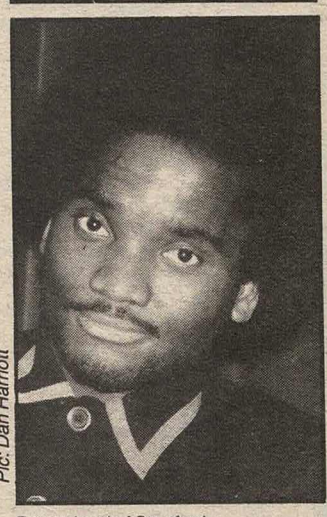
"I feel though," he says, "that my major problem is not being consistent. I mean one record a year is not good enough. Also, the rhythms which I am singing on, with the sort of voice I have, them not strong enough."

However, Byron plans to go to Jamaica and build music out there later this year, and in the meantime lives in Stratford, east London where "I'm devoting all my time to music. Usually I work on a building site as a brickie, though I am presently not employed, so therefore I can put *more* into the music."

He is presently working on interpretations of The Isley's 'This Old Heart Of Mine' via the Cool Operator's rock steady delivery and also The Paragons' 'Things You Say You Love' for the Campbell brothers, while a song entitled 'Give Me Your Loving' cut for former Fatman controller Robert Fearon, now with Unity Hi-Fi, is set for issue at the end of the month.

Penny Reel

REGGAE RUNNINGS



Pic: Dan Harriott

Byron: bard of Stratford.

NEXT WEEK

JULIAN TEMPLE

The British director who made *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* talks exclusively to Chris Bohn about film making, his current projects including the youth TV series, *Teenager,* and his ABC film.

JOHN CALE

A regular visitor to the Next Week Box, Mr Cale makes his second consecutive appearance in this slot. Deeply hurt by Barney Hoskyn's claim that he was . . . er . . . *fat,* he refused to appear in this week's issue. "My God," said Cale, "compared to Bernie Haskin *anybody's* big! I've seen more fat on a chip than on him."

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I've written letters about Paul Weller before and not once has one been printed.
Nm, USA.
Now that I've broken your duck perhaps you'll turn your attention to more interesting matters — RC.

BLACK STUFF (CONT.)

Well done Peter Kerrigan and Barry Hawkins. Along with the 'tossy' Blackstuff Lads and others you have managed to reduce Bleasdale's series to the very thing it needed to avoid: hero worship. Yosser et al are not there to be capitalised upon or copied but to be pitied and hopefully to instigate positive thoughts about how we should reduce unemployment of the level experienced in Liverpool, Tyneside, Yorkshire etc.

Unemployment, poverty, hard times — not fashions but realities that we can do without, certainly until we reappraise the meaning of leisure.
Bradford, not a poet.

I would just like to further the remark you made to the mindless bastards who seem to want a *Fame* job made out of *BFTBS*. Those plays were a much needed reflection of the hell we live in. Bernard Hill played his part excellently and made the point. But it should be left at that — it shouldn't be glorified. It's thoroughly wrong that people should make money out of people living on the dole, turning the whole series into a laughing stock. There I was, seeing it for the first time and thinking, Christ, people will see it and react, maybe even pull together and get something done. Instead all they see is money ringing up in front of their eyes.
Iona Stone, Cambridge.

THE *REAL* KIDS FROM FAME

It was nice to see you chaps on TV the other night. Always wondered what you lot look like. Where was Paul Morley? Despite what everyone else says I think he's a wonderful writer. I mean Adrian Thrills is so bloody normal. I suppose poor old Richard Cook was out slogging the country to interview some obscure jazz artiste again.
Chris W, Sy Germans, Cornwall.
No, I was home listening to Radio Norway — RC.

'GENIUS'

Music. Contemporary music. A fickle and transitory thing. An impermanent statement caused by the next up and coming hypocrisy. A short livid bleat. A blind religion. An embarrassing joke. A myth. An escape. Those who breed it tranquillising their own fears, those who eat it diluting their defects of personality. A heap of lost causes. Fingering nothing. Chasing the intangible, at the same time being scared of it. Writings, rantings, beliefs and insights to the cause remain forever meaningless. Proofless and pointless. A bit like talking of the weather. A cover-up. Doing nothing apart from perpetuating a circle which has already been run, rehashed and churned out a thousand times before. Round and round and round again. Forever onwards, backwards to go forwards. It's only *only* rock'n'roll. It's only laughable. Sorry boys and girls.
DLR, Cornwall.
So am I. Cheer up — at least you're laughing! — RC.

JAZZ MUSIC

Jas Sherry, in his letter about the piece on Coltrane, is surely missing the point. The effect of Richard Cook's excellent article will hopefully be to interest the readers in the man and his music to the extent that they *do* go out and listen to some of his work. The *NME's* coverage of jazz *is* scrappy but then it doesn't purport to be anything else. It should be maintained at such a level that people who perhaps know little about jazz will occasionally read and be interested enough by an article to find out more.

To say "I like rock, therefore I will not like anything else" is a form of bigotry — not as damaging but just as stupid and sad as racial or sexual bigotry. There is a wealth of music to be heard. To complain when merely presented with information about an artist who is highly rated by many people is to indicate a closed mind and limited outlook. Open your ears and open your mind!
Dave Jago, Gerrard Street, London W1.

I have just spent the afternoon listening to a few new / old jazzers and I am still trying to trace this mystifying 'playing out of tune.' I have, however, heard some invigorating music. As stated some of the best and most informative writing in *NME* has come in this field and for anyone wishing to know more of the the thoughts and methods of John Coltrane, what better than Richard Cook's article. The perfect base from which to begin investigations.

John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' is currently on sale for £2.99 in most decent record shops.
K Smith, Edinburgh.
For a round of drinks, the most satisfying spiritual draught you could wish for — RC.

Pardon the seeping of restlessness but I have just been an unwilling witness to *The Tube*, the latest thing since sliced bread, and there I came to see U2. Now I know there have been considerable acres of space devoted to the one time Irish equivalent of The Skids and it was once true that the naive posturing of these little boys was acceptable purely for their innocence. Now it becomes harder to accept.

U2, a bastard version of traditional rock'n'roll, make two obvious mistakes and show that their hearts beat in accordance with the early '70s.

1. They chug. That awful moment in a song where the guitarist flicks up and down, a simple smile traversing his unfortunate features.

2. They don't just play their guitars, they show them to us! Why *are* they doing this? I thought The Shadows were dead but Lord, no, here they come with miniature quifflings, walking backwards to the drums and then forwards to the stage edge where they can show us their guitars. We've seen guitars before, we know what they're like. What have U2 unearthed that we need to be shown? Tell all.
Doctor Syn.

A fair amount, Doc. Your analysis is shrewd but it misses the achievement of an important group. Surely U2 are anything *but* a "bastard version" of anything — they look to be a kind of undefiled celestial child born out of the howling rags of Hendrix and the young Townshend. You do an injustice to a shot at the rock trance that is painfully honest in its way — RC.

In the past there have been TV shows on bands such as The Stones, Hendrix, The Doors etc, but no early Pink Floyd / Syd Barrett circa '66 to '68. Have the Floyd never wanted their *TOTP* performance of 'See Emily Play' to be reshown because of Barrett's exit? Please shed some light on the matter.
Pink, Milton Keynes.
It may be because they no longer believe in magic — RC.

After making a New Year's resolution that I would become a somnambulist, and also avoid using my brain, I have become an avid reader of *NME*.
Errol Gruntfuttochs, Auckland, New Zealand.

If you say one more snide remark about Duran Duran, eg 'Duran suck' or 'Duran are doggie poo' or 'Duran are bogey crap' I will subscribe for five years.
ET The Extra Testicle.
Shan't! — 'Slogger' Cook.

'YOU WANT' GETS NOTHING AT ALL

Yet again the media has decided to play it safe and not risk incurring the displeasure of anyone with power or influence. I am refering to the farce of the C4 *Whatever You Want* programme on Trade Unions and youth unemployment. C4 was supposed to be a channel for the people, allowing you and me access to discuss, and see discussed, issues that we care about and that are either ignored or covered inadequately by the other three stations. Some hope! In another year's time you won't be able to see any differences as it becomes just as reactionary and conservative as the others.

The best thing about *Whatever You Want* was Keith Allen. With his refusal to become just another superficial presenter and his obvious opposition to the 'system' it was apparent that he could not remain long in the job. Far too hot for C4 too handle. The saga proves that access television is open to anyone just so long as they don't want to rock C4's nice, comfortable boat, full of 'I'm all right Jacks' paying lip service to airing alternative views. Not until we take control of our country for ourselves and free it from the self-interest of those running it — businessmen and the media as well as government — can anything change. Perhaps a cancelled 18-minute programme is a small thing to make a fuss about then it's the small things that matter.
Marguerite Borris, Stoke Newington N16.
Make haste slowly. I don't think it's particularly productive applying an indiscriminate hatchet to the fourth button. Their announcers alone seem, shall we say, 'left-field' — RC.

A 'YANK' WRITES

I wish to make two suggestions regarding format—

1. Expand the Tour News and Record News departments to encompass a minimum of ten pages.

2. Solicit from your advertisers larger and more detailed insertions (therefore requiring more newsprint also).

Being one of your many 'Yank' readers, I have learned to glean far more relevant information about my precious British music from those sections of *NME* than the rest of the paper combined.
Fred Mills, Durham, NC 27701 USA.

GOD AIN'T IN MY KITCHEN

In answer to the infantile narcissism and senile arrogance before my eyes and within your words, my own drive to perform is derived from meeting incomprehension in other beings. This outer lack of perceptions breeds the need to teach. The accessibility and sense of preaching to the unconverted in modern music / performance appealed. The different perspectives teach in different disciplines. The basic perspective of the dance beat teaches one style of how to enjoy one's senses. The intellectual imagery can decipher and dispel some of the propagandised limitations placed on daily experience leading the listener to umimagined worlds of cognition and truth.

We are egotistically locked in our short era of self-discovery forgetting how painfully slow we have been in the past to accept the possibility of the new and accurate. The use of the dated and meaningless words 'good' and 'bad', imposing the arrogant, dubiously imposed 'morality' of the borrowed subjective perspective encourages false norms, the birth of pretention. Some acts play with passion, some project passion but a few bands *are* passion.
Dave Holmes, Manchester.
And some are fronted by hypocrites bleeding pretension like so much Psychic TV static. Piss off — RC.

GAG

Is it true that the remaining members of Haircut One Hundred are to rename themselves 'The New Barnets'?
Godzilla The Pawnbroker, New Barnet.

PETE'S DRAGGIN'

Another group comes into the Top Ten
Now the teeny bop fans scream again
The little girls scream near and afar
The name to latch on to is Pete Wylie and Wah
The DJ says I knew they'd make it from the start
You're a lying dickhead and a boring fart

Forget Nick Heyward, you've found the new group
You'll dream of Pete Wylie over your soup
If I told you and gave you a surprise
Would it bring tears to your eyes?
People liked Wah, before most of you's
Well before 'The Story of the Blues'.

Old woman sings Wah as she mops
Cos the night before you were on *TOTP*
So when, Pete, you're making your rock star plans
Don't forget the real original loyal Wah fans.
Pete Rea, Liverpool.
I printed your name to embarrass you in front of your friends — RC.

QUESTION

Having arrived at the Venue to see The Farmer's Boys I was told by someone there that the support band The Alarm had played. At about 9:40 a band came on and played whom I thought were The Farmer's Boys. In last week's *NME* was a picture of The Farmer's Boys — that was not the band I saw. Then I saw in *MM* a photo of The Alarm — *that* was the band I saw. So do I get a job with *NME* or do I have to buy *Sounds* from now on?
K Bolina, Hounslow.
Neither. You get a job with The Farmer's Boys — RC.

BARNEY'S BANE

Barney Hoskyns, you are wrong! And that is just the least of your faults.
Simon Mars, Tunbridge Wells.
Mr Mars went on to take Barney to task for his not especially complimentary review of Neil Young's 'Trans' record, arguing along the lines of Young's restless progression, capacity to change etc. But what of these other faults of our master critic besides his being wrong? — RC

I am a rock fan in her early 20s, single, with a very fascinating hobby. I collect old socks and items of underwear once worn by well-known pop and rock performers. Well, why not? I happen to think it's cheaper than buying records.

I started my collection in 1980, buying a pair of David Bowie's socks — bright yellow with black stripes — at an auction for 20p. Then I met Malcolm McLaren and persuaded him to sell me a pair of pink ones. The holes in the toes didn't matter. I've got a string vest worn by Paul McCartney, a face flannel that belonged to Gary Numan and a toothbrush used by Phil Collins. I should also single out for special mention Paul Weller's schoolboy cap, Renato Pagliari's purple jockey shorts and Boy George's rugby boots.

Alas I couldn't persuade Captain Sensible to part with his red beret, though he did promise to send me a pair of his Rupert Bear pyjamas! I don't suppose *NME* could persuade the tremendously popular Blackstuff Lads to let me have one of their Yosser Hughes donkey jackets? I know I mustn't seem too greedy — but on the other hand, if I don't ask they might keep wearing them until the elbow pads drop off.

You can keep your autographed album covers, concert posters and souvenir programmes — give me a pair of tatty socks or underpants any day.
Carol Adams, Richmond, Surrey.

OPTIMISM

I realise that your paper reflects the time which we live in — a depression — but surely you could make an effort to cheer us up occasionally. Your Xmas edition was excellent, it's just a pity you can't do stuff like that more often. The best things about your paper are the photographs, graphics and artwork. I don't expect ou to cover up what's going on in the world but reading your paper is like reading an obituary.
Nannette Herbert, Surbiton.
Perhaps you're right, Nannette. I applied for a job as a gravedigger once — RC.

SELECTED HIGHLIGHTS FROM OUR MAILBAG

The secret has finally been revealed! How could we all have been so blind?! Now we know where we've been going wrong all these years! You have to mention Tears For Fears and Joy Division in the *same* letter to get it printed twice!!
Marty, Darlington.
Just one of the many alert correspondents who spent 14p to tell us that our production slip was duly noted and acclaimed — thank you Noggin The Nog, Ozzy and all the rest who sent greetings. It warms the cockles of my ancient heart *(That'll do — Ed.)* — RC.

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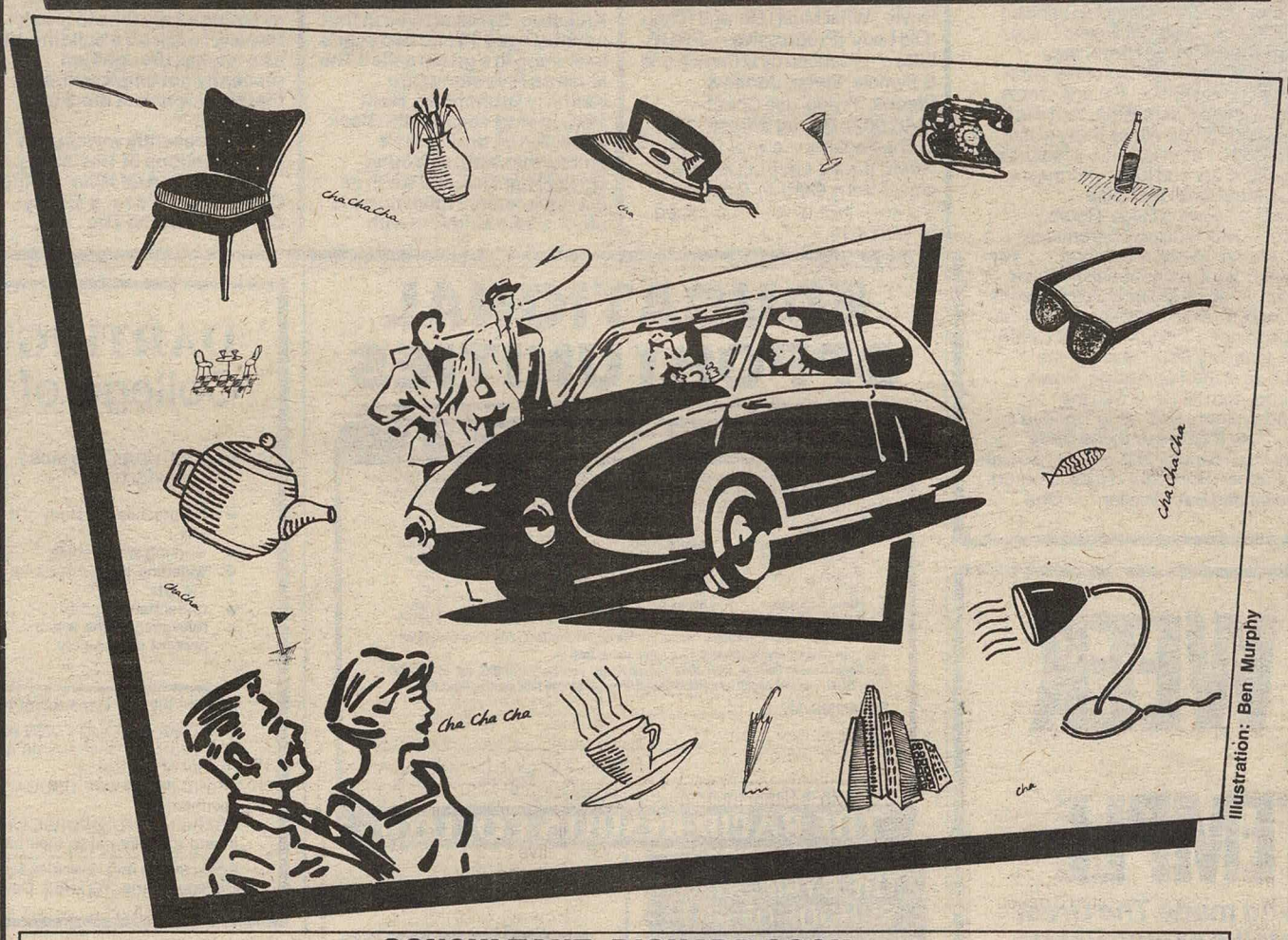

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T-ZERS

UP IN *NME* central the day begins early for your *T-Zers* editor. Down in the B wing he lies tightly bound, gagged and blindfolded. He's been here for a week recovering from the previous week's ordeal. The only sound is piped **Richard Clayderman** music. He survives on a diet of houmous, stewed prunes and Farleys rusks.

Administering a large dose of anaesthetic Doctor **Neil Spencer** leads a large cordon of nurses and ward orderlies, who put the quivering wreck on a stretcher trolley and bring him up to the cool blue room. Here the bandages, gags and finally blindfolds are removed. Suddenly he can see again and he's surrounded by *T-Zers*. Look at his face light up as he picks up these little snippets of information! He arranges them on a desk, he caresses them, he toys with the idea of making a few up. But, usually, better sense prevails and he gets down to the serious business of hacking them out. Sometimes people even read them!

So where was the fanfare? The red carpet? The crowds of screaming young girls? For Mr **Michael Jackson** that is, when he arrived in London last week (*probably at home watching Kagagoogoo on TOTP — Ed*). Michael crept in to write some songs with his old chum **Paul McCartney** and to produce the new album by **Gladys Knight & The Pips.** He was also seen hobnobbing backstage with **The Gap Band** at the Hammersmith Odeon but refused to go onstage unless he could be accompanied by 20 bodyguards and a squad of crack marksmen from the CIA. Also in attendance were **Lenny Henry** and **Isaac** "Hay's for horses" **Hayes, Siobahn** of **Bananarama, Paul Weller** and **Leeeeee** (don't forget the extra 'e') of **Imagination...**

The Clash *will* appear as a 'raucous' rock band called **Street Scum** in **Martin Scorcese's** long-in-the-making *The King Of Comedy*. **Joe Strummer** and **Mick Jones** have key scenes with **Robert De Niro** and **Jerry Lewis.** It seems to be something of a family affair with **Ellen Foley** and **Simenon**'s new bride **Pearl Harbour** also appearing. Rumour has it **Bernard Rhodes** is auditioning for a bit part as a used car dealer...

One person who won't be appearing in *The King Of Comedy* or anywhere for that matter is **Beach Boy Brian Wilson.** His parents have just consigned him to ye olde sand box ie loony bin to counteract an ongoing flow of bad vibrations. . .

SPANDAU BALLET filmed a video for their new single 'Communication' in East London dockland last week. Directed by **Gary Kemp,** none of the group actually appear in said video apart from **Tony Hadley** who fancies himself as a stuntman. Following the Kemp brothers' questionable championing, of **The Kray Brothers** in a recent *Portrait Of The Artist* (y'know The Kray Brothers, they used to shoot people in the mouth, instigated a reign of terror in London before ending up in jail and asylum) the video is meant to be along the lines of *The Long Good Friday* and features **John Conteh...**

Up for grabs shortly the last ever **Japan** album 'Oil On Canvas' recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon...

Life begins at 40 dept! The up and coming seven night stint by **Van Morrison** at London's Dominion theatre broke the venue's box office record with a frantic rush for tickets. Morrison's new LP is also ready for release. Titled 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart' it includes three instrumental numbers which are a progression of 'Scandinavia', the closing track on 'Beautiful Vision'. A sneak preview of the title track and the forthcoming single 'Cry For Home' revealed Morrison to be in fine form. Rumour has it that after the tour and the album Morrison will retire from active work for two years...

Davids Byrne and **Bowie** are both 'tentatively scheduled ' to take part in a new art-opera-epic titled *The Civil Wars: A Tree Is Best Measured When It Is Down*. The work has five segments, each set in a different country. Byrne is writing the scores and Bowie is believed to be interested in playing **Abraham Lincoln** in the Japanese section of the opera. What Abraham Lincoln is doing in the Japanese section is anyone's guess...

Startling revelations from the world of showbusiness!! When **Jeff Beck** was doing an interview with *The Old Grey Whistle Test* he did it only on the condition that a member of his record company walked through the studio naked playing bagpipes...

First it was **Len's** little foster kid, now it's **Evelyn King.** What's Gail going to think now! It seems the lad who plays **Brian** in *Coronation Street* has been dating **Miss King,** who's over here for a few dates...

Dexys Midnight Runners are off to play a few shows in New York with 'Come On Eileen' riding high in the US charts and the LP due for release shortly...

PUBLICIST TO the stars (and **The Rolling Stones**) **Alan Edwards** last week broke a strict personal rule, and reached for his external phone to make a rare personal contact with THE OUTSIDE WORLD. The reason was the force with which NME scribe **Lloyd Bradley** had slammed his size ten pen into soul svengali **Luther Vandross** well padded groin, in last week's interview.

Vandross is not, according to his PR man, either dim, dull or fraudulent and apparently burst into tears at the suggestion he was. He is, in fact, one helluva guy and blessed with a sense of humour so sharp that simpletons writing about him in music papers cannot understand that his whole attitude to life and love is a subtle satire.

It was a mistake easily made by young Lloydie as, again according to **Edwards,** the half-hour allotted to the interview was not nearly enough time for a writer such as he to understand the complexities of a black man's mind.

Bradley, whose experiences of black people are limited to nothing more than being one for 28 years conceded defeat. "It's a fair cop guv, I don't want to fuss!" he whimpered...

Alan Lancaster, bass player with **Status Quo,** has been staying at his parents home in London while the group are recording their new LP. He awoke one morning to find that the house had been burgled and his briefcase, containing his passport and demo tapes, was also stolen. Lancaster needs the passport for the group's forthcoming tour and to return to his wife and kiddies at home in Australia. Anyone with information should contact **Judy Toten** on 01-403 1274...

Elvis Costello has been DJing in the **Yow Club** in Deptford playing a selection of **Stylistics, Chairmen Of The Board** and **Otis Redding** records. The club is run by his buddy **Glen Tilbrook** formerly of **Squeeze...**

Jerry Lee Lewis, he of the piano and the great balls of fire! is due in Britain soon and has a new single released next week called 'My Fingers Do The Talking'...

One of the three original **Rosebud** plaques made by **Orson Welles** for *Citizen Kane* has just been snapped up by **Steven Speilberg** for a meagre £30,000...

An old pupil of pop artist **Peter Blake, Ian Dury** is repaying his thanks by contributing a song to Blake's current exhibition at The Tate Gallery which also features soundtracks by people as diverse as **The Beatles** and **Verdi...**

One half of German sexquencer duo **D.A.F, Gabi Delgado Lopez** has signed a long-term world wide deal with Virgin and is recording with a large collection of international musicians. Lopez, who is actually Spanish-German, has assembled Puerto Rican and Spanish percussion players, American drummer and bassist, three female English backing vocalists, three German horn players and Swiss keyboard player. The possibility of the entire entourage making a live appearance in the UK is being considered. The Lopez project differs markedly from the other half of the duo **Robert Gorl** who has gone completely solo and signed with Mute...

YAZOO'S ALF is set to form a new band later in the year, once her current recording commitments with **Vince** have been completed. Before jetting off on a promo trip to Italy on Thursday Alf revealed her plans to a lurking *NME* hack while both were on the panel of judges for the TDK Battle Of The Bands tournament at the Lyceum! "As we're not planning to play live at all this year, **Yazoo** will probably only take up about two months out of the 12, so I've got to find something to do with the rest of my time." The new combo, who will be playing live *and* recording, will be in a decidedly different vein from Yazoo but should not affect the latter...

Also on the TDK panel was producer **Martin Rushent,** who plans to devote the next few months to establishing his own Genetic label rather than working on outside porjects. Among the up and coming Genetic goodies are a new **Members** single, a **Pete Shelley** LP and some stuff from ex-**Altered Image** drummer **Tich** and guitarist **Jim...**

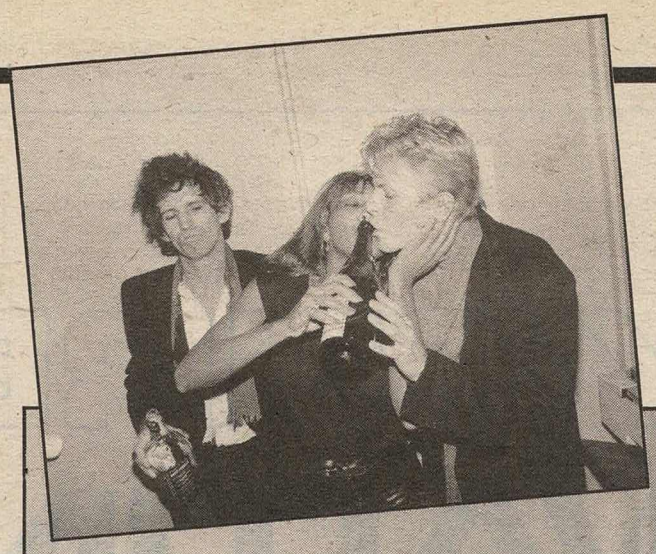
The remains of the Images have put plans for *their* next single back yet again. The LA-recorded meisterwerk will not see the light of day until March — the accompanying video won't be ready until then...

Bruce Smith and **Sean Olivier** of **Rip Rig Panic** are opening a type of club, though they shirk from such a formal description, at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square. They'll be spinning the discs between 9 and 3.00pm from February 18th, admission £2.

This is becoming predictable: Admiral **Neil Spencer** popped up on Channel 4 last weekend on a programme about Virgin supremo **Richard Branson** despite legal threats to the TV company by the bearded one. Why don't they just give us our own show and get it over with?...

But your *T-Zers* editor, he'll be back next week. Right now he's tired and haggard — the excitement has been bit too much for him. Soon the nurses will return, he'll be on the stretcher trolley back to his cell, his **Richard Clayderman** music and his Farley's rusks. He'll be buried down therre, wrapped up in one of the old smocks **Monty** left behind and he'll be just waiting for the call early on Monday morning. Ahh, simple pleasures but who are we to mock them?...

Apologies that gremlins in our printing works last week rendered **Gavin Martin**'s illustrious **Gap Band** feature a trifle hard to follow, and that our introduction to very honourable Japanese female trio **Frank Chickens** had no writer's credit. The scribe in question was **Paul** 'Yellowman' **Bradshaw** . . .



The story so far: eminent dietician Keith Richard and his nurse Tina Turner are brought in to fatten up David Bowie, a British officer just released from a Japanese prisoner of war camp in Java. His body wracked by dysentery, David's weight drops drastically from 17½ stone to under seven, ruining his international career as a prop forward in the Wales XV.

However, after so long rationed to a handful of rice and a bowl of swamp water, David has trouble keeping such a rich diet down (centre). "It's not the drink, it's the company," he gags eyeing the newly arrived John McEnroe. "I backed Bjorn to beat the Brat in '81. Lost my last khaki shirt on that one."

With John gone, Keith, Tina and David celebrate the success of Richard's Wonder cure.

All pix: Bob Green/Stav File

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